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THE ROMANCE OF A PAINTER.

VIII.

"TO work ! to work !" was Antonio Buccaferrata's brief reply to Filippo, as related in the foregoing chapter.

Aided by a few peasants the Italians erected their scaffolding in the old church on the banks of the Salat, and made ready to commence work on the walls.

"Filippo !" cried the patron, who had ascended the ladder and was engaged in making, with the full sweep of his arm, a hurried sketch of a large figure.

The younger of the Pedroja brothers, evidently the master's favorite, darted forward with the activity of a squirrel.

"Look in the portfolio for 'The Virgin, the Child Jesus, and St. Anne,' from Da Vinci."

Filippo, perched high upon the planks, opened the green portfolio already familiar to Laurens, and, rummaging through its contents, soon came upon the desired engraving, which he hastily pinned to a strip of red cloth secured to the stout uprights on which the scaffolding rested.

"*Bien !*" said Buccaferrata, with a glance of approval, as he continued, on the upper portion of the wall, immediately behind the choir, the composition already begun.

What *was* that composition ? Jean Paul, unheeded by the Pedroja brothers, who judged him incapable of rendering them any assistance in their very complicated adjustments, stood riveted to the flags below, straining his eyes to the utmost. But to no purpose : he comprehended nothing of what he saw. Nevertheless, he felt assured that Monsieur Antonio, who alternately viewed the engraving hung up by Filippo, and a sheet of paper, which latter, however, as seen from below, appeared quite blank, was producing something grand and beautiful. Ah, how he wished that he himself were there instead of the

master, and, crayon in hand, attempting to make a picture !

At length our Lauraguis stripling experienced a sudden thrill. Light had broken upon him. He became more attentive to the fascinating hand that moved along the immense panel above the high altar, and could read freely Monsieur Antonio's work—which, as at each successive mark of the crayon it loomed up clearer and more terrible before Jean's eyes, revealed all that he had seen, all that he had felt, all that he had suffered the night before. He shuddered at that unexpected vision of Hortette, but soon felt reassured on observing that Gaspard's dead wife, instead of lying on a peasant's couch, was borne in a shroud by three men of kindly mien—particularly the younger one in the middle—with long, flowing hair, and clothed like the saints in the church of Fourquevaux. One thing he remarked which moved him to tears—groups of women weeping at the extreme left of the picture.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to testify his admiration of the master, the apprentice stole noiselessly to the top of the uppermost ladder ; but, just as he was on the point of approaching Antonio, his courage failed him. At that moment Buccaferrata, having sketched a rude copy of Titian's "Christ in the Tomb"—save the head of the dead Jesus, in the place of which he had ingeniously substituted the frightful head of Hortette—to complete the disfigurement of the masterpiece, was studding the incommensurable sky with legions of chubby angels, floating through the clouds with their diminutive wings.

"Is that where you are, my little lad ?" cried Buccaferrata, catching sight of the disconcerted lad.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur Antonio."

"Hallo, down there !" he cried to his cousins, occupied in various matters about the church.

"What is it ?" asked Giovanni.

"I have no need for the apprentice; keep him by you and teach him the trade."

Laurens descended more quickly than he had gone up, and rejoined the Pedroja brothers, who were arranging a number of pots and cups and a multitude of brushes on a board supported by two easels.

"Here, you little rogue, fetch some water from the Salat," said Giovanni, gruffly, pointing at the same time to two large empty buckets, among a jumble of old ironware and other traps forming a part of the itinerant artists' baggage.

IX.

THE new line of life into which our fugitive from Fourquevaux had been driven by an indomitable frenzy, was far from proving such a source of delight as he had fondly hoped it would. For two years he had accompanied Buccaferrata and his associates, a groveling set, and fervent votaries of the bottle in spite of the restraint laid upon them by daily intercourse with the clergy; and yet the patron, forgetful of his promises, had not once thought of giving him a single lesson in drawing. Indeed, so far as teaching was concerned, nothing had been done either before or since the terrific night scene at the *Cog d'Or*. In vain did the child, whose ambition was kept constantly alive by the occupations of the troop, seize every available opportunity to hazard such hints as might remind the painter of his formal obligations; the latter, in reality more rough and unkind than he had at first appeared, either turned a deaf ear or replied, "We'll see to-morrow, *bambino*—we'll see to-morrow."

Meantime Buccaferrata, while awaiting a suitable opportunity to initiate his apprentice into the secrets of the art—concerning which he had ideas peculiar to himself—unscrupulously employed the lad in all sorts of inferior occupations, such as grinding colors, dissolving Marseilles size, carrying burdens up to the scaffolding, and washing paint cups and kettles.

Jean Paul felt sick at heart as he reflected that in the midst of those men, from whose society he had expected to derive so much benefit, he was in reality further removed from painting than in the days of his truant pencilings in some solitary nook at Fourquevaux. Amid the bustle of inns and loathsome taverns, now his only resting-places, and under the cold indifference of the master whom he had chosen, he shed many a sorrowful tear for his peaceful village cot and the endearments of the family circle.

At the *Salon* of 1875 Jean Paul Laurens exhibited a terrible picture: on the right a graveyard; on the left a church-door in the Roman style, obstructed by brushwood, in the midst of which stands a large cross veiled in black; and

in the foreground, awaiting inhumation, the dead body of a maiden crowned with a garland of flowers, and the body of a man half buried. The effect is striking; yet those who in that sober and vigorous work detected nothing beyond the "Interdict under the French King Robert" little suspected the bitter reminiscences of which it is the embodiment. There, for long, dreary months, by the wall of that graveyard, with its crumbling tombs, the artist, then a sensitive child already tormented by the noblest aspirations, had cleansed Antonio Buccaferrata's brushes; in front of that door, in the shape of a half-moon, with its grimacing capitals, he had had more than one proof of the brutality of Antonio Buccaferrata's companions; and on the spot where those corpses lie he had often, when overcome by lassitude of body and mind, longed for death and final repose by the side of his mother in heaven.

Meantime, having journeyed through the Pyrenees, Corbières, and a portion of the Cevennes, with the three pitiful Italian daubers, our Lauraguais stripling began at last to grow weary of his condition as a drudge, and foresaw that the time was not far distant when it would be absolutely intolerable to him.

One evening, at a hamlet called Gajeau, but a short distance from Saint-Girons, in Ariège, whither the troop had returned, Jean Paul, goaded by the sting of despair under which he had writhed for many long days, raised his voice in complaint, and in touching terms tinged by disappointment, with an accent of deep melancholy, reminded the patron of his engagement. But Buccaferrata, now as heartless and cruel as he had once been amiable and kind, only laughed at an appeal to which he was resolved not to respond, since the strongest of motives stood in the way of his imparting the instruction so reasonably demanded. Then catching sight of the dilapidated green portfolio, crammed with old papers, greasy and rumpled and torn at the corners, he cried:

"You wish to learn, youngster, do you? Well, then, ransack the folio."

Without awaiting any further permission, the eager child did so, and in the evenings after work at the church of Gajeau, where the uninventive Italians lustily plied their brushes in coloring the same colossal "St. Paul" as at Fourquevaux, he enjoyed for several weeks an after-taste of the transports experienced in his native fields in days gone by.

Among countless other ornamental and architectural subjects, the portfolio contained a number of good engravings, for the most part reproductions of celebrated paintings preserved in the Louvre, such as the "Entombment" by Titian, "St. Michael's Combat" by the divine Sanzio,

the "Apparition of the Virgin to St. Luke and St. Catherine" by Annibale Carracci, the "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Ribera, the "Disciples going to Emmaus" by Rembrandt, and Le-sueur's "Death of St. Bruno." Among this jumble of masterpieces were a few straggling prints bearing on profane subjects: Caravaggio's "Concert," Poussin's "Shepherds of Arcadia," Leopold Robert's "Reapers," and Lebrun's "Battle of Arbela."

Overlooking the grand sacred compositions, alike too complicated and too learned, Laurens instinctively turned to Caravaggio's simpler work, the vigorous tone of which attracted him, and on a sheet of paper not more than double the width of a hand he attempted to make with a lead pencil a reduced copy of the "Concert." Unfortunately, he was not allowed to work undisturbed. While intently examining, in the enjoyment of unspeakable happiness, his inimitable model, he was frequently interrupted by the Italians, usually in high spirits after their evening meal. Sometimes Buccaferrata, perhaps jealous of the surprising aptness of his apprentice, taunted him in an ironical tone of encouragement; at other times Giovanni or Filippo, in order to tease him at a work which they regarded as a challenge, tittered banteringly by his side, and at last gave a push to his arm, as if by accident, which stopped his progress.

Wounded to the quick by this odious system of annoyance, but devouring his rage, the lad quietly replaced his model and unfinished copy in the portfolio, and retired to bed with a heavy heart. But he slept little. The excitement produced by continued ill treatment rendered his nerves peculiarly adapted to that wakefulness of genius, so painful and yet so full of delight, known to all those who, feeling wings growing on their shoulders, have attempted to soar for the first time. What visions were his! The engravings from the portfolio glided slowly one by one before his eyes. He saw those sublime creations passing in the effulgent glow of color and life. The shepherds of Arcadia smiled, while the demon foaming under the archangel's lance horrified him. What charm on the one hand! what power on the other! Ah, had he but known Raphael or Poussin instead of Buccaferrata!

After one of those nights of sweet anguish, in which his eye peered into enchanted regions, on emerging the following morning from dreamland into the dominions of reality, he reflected that there still existed masters, real masters of painting, as in other days. Had he not heard the patron say that, in order to learn how to hold a brush, he was obliged to spend three years at the School of Arts in Toulouse?

Toulouse! He now recalled Uncle Benoit

and Professor Denis. In imagination he was back again at that *déjeuner aux escargots*. What if he should set out this very moment for Toulouse? He shuddered and scampered away to the church, where Antonio Buccaferrata and his cousins had already begun the work of the day.

Our apprentice nonchalantly, though not without a certain tingling of pleasure, now allowed temptation to twine serpent-like around him. Now and then, as the vile reptile's sting became too poignant, he tried to rid his mind of all thought of flight; the guilty thought—his father had enjoined him to bear everything—haunted him unceasingly. At times, in the midst of his varied occupations, to the abjectness of which he grew daily more alive, he turned away his head in order not to see Toulouse, which, in spite of his determination, exercised a sort of irresistible attraction to his eyes; but all was of no avail. The rosy profile of Saint-Sernin's steeple forced itself with provoking obstinacy upon his view.

"I am drawing near to sixteen," he frequently repeated, despondingly, "and they are teaching me nothing here; indeed I know no more than when I left Fourquevaux."

In order to subdue the black demon which urged him unceasingly to break his chain and flee to the unknown, he applied himself to work with redoubled energy. Besides his habitual occupations with Antonio Buccaferrata, whose temper was capricious; with Filippo, who had intervals of mildness; and with the ever-ferocious Giovanni—his copy of Caravaggio's "Concert" being finished—he had had the audacity to take up Titian's "Entombment," a subject teeming with tragic reminiscences for him; and the evening, which the Italians whiled away in gaming and tippling, he spent in studying attentively a head or a hand or a fragment of drapery, by the flickering glare of a smoky candle.

But, despite his efforts to stifle an inward yearning for freedom, he was filled with terror—would he not be pursued were he to decamp? how would his father take the news? what reception would he meet at his uncle Benoit's in Toulouse? He felt at times as if no enterprise were too daring for him to attempt. Like a wild bird in captivity, the free child of the wide plains of Lauraguais, in his burning eagerness to escape from his cage, would not have hesitated to run the risk of breaking his head against the bars.

Those stormy impulses of a fiery passion, fanned by the harsh blasts of desperation, were most forcible when his eye dwelt on the masterpiece which he was endeavoring to copy. Evidently his soul swelled in the contemplation of the beautiful and soared to the heights of heroic

resolutions. Ah, in those fiery moments, which came and went with the rapidity of lightning flashes, had Buccaferrata or either of his associates, so lavish of coarse banterings, threats, and blows, uttered an offensive word or made a threatening gesture!

In the ungovernable mood into which he had now been thrown by the brutal treatment of the Italians on the one hand, and by aspirations which it was impossible to curb on the other, the time for a rupture with his fortuitous masters could not be far distant. Let an opportunity but offer, and he would seize it by the forelock. The desired opportunity came, and such a one as he had never dreamed of.

After the "St. Paul," executed in a similar fashion to that at Fourquevaux, our daubers were engaged to paint a "St. Peter" as a pendant for the former on the opposite side of the choir. With this work their labors at Gajean were to end. When the figure was all but finished, Buccaferrata, who had enveloped his saint in a dark-blue mantle, discovered that he would run out of color before completing the somber robe.

"Some blue!" he cried from the scaffolding where he was at work.

"There is no more," responded one of the men.

The master descended, and, bringing his paint-pots into requisition, set about mixing colors; but the required tint would not come.

"*Diavolo!*" he exclaimed in a fury—"diavolo!"

Filippo and Giovanni also made bungling attempts. Oh, horror of horrors! a stroke of the brush with the wash of their invention produced the effect of an enormous rent, and left St. Peter's mantle, already none of the richest, in a sorry condition.

"*Corpo della Madonna!*" ejaculated the patron, returning once more to the paint-pots.

All this time our Fourquevaux stripling, unheeded by master or men, had been busily engaged in manipulating on his own account.

"I have the tint!" he cried suddenly, amid the general consternation—"I have the tint!"

"You!" said the Italians, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"I've tried it on the *terre d'ombre*, and it's the very thing. Look at it!"

Antonio, rejoiced to be able to terminate his work, but chafed at the child's success, patched up St. Peter's robe without uttering a single word. That silence on the part of the master was ominous. The day seemed interminable; but evening came at last, and all four regained the inn of the *Soleil Levant*. As they were taking their places at table, the Pedroja brothers, in dudgeon, too, like their master, on account of

the apprentice's triumph, gave a low significant growl; then Giovanni, as Jean Paul was in the act of taking his seat, withdrew the child's chair quickly, and the lad fell and was hurt; upon which the three Italians burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and, thus relieved of a portion of their spleen, fell to eating their soup with alacrity.

Stunned by such cruel treatment, Laurens with a reeling brain sat in gloomy silence, gazing fixedly on his overflowing plate, which he did not touch. His eyes were dim, nor could he collect himself sufficiently to form a precise idea of what was passing within him. The fact is, he was for the moment incapable of either seeing or thinking. Meantime the Italians, with that champing of the jaws so striking in carnivorous beasts and suggestive of ferocious gluttony, continued dispatching their repast with might and main.

"What! so you are not hungry?" cried Buccaferrata, addressing the child as the landlord of the *Soleil Levant* placed a pack of cards upon the table, together with the accustomed bottle.

"No, master, I am not hungry," replied Jean Paul, mildly; and, hastening to bring from its obscure nook the portfolio with the prints, he chose a spot near the candle and sat down to draw, as he was in the habit of doing each night. His movements, however, resembled those of a somnambulist. Our young Fourquevaux peasant was evidently wounded in his very soul, and he acted as one unconscious or in sleep. Having spread out upon a chair his famous engraving of the "Entombment," and on his knee the copy already commenced, instead of taking up his pencils, he merely gazed, with eyes like those of a person under some hallucination, first at one and then at the other, while his fingers remained rigid and inert.

"So you are not going to take any supper, *bambino?*" asked Buccaferrata, turning a trick.

"No, master, I am not going to sup."

"Then you would have me pull your ears, I suppose?"

"I have not the least appetite."

Here Giovanni extended one of his coarse paws furtively to the child's knee and plucked away his sketch with such violence as to tear it.

"Scoundrel!" shrieked Laurens, as, quivering with rage and his hair bristling on end, he bounded to his feet and stood prepared to spring upon his enemy.

Buccaferrata and Filippo seized him in their arms.

"Cowards! you are all cowards!" he cried, struggling to free himself from their grasp.

The innkeeper, with some other men who were drinking at a table in the adjoining room,

hastened to the spot and rescued the poor sufferer from the hands of his torturers.

When the excitement of this hot skirmish had subsided, and the Italians were about resuming their interrupted game, Jean Paul, on finding himself once more free, and having been ordered to bed, repaired stealthily to the front-door steps of the *Soleil Levant*, and there sniffed, after the battle, the refreshing night breeze with delight. His wandering eyes beheld the country surrounding Gajeau hushed in solemn and impressive stillness. Not a sound in the distance, but all around reigned the bright serenity of one of those clear, mild nights which constitute the almost divine charm of southern climates. In yonder valley, the Salat, reflecting the soft brilliancy of the starry sky, seemed to slumber between its banks; and the grayish-white line of the main road, winding along side by side with the river, followed the capricious meanders of its course. Fascinated with the magnificence of a scene than which none more beautiful had ever before presented itself to his eyes, he descended the steps unconsciously, and, seized with a sudden fit of madness, started off at headlong speed and disappeared.

X.

How Jean Paul reached Toulouse is what he himself is to this day unable to tell. He only knows that, after having walked or run the whole night through, he arrived toward daybreak at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*, a village already known to him and some sixteen miles distant from St.-Girons. There hunger and fatigue compelled him to make a halt. One touching incident, however, has remained treasured in his memory. Gaspard, of the *Cog d'Or*, where he had, two years before, passed a night never to be forgotten, treated him to a dish of soup and a bed. More still, the honest *Volailleur*, observing that the child, though ready to pursue his journey, was quite exhausted, insisted on keeping him a couple of days at the inn, to "set him up"; and on the third day the little fellow, with renewed strength and courage, was allowed to depart, though not until the generous Gaspard had slung over his shoulder a bag well filled with eatables.

As our traveler entered Toulouse, the city was enveloped in a dense cloud of reddish dust. The terrible wind called the *vent d'autan* was blowing at its fiercest. What with the confusion produced by the squall and his meager acquaintance with the direction of the streets, our Fourquevaux youth experienced no little difficulty in making his way to the *Alles Saint-Etienne*, where his uncle Benoît resided.

The unexpected apparition of his nephew, emaciated and worn out, with clothes bedrag-

gled and tattered, and shod with the whitened, dilapidated shreds of what had once been shoes, elicited from the good old man a shriek of unfeigned surprise. The exhausted child sat down, and after a few minutes of repose began slowly to narrate the story of his adventures.

"Impossible!" cried the printer, while a glance of mistrust darted over the disk of his spectacles. "Who knows but you have been playing pranks upon those gentlemen? You were already a pretty fair specimen of the scapegrace before you left Fourquevaux!"

"But—"

"Do you think I am not aware that, instead of attending to your school, you spent all your time in wandering about the country? The larks which you then caught will hardly drop down cooked on your plate now that you have fallen out with your masters, my boy!"

Jean Paul was utterly dismayed. Though far from expecting a very warm welcome from his uncle, he had never apprehended that his story of sufferings would be disbelieved, or ample pardon be withheld for the bold step he had taken to end them. He could only stare in surprise at his uncle; and, yielding at last beneath the immense burden of his grief, he burst into a flood of tears, the more copious from their having been so long pent up.

Uncle Benoît's heart was touched, yet he took care not to give way to emotion. Naturally severe, like all hard workers bound to stifle enervating sympathy which might endanger their fortitude—that stronghold of those whose livelihood depends on industry—the printer merely shook his head. Nevertheless, he was visibly perplexed. Suddenly fixing his eyes on his nephew with an expression of curiosity not entirely free of concern, he asked:

"And what do you purpose to do now?"

Our fugitive hastily wiped his eyes and replied, timidly:

"To go on to Fourquevaux."

"We'll see about that," cried Uncle Benoît, in a tone of mild authority. "You'll have some dinner with us, first of all, and then stay here for a few days to build yourself up. We're not very rich, to be sure, but, after all, we're as well off as your father. Put down your bag and remain; I'm in earnest about it."

At this juncture, Aunt Benoît entered the room, who was noted among all her kindred for her stinginess. Though not over-delighted to see her nephew, especially in his present ragged trim, which gave him something of the appearance of a vagrant, she kissed him, inquired after his health, and, like her husband, invited him to remain.

"So, then, this Antonio Buccaferrata has

taught you nothing?" asked the old printer, swallowing down a cup of *café noir* after dinner, which had passed over very silently.

"In the course of two years he never found time to give me a single lesson. However, I imagine I have not lost much."

"Well, but this Antonio Buccaferrata must have learned his trade, since he paints church-walls."

"He? Before we left Fourquevaux—I was so young then—I did indeed think Buccaferrata was an artist; but I have since seen painting at Narbonne, at Béziers, at Tarbes, and even at St.-Girons, and, if you must have my opinion, he knows nothing, absolutely nothing. He was right when he confessed to me, at *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*, that he was an ass."

"You're a judge, then?"

"Stay; when we were passing through Montpellier I saw a painting in the cathedral representing 'The Fall of Simon the Magician.' How beautiful! *Mon Dieu*, how beautiful! A priest who was praying in the church explained it to me. He told me that the painter of that immense picture was one Sébastien Bourdon. You may be sure there was no danger of my forgetting that name. What a wonderful artist! Had I but had him for a master! I attempted a sketch of St. Peter's head, but it was so poor that I tore it up. It's a hard thing to have a taste for a profession and then have no one to teach it to you!"

The plaintive cry embodied in these last words penetrated to the depths of Uncle Benolt's bosom.

"I'll see about that, my lad—I'll see about that, I promise you," said he; "and, if you have a real talent—"

"Talent?" cried the child, in a burst of enthusiasm; "I have, uncle; I give you my word, I have talent."

And with an air of determined conviction he drew from beneath his vest a roll of paper and placed it on the table. It was his torn copy of Titian's "Entombment."

"What! that your penciling?" cried Benolt, astounded, and straining his eyes to peer under his spectacles, in order to see better.

"I know my drawing is no great thing; but I worked at it all alone, without any one to guide me."

"It's very pretty," muttered Aunt Benolt, leaning over her husband's shoulder.

"Hark, woman!" cried Benolt, turning round and looking at his wife; "my old chum, Denis, is one of the professors at the School of Arts; suppose we show him Jean's work?"

"Why not?" replied she.

Tears glistened in the young artist's eyes as

he knelt and cried in a touching outburst of enthusiasm, big with the whole hopes of his life:

"Oh, yes, show my drawing to Monsieur Denis, uncle, show it to him; I beg of you on my knees!"

"I will, my lad, this very day," stammered the agitated printer.

Denis, whom Laurens had ever held in grateful recollection since the memorable *déjeuner aux escargots*, was every inch a cynic, of a churlish and unaccommodating disposition, and given rather to shun than seek the society of others. He dwelt in an out-of-the-way suburb, the *Faubourg St.-Michel*; and his little house, a veritable Diogenes's tub, was a model of disorder and neglect. Yet this misanthrope was the kindest soul in the world, ever disposed to render service or lend a helping hand to a neighbor requiring aid. His good nature elicited the gratitude of as many as knew him, and everywhere he was treated with unequivocal marks of respect and affection.

"*Bien le bon jour, Monsieur Denis, bien le bon jour*," was the hearty greeting which met him at every step; and he, raising his rugged apostle's head, with hollow jaws, pendent gray mustache, and peaked chin, would return the salutation cheerfully, "*Bien le bon jour, les amis*," and pass on his way.

"So, then, you tell me positively that this is your nephew's drawing?" said the art professor, gruffly.

"Most positively," was the printer's prompt reply.

"Oh, do not for a moment imagine that it is a masterpiece! For instance, what a goose your nephew must be to have made such a bungle of that group of women! This corner here is of no account," and with his finger he traced a circle embracing the left corner of the "Entombment."

"Well, you see, I know nothing whatever about it, so you must excuse me."

"But the expression and finish of the head of the dead Christ are fine."

"Do you think Jean might be admitted into your class?"

"What is his age?"

"Fifteen past. If you thought him sufficiently advanced to profit by your lessons..."

"My lessons!" cried he, curling his lip in token of disdain—"my lessons! and what would you have him learn of me, imbecile? Oh, if you wish me to teach him to draw mouths, noses, ears, eyes, and all that, you may send him to me whenever you please; but I can inform you he does all that sort of thing better than any of my pupils, and quite as well as I can."

Then he turned his eyes again to the copy of the engraving from Titian.

While Denis was engaged in reviewing Jean Paul's work, Benoît hesitated between hope and despair—now fearful that by dint of scrutiny the practiced eye of the professor might discover some capital defect in the "Entombment," and take no further interest; now hopeful that his nephew's sketch would triumphantly brave the closest examination, and thus assure him a friend and patron.

"You will bring the cub to me to-morrow, and I will introduce him myself to my friend Monsieur Villemens, who has in charge the class next above mine. With Villemens your nephew will draw from the cast; by and by we'll push him on to the living model."

"Thanks, my old comrade—oh, a thousand thanks!"

"A plague upon your thanks! There is something else to be thought of just now."

"What?"

"This: are the lad's parents or you in a position to support him in Toulouse for three or four years?"

"Three or four years!" exclaimed the printer, twitching his ear wistfully.

"From what you have just told me of Jean's having been intrusted to Antonio Buccaferrata at the age of thirteen, I should not judge his father to be rolling in wealth in Fourquevaux."

"True enough."

"And you yourself, are you rolling in wealth over yonder in the *Allées Saint-Etienne*?"

"Alas!"

"You see, then, that all our talk is in vain."

"But were they to work hard in Fourquevaux, and were we to do the same in Toulouse?" urged the uncle, with such spirit as plainly bespoke the frank and generous sentiments of his heart.

The professor looked at him inquiringly.

"*Ma foi!*" pursued Benoît, "should Jean one day become a painter of talent, who knows but we might all . . ."

"I always knew you were a brave fellow," cried Denis, with emotion, clasping both his friend's hands earnestly in his own; "but I never thought you were so much of a man as I now see you are. Bravo! I like you better than ever for what you have just said. I am pleased to see that all of you in your family are willing to stint yourselves and go on short allowance in order to produce an artist—such self-denial is a happy omen. Bring your nephew to me at once. All will go well."

During the printer's visit to Professor Denis—a visit which was to decide Laurens's destiny—the little fellow walked feverishly up and down

the *Rue du Rempart Saint-Michel*. On espying his uncle, he rushed forward to meet him.

"Well?" he cried, almost out of breath.

"Well, your drawing is pronounced pretty good, my lad, and you are to enter the School of Arts to-morrow."

"To-morrow!—to-morrow!" he exclaimed, like one out of his senses.

Hastily and silently uncle and nephew bent their steps homeward to announce the happy tidings to the aunt.

All at once Jean Paul came to a full stand.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he cried, pressing his hand to his heart, "what can be the matter with me? I can not walk."

As they happened to be just opposite the beautiful grounds of the *Grand-Rond*, between the *Allées Saint-Etienne* and the *Allées Saint-Michel*, Benoît supported his nephew to a seat, on which Laurens rather sank than sat down.

"You have walked too much these few days past, child, and are fatigued."

"No, uncle; it's joy, it's joy!" he murmured, in a scarcely audible voice. And, as Denis had done a short time before, he seized the old printer's hands, and, clasping them passionately, cried: "Ah, uncle! if you will but keep me with you, you will not have reason to repent it, I assure you you will not! . . . But your means will not allow of your keeping me, will they?"

"We'll try, Jean. I'll write to your father to-morrow. It may be that he will be able to do something for you."

"He will be able to do very little. But then he is kind—he spoiled me so at the time of my freaks at Fourquevaux! We must write to him. Had he but one *écu* in the world, I am sure he would send it to me. You will explain to him that I could not possibly stay with Buccaferrata any longer, will you not?"

"Depend upon it, I will."

"Who knows but after five or six months of lessons I may be able to earn my living?"

"Have no anxiety on that score; as long as there is a morsel of bread in our house, you may rely on your share."

"Well, but aunt—"

"Your aunt loves you as well as I do."

Here the young artist, who, after having laughed with enthusiasm, was now sobbing in grief, could not refrain from clasping his uncle in his arms.

Night was fast approaching, and the *autan* wind was still driving its fierce blast through the city. The plane-trees on the canal banks, still visible in spite of the gathering gloom, rendered more dense by eddying clouds of dust, bowed their heads to the violence of the gust, and their white leaves rustled with a noise as of breakers

on a distant beach. As for the elms, the acacias, and the linden-trees in the *Grand-Rond*, they strewed the well-raked walks with leaves and green twigs snapped off and scattered by the fury of the tempest.

"What fearful weather!" exclaimed Benoit, as he sprang after his hat, which was rolling away in a whirlpool of dust and leaves.

Jean Paul arose from his seat, and, leaving the *Grand-Rond*, he and his uncle hastened homeward, lowering their heads as they went in order the better to resist the force of the wind, which threatened to lift them from the ground. Whether due to the violence of the hurricane, which would have made it difficult to keep up a conversation, or to the weighty concerns now occupying their minds, they walked along side by side in silence unbroken by either until they finally found shelter in the vestibule of the printer's dwelling.

"What frightful weather!" cried Benoit again, bent upon speaking at all hazards.

"After all, uncle," said Laurens, betraying the thoughts which for the previous half hour had racked his brain—"after all, it is a hard thing that a boy, in order to be able to learn painting, should be obliged to deprive his father of his last *sou*. I am very unfortunate!"

XI.

NO two persons could possibly present a more striking contrast with each other than did Professor Villemens and Professor Denis. The latter was as slovenly, verbose, garrulous, and lavish of extravagant gesticulations, as the former was neat, reserved, sparing of words, calm and undemonstrative in demeanor. Denis, somewhat over the medium stature, shaved now and then, as the fancy took him, so rendering it possible to follow the lines of a visage not entirely devoid of manly and intelligent beauty; but, save on such rare occasions, his features were for the most part concealed beneath a gray brushwood, which defied all efforts to trace them. Monsieur Villemens, below the middle height, bestowed, on the contrary, scrupulous care on his jet-black, silken, elegant beard, which imparted marvelous *éclat* to his pale, lusterless forehead and cheeks. One thing alone constituted a vague sort of resemblance between those two faces, otherwise so dissimilar: it was the singularly feverish expression of their eyes. The solitary of the *Faubourg Saint-Michel* had small, feeble, twinkling orbs, while those of his fellow professor of the *Place Rouaix* were large, blue, and limpid. Yet in both individuals, whether due to some hazard of their lives devoted to the same labors and subject to like preoccupations, or to a fortuitous stroke of destiny identical in each case, the light

trembled in the pupil and appeared alternately on the point of fading or bursting forth in brilliant glow.

Who can say what takes place in the far-stretching mind of artists—those eternal hungerers after the unattainable and the unsatisfying beautiful, those eager thirsters after chimeras divine which can not soothe their cravings? Who can tell whether those two men, cast away in a provincial school of design, after having trodden the pavement of Paris in the sunny days of their youth, full of buoyant hopes, had not in their time attempted, like Genius, to spread forth wings and fly? Having presumed too far for their powers, their eager ambition was crushed, and the present wavering expression of their eyes doubtless attested their not having yet found, and the unlikelihood of their ever finding, consolation.

Monsieur Villemens saw Jean Paul's drawing, and made no hesitation in admitting the new aspirant into his class. What a glorious day for Laurens! In the morning his uncle Benoit had accompanied him to a clothier's, in order to fit him out in becoming attire for the occasion; and Jean made his first appearance at the school as fresh and shining as a new coin from the mint. There he was, modest, attentive, and quite composed, in the place allotted to him by the professor. And how happy he felt in the midst of portfolios full of models and boxes crammed with portecrayons! Involuntarily his thoughts bounded back to Buccaferrata, but soon recoiled from the sickening contemplation of his late hardships. Having raised his eyes over the head of a Sabine woman from David, which had been given him to copy, he observed a number of easels, and pupils painting; and, in a thrill of delight which caused his bosom to swell, he already looked forward to the time when he, too, should be allowed to hold a palette, a rest, and a brush.

Among the richest of the provincial museums is that of Toulouse. It occupies the old convent of the Augustine monks, and is thrown open to the public every Sunday. On penetrating for the first time within the Gothic-columned cloister of that ancient monastery, where numerous antique busts are seen arranged in rows beneath the vaulted roof, and several excellent specimens of painting from the period of the Renaissance are preserved, our young peasant lad from Fourquevaux was struck with amazement.

"What now?" asked Uncle Benoit, who had consented to accompany him.

"I do not know which way to look first," he replied, bewildered in the midst of such a multitude of *chefs-d'œuvre*.

At last he ventured upon his tour of inspection, and started off at random, tarrying here and halting there, as if with his large eyes he would devour in turn marble, stone, and plaster. While scanning the beauty of the forms and nobleness of the attitudes, he experienced a species of inward commotion resembling a series of shocks; and the tears which dimmed his eyes as he viewed the figure of some monk stretched with joined hands upon his tombstone gave place to a hearty laughing fit before a Cupid teasing a Satyr.

But it was quite another thing when, on the Sunday following, he ascended from the *Salle des Plâtres*, or "Hall of Plasters," as it is called, to the Museum of Painting.

"Is it possible, uncle, is it possible?" he repeated at intervals to the printer, who was amazed at his nephew's enthusiasm as he followed him with mingled delight and respect.

"Is it not magnificent, my lad, all this?" cried the good uncle, elated.

"Look, look!" exclaimed Laurens, coming to a full stand in front of a new canvas.

It was a remarkable study of Guérchin, marked No. 24, and representing St. Sebastian nude and kneeling.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, suddenly, raising his hands in astonishment.

"No. 110, 'Christ between the Two Thieves,'" said Benoît, looking at the handbook.

"Oh, that is the most beautiful thing I have seen! Oh, that head of Christ! What is the artist's name, please?"

Benoît opened the handbook and answered, "Rubens."

"Rubens! That's a name I shall never forget. He is better than Sébastien Bourdon," added Laurens, gravely.

And, as if fearful lest that name which he had never heard pronounced before should slip from his memory, he murmured several times over—

"Rubens! Rubens! Rubens!"

All at once he asked to be taken into the fresh air: a horrible feeling of oppression almost suffocated him, his knees seemed to bend under him, and he was afraid of fainting.

Monsieur Villemans was charmed with Jean Paul's rapid progress, and happy to observe his passionate application, which to his mind was an undoubted evidence of a real vocation; and accordingly he used every delicate means he could think of to make the lad sensible of his favor. He examined his work more frequently than that of the others, spoke to him in a milder tone than to the others, and rarely allowed a lesson to pass without taking the portecrayon from the boy's fingers to make some correction. Such signal

and affectionate solicitude confused and flattered Laurens at the same time; and, in order to please his master, he worked with redoubled attention.

On returning from the school one day, the professor, who was all indulgence for his pet pupil, took him to his house in the *Place Rouaix*, ushered him into his private studio, and without any further ado placed a palette in his hand, crying, "Paint!"

"I?" muttered the youth, astounded.

"Copy one of those figures—whichever one you please."

Monsieur Villemans pointed to an unfinished canvas, "*Les Ames du Purgatoire*," on which he was just then engaged. Laurens trembled in every limb, and durst not approach the easel, on which shone in unsullied whiteness a new canvas.

"Go on!" cried the master. Then, growing impatient, he snatched up a charcoal crayon and traced a few lines on the canvas.

"There's your outline," said he—"paint away."

It was a command.

The submissive pupil, half hesitatingly, half confidently, drew his brush along the palette, as he had seen his elder comrades do in the school, and began to lay on colors. The professor looked on for some moments with intense interest; but, after a blunder made by the poor child, to whom all this sort of thing was quite new, perceiving that his presence would rather hinder than encourage him in his already confused state of mind, he withdrew several paces, and at last disappeared altogether.

No sooner did Laurens find himself alone than he laid down his palette and brushes on a bench, in order to wipe away the perspiration that was streaming from his brow. He experienced a sensation of exhaustion in all his limbs, which ached as from numberless bruises, and besides his brain fairly reeled. The surprise given him by Monsieur Villemans was too much for his nerves, and he was completely overcome by the shock. He, who had merely daubed a little here and there at Professor Denis's, to be now placed formally before an easel to paint! It was really too terrible, and then what a sorry bungle he had made of it so far! As he looked on the canvas upon which he had just commenced his first endeavor, his eyes filled with tears.

"It's too hard!" he murmured—"it's too hard!"

There he stood, with arms hanging listlessly and drooping head, motionless, crushed beneath the woful burden of his impotence, and, thanks to a rare precocity of thought, perceiving a foretaste of the tortures which Art—formidable mon-

ster!—inflicts upon all who are so imprudent as to trust their lives within its devouring jaws.

Jean Paul Laurens can not tell how long that state of prostration lasted. Yet he has a very distinct recollection of the happy moment when he was enabled to raise his downcast eyes and direct a furtive glance at the professor's tableau.

Monsieur Villemens, in spite of his inestimable qualities, was not a painter of great talent. His coloring was dull and cold, and his whole manner somewhat dry; but his design was at all times correct, always free; and a sedulous study of nature allowed him to aim at and sometimes attain a style. He has left a few portraits, scarcely inferior to those of Denner in point of accuracy of detail and thoroughness of resemblance. A Fleming by birth, he was less inspired by Raphael than by Rubens; Michael Angelo than by Rembrandt; and he would, perhaps, have given every one of the Venetians for a single Van Ostade or a Teniers.

The heads in the picture of "*Les Ames du Purgatoire*" appeared more animated and life-like to our neophyte from Fourquevaux as he examined them more attentively. All at once the brow of a maiden kneeling with uplifted arms in an attitude of woe seemed to shine with the splendor of a sun, and the multitude of other souls dwindled beneath the flood of light bursting from the chief or central figure. Jean Paul was dazzled.

"What it is to be a painter!—what it is to be a painter!" he murmured.

Fired by the radiant vision, he seized his brush, and, viewing the odious daub already begun, he said:

"I must do that over again."

The palette-knife glanced in his hand, and, carried over the surface of the canvas in every direction, glistened furtively.

"At last!" he ejaculated, with a sigh of relief.

He labored and labored with a *verve* which no difficulty could arrest. While his eye, sparkling feverishly, never quitted the model, his brush, as if unaided, found and applied the correct tones. What faith! what ardor! what enthusiasm! Inspiration in youth, when all within us is still pure, noble, and disinterested, when harsh, real life has not yet marred the sovereign manifestations of art with the poignant doubts or the groveling preoccupation of gain—inspiration must then be accompanied by such spells of sacred bewitchment.

"Why, that is very good, very good indeed!" articulated a gentle voice in the deserted studio.

Laurens, as if he had received an electric shock, and obeying an irresistible movement of the muscles of his legs, stood up and turned

round. Madame Villemens and her two children, Madeleine and Albert, were before him. Our young artist bowed, but remained silent.

"What! you are now painting for the first time?"

"I tried a little at Monsieur Denis's, madame," he replied, with effort.

Monsieur Villemens entered.

"*Tiens, tiens!* that's not bad at all," exclaimed the master; and, patting his pupil affectionately on the shoulder, he added, "We'll make something of you, my child!"

It was such a rare thing for Monsieur Villemens to have recourse to compliments, that Jean Paul was at a loss to decide upon a becoming attitude in the presence of so unexpected a demonstration of pleasure on the part of his professor. In his bewilderment, he could think of nothing better than to bow; upon which, his task being evidently finished, and especially as nightfall was drawing on, he picked up his cap, thrown carelessly on a chair, and was about to take leave.

"No, no, my lad," cried Professor Villemens, "you must dine with us this evening."

Our Fourquevaux peasant, for whom this excessive honor was at once the most startling and most delightful of tortures, could not utter a word from his petrified lips; he twisted and rumpled his cap in a pitiless fashion, and, stumbling awkwardly against the furniture, followed the Villemens family to the dining-room.

XII.

LAURENS had now found patrons willing to encourage and powerful to aid him. Thenceforward he went each day to paint in his master's studio, since, in behalf of a pupil of such remarkable endowments, Monsieur Villemens was only too happy to continue at home the lessons of the school. After six months of close application, the progress achieved had outstripped the expectations of all; and the little people of the *Place Rouaix*, including the children, Albert and Madeleine, were fairly in raptures, with the once fantastical schoolboy of Fourquevaux, who did not disdain to be their playmate.

"He will be an honor to me," Monsieur Villemens often repeated—"he will be an honor to me."

"And not to me, too, I suppose?" was the proud rejoinder of Professor Denis, unwilling to relinquish his claim as a sharer in the triumph.

About this time, when he began to perceive that his profession, after all, did not lead through such arduous paths as he had once had reason to apprehend—some two years after his arrival at Toulouse—Jean Paul Laurens, still a peasant,

in spite of an exquisite delicacy of sentiment which constituted the main stay of his vocation, fell under an influence by which he was completely transformed. That influence emanated from his master's wife, a woman in whom superior adornments of mind were united with the utmost generosity of heart.

She was a Parisian, and, while her husband was busied in probing the artistic stuff of our Fourquevaux stripling, she, with that marvelous penetration peculiar to *Parisiennes*, discerning a work to be accomplished in her province, set diligently about unfolding the veritable instincts of the tall, lank, country lad, whom she felt disposed to place on the footing of a third child in her affections. Through Jean Paul's rustic timidity of manner and awkwardness of speech she soon detected exquisite sensibility, lofty pride, and ingenuous intrepidity in matters concerning his art, upon which gratifying discovery her affectionate interest increased in a twofold degree. Yet how deeply those qualities lay buried which ought to have shone forth in the clear light of day! How dwindled they were in the complete absence of intellectual culture and instruction, when chance at last brought them forcibly into view!

This noble-hearted woman, though aware of the immensity of the task before her, undertook it without hesitation. In league with her husband, who was charmed with the process of "developing the brain" of the best pupil he had ever known—we quote his own expression—she commenced her labors without further delay.

Ever since his schoolboy days at Fourquevaux, where he had made so little of his opportunities, overwhelming labor under Buccaferrata and overwhelming work under Monsieur Villemens had not left him a single hour to devote to books; so that she who, with a truly motherly affection, had so spontaneously constituted herself his tutoress, was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise at his hesitancy and mouthings, when she asked him to read a few lines in "*La Morale en Action*," an old book long ago passed from Albert to his little sister Madeleine. Indeed, she had never suspected so much ignorance.

"So, then, there was no school at Fourquevaux?" cried she.

"Pardon, madame," he replied, blushing with shame.

"Then you did not attend it?"

"I was so often absent!"

All his delightful roamings through his native fields, all his lark-hunting excursions through the stubbles, and the picturesque snares of birdlime set by the pools of water shining like so many mirrors on the surface of the arid plains—all

these were in an instant recalled to mind; and the poignant sting of his present humiliation gave him courage to condemn and curse them.

Meantime, his studies had been going on for a long, long time; and, notwithstanding that the lessons were given untiringly at the *Place Rouaix*, his uncle and aunt Benoit were growing tired of awaiting the results of such a long course of instruction.

"Will Jean ever earn his own living?"

Such was the question mutually put by uncle and aunt each morning, as it became necessary to undo their purse-strings and make the requisite expenditures of the day.

Notwithstanding the small sums which he received from Fourquevaux and handed over entire to his aunt, Laurens surmised the unavowed straits of the needy household, and resorted to all sorts of ingenious *ruses* to lighten the burden laid upon his generous relatives. Sometimes, though as hungry as a wolf, he declared that he had not the least appetite, and sometimes he took a handful of boiled chestnuts and scampered off from the table in a trice.

One afternoon he heard his aunt dwell dolefully on the exceedingly high price of all means of subsistence; and, wounded by her persistent remarks, which he felt to be directed at him, he could not bring himself to return home at the hour of supper. A prey to the bitterest anguish, he wandered in feverish anxiety through the city, questioning himself tremblingly whether he should not be constrained to renounce painting and turn his hand to some trade capable of affording him ready support. Half mad with despair, he flew to the *Place Rouaix*, resolved first of all to take counsel with Monsieur and Madame Villemens. On reaching the top of the staircase, however, his ear, participating in the extreme excitement which agitated the rest of his frame, perceived a sound of dishes and covers in the apartments within. Dinner was undoubtedly about to be served; so, heedless of the promptings of his stomach, and shrinking with dread at the thought of a possible invitation, he fled from the house at full speed.

The night was damp and cold, yet Laurens kept up his march. Suddenly some strokes of a bell resounded above his head—the deep notes of the *bourdon* of *Saint-Sernin*. The lofty windows of the church, illuminated and flinging, as it were, clusters of brilliant gems—emeralds, topazes, rubies—upon the adjacent houses and streets, reminded him that the day was the 25th of December, Christmas-day. Christmas! His thoughts reverted to his father, his brother, Fourquevaux, the midnight mass, and the *réveil-lon* with his comrades—that *fête* the most sumptuous of his childhood—and his breast was

pierced by pangs of grief so violent that he was unable to repress a cry.

The *Rue du Taur* lay somber and dark before him. The shops were closed, and, save a few devotees here and there coughing as they walked along close by the walls of the houses, no sound was heard in the deserted streets. Laurens reached the *Place du Capitole*. There the gaslights, more numerous than elsewhere, glimmered faintly through the gloom; men were hurrying to the theatre or to the *Café Ribent*; and *cabriolets* rattled noisily over the stone pavement of the square.

Our straggler—to wander thus aimlessly through the darkness of night was straggling—halted a moment and looked to the right, in the direction of the *Hôtel des Ambassadeurs*. Then, passing down the *Rue Saint-Rome*, he stopped again. He observed a window near by brilliantly illuminated, and read above the door the flaming sign, "*Biscarlet*." The dazzle of that window, when all the other shops in the neighborhood were shut, excited his curiosity in a high degree. All at once he thought he saw the reflection of a gilt frame. It was a color-shop, at which he remembered to have called two or three times before to purchase brushes.—What! did this color-dealer exhibit paintings? He spied newly varnished pictures glistening in the gaslight like so many mirrors. There were two only. He recognized them to be copies of paintings from the museum of the city. One of them represented Guérchin's famous "Saint Sebastian kneeling," which he had admired so much; the other was surmounted by a label with the words "Urban II. blessing the Basilica of St.-Sernin," by Antoine Rivalz, a painter of Toulouse.

Our artist, in whom critical judgment had already begun to awaken, shrugged his shoulders, and, with a fiercer provocation by prolonged fasting, cried, in a loud and distinct voice:

"Why, I could do better than that myself!"

As he turned to withdraw, a hand rested on his shoulder.

"You are, then, a painter, young man?" asked the dealer, who, standing at the open door on the outlook for customers, had overheard the exclamation.

"Oh, a painter? that's saying a great deal," muttered Jean Paul, abashed and meditating escape.

"You say, at all events, you could do better than that?" rejoined Monsieur Biscarlet, seizing him by the buttonhole of his coat.

"So I can."

"You are a pupil at the school?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then you must know Crayer's picture—

'Job on a Dunghill hearing the Upbraiding of his Wife?'"

"I should think I do know it!" cried Laurens, who, at the suggestions of Professors Villemsens and Denis, had attempted outline sketches of the more noteworthy subjects in the museum.

"Do you think you could give me a copy of it without delay?"

"I will engage to do so."

"What is your name?"

"Jean Paul Laurens."

"Your residence?"

"At Monsieur Benoît the printer's, in the *allées Saint-Etienne*."

"Come and see me to-morrow."

The dealer went into his shop, and our wanderer, suddenly relieved of anxiety, and his hunger appeased with the hopes which swelled his breast, did not tarry a second longer in the town, but scampered home by the shortest route.

XIII.

OH, the first *louis* of his own earning! On receiving it from the dealer, who was quite pleased with his copy of "Job," he turned it over in his hand a score of times. It was like a ray of sunlight illuminating his existence, hitherto surrounded by ever-darkening shades of want and distress. Transported with an innocent joy which knew no bounds, he paid little heed to his way, and, on issuing from the *Rue Saint-Rome*, where he had received the shining, golden coin, he set off at headlong speed across the town. A thousand wild dreams, in which the future appeared rosy and smiling to his imagination, gave wings to his feet; and unconsciously he repeated to himself at intervals:

"Saved! saved!"

In the *Allées Lafayette*, too narrow to contain his future glory—for in Fancy's flights glory might be gained with less effort than the first mouthful of bread had cost him—he barely escaped being crushed to death by the creaking wheels of a clumsy country cart.

"*Ohé, là bas!*" shouted a gruff voice.

He raised his head and found himself nose to nose with an enormous mule, whose wild goggle eyes stared at him, while he was almost suffocated with its hot breath.

"What! you, my little lad?" cried the driver, who, leaving his mule standing at one side of the street, joined our artist on the sidewalk.

Laurens was amazed to recognize Gaspard Hortet, called *le Volailleur*, of *Sainte-Anne-du-Salat*.

"You had a good fright, hadn't you?" pursued the innkeeper of the *Cog d'Or*.

"Yes, I had, indeed!"

"Did you not see me coming?"

"No, I didn't."

"And I cracked my whip until I thought I should put my wrist out of joint—did you not hear?"

"I didn't hear anything."

Hortet, who had known Antonio Buccaferrata's apprentice in such an unhappy condition, and who had taken him one day into his house off the highway in Ariège almost dead with hunger and fatigue, supposed Jean Paul's present situation to be more wretched than ever, and his eyes assumed a touching expression of pity.

"Get into my cart, my lad," he cried, taking him by the arm.

"But," gasped Laurens, bewildered.

"We shall breakfast together at the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*, in the *Rue Ninau*, at Marianne Parmentier's."

Our late enthusiast, now powerless to offer resistance—for joy gives rise to emotions no less overwhelming than those from grief—installed himself side by side with the Poulterer in a gap between the noisy cages, and the cart rolled heavily away.

After they had been some time at table, and partaken of a hearty repast of *estouffet*, a sort of stew seasoned with wine, esteemed very highly by the *habitués* of the *Cheval Blanc*, Gaspard Hortet, whose attempts to render his bewildered guest communicative had hitherto been attended with indifferent success, laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and, shaking him, cried:

"So things are rather low, eh?"

"What things?" queried Laurens.

"Business, of course."

"Oh, not at all, Hortet; business is excellent."

"Then you are back again with Antonio?"

"God forbid! I have never seen either Buccaferrata or Giovanni or Filippo since I left them at Gajeau."

"You have found other masters, doubtless?"

"Yes, indeed, I have found other masters, real masters, able to teach me the art."

"Art! I can tell you you were wrong to give up your other trade: it's something beautiful to be a painter in churches! They make men saints and women saints. . . ."

"But I have not given up painting. I am just now painting a tableau for Monsieur Biscarlet, of the *Rue Saint-Rome*. . . ."

"Biscarlet!" broke in the Poulterer. "I know him. I sold him three turkeys on my last trip—very choice birds, real *becfigues* in September. He's a tip-top fellow, that Monsieur Biscarlet, and lives well. So, then, you're still in the picture business?"

"I should say so! Monsieur Biscarlet has given me twenty francs on account; and, as I advance with the work, he'll give me more."

"Ah, *tiens!* I'm really glad to hear that, my boy," cried Hortet, whose hitherto downcast, anxious countenance now grew cheerful and bright. "Shall I tell you something? Well, I was worrying about you. You had such a strange look when I met you. And, besides, you're as thin as a post. And how does your work turn out?"

"I'll do better by and by."

"Marianne, a bottle of *Rivesaltes*, from the snug corner, too."

"Oh, no, Hortet; thank you."

"We must have one more drink. I should like to see you turn up your nose at a glass of *Roussillon*, especially when it was I who proposed it. You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to treat you!"

Crimson blushes suffused the young artist's cheeks, attesting the responsive throbbings of his heart. With a sudden movement he seized the hand of the innkeeper, and clasped it in silence.

"Thanks," he muttered. He could not find utterance for more.

He arose and hurried off to the *Allées Saint-Etienne*.

"That's good, my boy!" cried Uncle Benoît, on hearing the news.

"You'll be able to shift for yourself now, at that rate?" observed the aunt, inquiringly.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Laurens, happy to have it in his power to relieve the nigardly old woman of all anxiety. "By the way, I breakfasted this morning in the *Rue Ninau*, at an inn where they set a very good table."

"Ho, ho!" cried Benoît, in wonderment, "quite the big man all at once."

"Marianne Parmentier, the landlady of the *Cheval Blanc*, offers to board and lodge me at the rate of forty francs a month. I shall be able to pay that easily with my painting and the trifles they send me from Fourquevaux. At the same time I feel grateful to you both! I can never forget."

"So you are going to leave us?" said the printer's wife.

"I told Marianne that she might rely on my punctuality. She laid a napkin at my place with a boxwood ring, and said, 'You are No. 17.' I was so glad to think I should no longer be a burden to you, and that I was at last in a position to earn my living."

His harangue thus ended, which he delivered with amazing volubility, though every syllable of it was an invention, he slipped off.

On the evening of that in many respects memorable day, our young artist, fortified by the

succulent breakfast he had made with the Poulterer of Ariège, after a debate with himself which lasted long, took his way resolutely to the *Rue Ninau*. What was there to be apprehended after all? Had he not his twenty-franc piece to defray the expenses of the first few days? This resolution once made, he quickened his pace.

Great was Laurens's satisfaction to meet Gaspard Hortet on entering the yard of the *Cheval Blanc*. The honest innkeeper, seated on the moss-covered curb of a well, was engaged in watching his mules as they quenched their thirst in a stone trough, and whistling to them gently, almost affectionately, to encourage them to drink.

"*Eh bien!* a good idea, my son! You've come in the nick of time to have supper with me! I'm as happy as a trout in the Salat. Toulouse made only one bite of all my poultry. All sold; and at such prices too!"

"You're very kind, Hortet, and I thank you; but you must excuse me," said Jean Paul, earnestly. "My presence here again is . . ."

Here he became confused.

"One mouthful more, old fellows, still another mouthful," cried the innkeeper of the *Cog d'Or* to his mules, as they raised their heads from the water. "And I want you to sup with me," he pursued, turning to Laurens.

The latter, after a considerable effort, prevailed upon himself to communicate his whole plan to *le Volailleur*.

"You've hit the mark exactly," said Hortet, "nor could you possibly find a more suitable place. Marianne is kind, and besides, now that I'm here, I will, of course, put in a good word for you."

The supper, by the smoky glare of the *calrel*—a sort of antique lamp with three wicks—was less gay than the breakfast by the bright, ruddy rays of the sun. Besides, Laurens's mind was beset by gloomy thoughts. Was he sure of finding another *louis* after the one which then filled his pocket? What would become of him at the *Cheval Blanc*, should Monsieur Biscarlet, by any misfortune, fail to keep his promises and leave him unable to discharge the debt incurred for his meals? Could he live on the ten or fifteen francs which were sent to him now and then, through some channel or other, from his home in the country? While Gaspard Hortet was struggling to separate a joint of a somewhat tough goose, our painter had a dream: what if he should propose to Marianne Parmentier to board him for a month, on condition of his advancing twenty francs? In his penury—for continued misfortune fills the manliest heart with childish fears—the thought of asking to be fed during a whole month, without the certainty of

being in a position to defray his expenses in full, seemed to him the greatest of enormities; and the drops of perspiration which pearded on his brow warned him that he would never be courageous enough to venture on such a proposition.

Meantime, the Poulterer, having triumphed over the resistance of the joint, was dispatching his meal with a hearty good will, accompanying each mouthful with a copious draught of *Rous-sillon*.

"How now, my lad," he cried, looking up from his plate and exhibiting a chin besmeared with gravy, "is your gullet out of order? Still, your grinders are younger than mine, and you ought to give them a little exercise."

"I am not the least hungry, Hortet."

"At your age I could have eaten iron."

Then, fixing on his guest a pair of searching eyes, in a bold, penetrating stare which pierced him through, he said:

"I'll wager that you have something on your mind that takes away your appetite?"

Laurens remained silent.

"Three times I have observed you looking round at Marianne. Had you seen her twenty years ago, as I did! What a woman she was then! Well, tell me, what do you want with Marianne? Perhaps you feel comfortable at the *Cheval Blanc*, and have an idea of coming to stay?"

"I have, Hortet."

"Marianne! Marianne!" called the Poulterer.

Laurens, being now obliged to enter upon the humiliating negotiations for food and lodging, in which the loftiest minds are the least skillful, was provoked at the innkeeper of the *Cog d'Or* for having thus brought him to the test.

"What do you wish?" asked Marianne.

"This boy, whom I can recommend, for I know him, desires to speak with you."

"How much would you charge me for board and lodging?" muttered Laurens.

"Sixty francs a month."

"Sixty francs!" he exclaimed, with a cry of distress.

"This child works at pictures, and should be be unable to pay more than fifty or even forty francs, you must take him at whatever he can give," interposed *le Volailleur*, with a most significant wink at Marianne Parmentier.

"Certainly, certainly; so long as—"

"That's all there is about it," concluded Hortet.

That same night our artist slept in a narrow little room beneath the tiled roof of the *Cheval Blanc*.

The inn of the *Rue Ninau*, in spite of Jean Paul's sudden fancy, eager as he was to quit the parsimonious board of the Benoîts, was the

most odious tavern, the veriest *gargote*,* ever dreamed of. Over the front door a large piece of sheet iron, cut out in the shape of a quadruped, creaked at the extremity of a gibbet, and bore, in great red letters, the words "*Hôtel du Cheval Blanc*"; but woe to the stomachs that yielded to the persuasion of the pompous title!

In spite of the patient forbearance of Mère Parmentier, who had often long to wait for our artist's settlement, Laurens, although during the first few days he had made all speed to get to the *Rue Ninau* punctually at meal-hours, as a storm-beaten bird hastens at full flight to gain a friendly shelter, soon grew indifferent to the attractions of the *Cheval Blanc*. This indifference, which ended ere long in confirmed repugnance, was induced rather by the necessity of mingling, and at times even interchanging words, with the ragged folk of all ages and conditions who ate at the table of the *auberge*, than by disrelish for the food; for, while with Buccaferrata, he had tried his teeth on all kinds of provender, and his delicacy had often made him content with dry bread at Uncle Benoît's.

The circle usually assembled at the inn was, in truth, by no means select. It was mainly composed of carriers engaged in the transportation of merchandise of various kinds from the Corbières Mountains or the Pyrenees to Toulouse in great heavy wagons. With these rude mountaineers, picturesque in gesture and speech, with their long whips slung sash-like over their shoulders, Jean Paul Laurens, a native of Fourquevaux, and, after all, of peasant blood himself, was comparatively at home. Gaspar Hortet, besides, was frequently one of the number. But when chance condemned him to have the town boarders for messmates, instead of the sturdy mountain wagoners, Jean Paul felt so ill at ease that he was often tempted to abandon the *Cheval Blanc*, notwithstanding the lightness of his purse.

The regular boarders, foul tatterdemalions, for the most part vagrants, arrived toward evening like a stream of rags and filth. There were organ-grinders, marmot-exhibitors—*moniteurs de mouninos*, as they are called in those parts—street singers, single-stick fencers, jugglers, giants and giantesses, monsters of every description, and little chimney-sweeps smothered in soot and as black as Ethiopians. This singular crowd, dragging along their fantastic implements, had amused Jean Paul immensely on the occasion of his first repast at Marianne Parmentier's with Hortet *le Volailleur*, and even yet, when in the vein, he was wont to take down in his note-book

a grotesque figure or profile or so, not unworthy of Hogarth or Callot; but curiosity had given place to satiety and disgust, and he was continually haunted by the idea of fleeing far from that hideous multitude.

"They are quite amusing, those rogues, with their guitars, and their monkeys, and their juggler's cups," said Professor Denis, one Sunday morning, when Laurens had brought him and Uncle Benoît to breakfast at Marianne Parmentier's.

"So I found them during the first week."

"I'm sure that, were my friend Villemens to come in here, he would recognize many of the types. He's enamored of the Flemish."

Scarcely had the last words been pronounced when Jean Paul bounded from his seat and, with a rapid gesture, pulled down the green lustrous curtains which partially screened the window beside which their table was set.

"Do you think there is too much light in this cellar of yours?" cried Uncle Benoît.

"Hush! I beg of you," murmured Laurens, suddenly turning pale.

"What now?" cried Denis, in his bass voice.

The pupil, bending over to the professor, whispered in his ear:

"Madame Villemens and her children are just now passing in the *Rue Ninau*."

"Well, what of it?" cried the painter.

"I would not have the Villemens family know that I take my meals here."

"Well, but I know it, don't I?"

"You?" muttered Laurens, with evident embarrassment.

"Yes, I."

"You, Monsieur Denis," pursued the youth, when his agitation had subsided—"you, like my good uncle and aunt Benoît, were witness of my trials and poverty at the time of my first arrival at Toulouse, whereas I have never dared to hint at my troubles to either Monsieur or Madame Villemens."

"So, then, we have a little pride, eh?"

"We have."

"That's right, Jean, right!" cried Professor Denis, gravely; "nor can I conceive it possible for an artist of worth to be devoid of such delicacy and pride as you have just shown. So, I say again, that's right, Jean. I must at the same time express my gratitude, my deep gratitude, for having been chosen, after your uncle and aunt, as the preferred confidant of your poverty. Poverty is no fault: it is glorious, on the contrary, when borne as you have borne it. And your poverty will come to an end, I give you my word of honor on it!"

"But when?"

* A mean cookshop.

"When? Only paint your picture for the prize as you painted your last canvas for Biscarlet, and I'll answer."

"So you are pleased with my 'Jesus baptized in the Jordan'?" cried Jean Paul, interrupting him.

"Pleased—yes, delighted."

"The composition, perhaps, lacks in point of skill."

"You'll be taught to compose in Paris."

"Paris!" he exclaimed, electrified, and opening his large round eyes to the utmost stretch.

"Should you take the prize, and you will take it."

(Conclusion in the next number.)

"I would give the half of my life to—"

"Should you take the prize, you'll go to Paris to study for three years, with an annual pension of fifteen hundred francs."

"O mon Dieu! Let me obtain that pension—let me obtain it, and by and by they'll see what I'm capable of!" he cried, delirious with hope.

Six months later Jean Paul Laurens's dearest wishes were gratified: the School of Arts, in awarding to him the prize for painting, opened his way to Paris.

FERDINAND FABRE, in "*Revue des Deux Mondes*."

THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis aratra boves.

IT is not yet thirty years since an American lady was supposed to have gone mad because she declared that Francis Bacon—Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans—was the author of certain dramas which for almost three hundred years the world had credited to his ignoble contemporary, William Shakespeare, of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, London, actor and manager.

That others have been stricken with Miss Bacon's "madness" rather rapidly, seems to appear from the fact that here are two volumes* written to prove that Francis Bacon did *not* compose the aforesaid dramas, and was not in any sense their author, or responsible for them.

Whatever may be thought of the probability of Lord Bacon's authorship of these works, it is pretty hard to disturb the headway of presumption against it, and our authors are quite safe in reckoning upon the burden of proof as all in their favor. Besides, to assert that the works are Bacon's, is to assert that they are not Shakespeare's; a proposition (to be exactly logical in view of the long-standing presumption) composed of two other propositions, viz.:

1. The works were not written by William Shakespeare; and—

2. They *were* written by Francis Bacon.

Logically, therefore, in order to lay a foundation to prove the second proposition, we should primarily seek to establish the first; and similarly, to disprove the second proposition, we should begin by disproving the first. This the two authors before us do not esteem it necessary to attempt. Assuming that the first proposition is not proved, they only feel called upon, not to argue against the probability of Lord Bacon having been the author of certain anonymous works, but simply to show that he was not somebody else than he was well known to be. Which is, after all, not so very difficult a thing to do.

But the fact is, that the first proposition is very far from being disproved. Probably, on the contrary, it is as well established and proved that William Shakespeare was not the author of the plays that go by his name, as any other fact, occurring in London between the years 1585 and 1606, not recorded in history or handed down by tradition, could be established and proved in 1879.

If a doubt as to the authorship of the plays had arisen at any time during or between those years, and had been kept open thereafter, the probability is that it would have been settled by this time. But as it is, we may be pretty certain that no such doubt did arise and that no such question was asked during the years when those who could have dispelled the doubt or answered the question were living.

* Shakespeare from an American Point of View. By George Wilkes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare. A Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal: Lovell Company. 1875.

When we are about to visit a theatre in these days, what we ask and concern ourselves with is: Is the play entertaining? Does it "draw"? And, when we witness it, the question is: Do we enjoy it? or does it bore us? Will we recommend our friends to come that they may be entertained too, and that we may discuss it with them? or will we warn them to keep away? We very speedily settle these questions for ourselves. Doubtless we may and do inquire who the author is. But we do not enter into any discussion upon the subject, or charge our minds enough with the matter to doubt it when we are told. The author's name is, not unusually, printed on the play-bill before us; we glance at it indifferently, take what is told us for granted, and think no more about it. If the name happens to be assumed, we may possibly see its identity discussed in the dramatic columns of our newspapers next morning, or we may not. If the play entertains us, we commend it. If it drags, we sneer at it, get up and go off. That is all the concern we give it. The evening has slipped away, and with it any idle speculations as to the playwright who has essayed to amuse us for an hour.

If, three hundred years hence, a question as to who wrote the play we saw at Mr. Booth's theatre or Mr. Wallack's theatre last evening should come up, there would be very little evidence, not any records, and scarcely an exhibit to refer to in the matter. Copies of the play-bill or the newspapers of the day might chance to be discoverable; but these—the internal testimony of the play itself, if any, and a sort of tacit presumption growing out of a statement it was nobody's cue to inquire into at the time it was made, and has been nobody's business to scrutinize since—would constitute all the evidence at hand.

Now, this supposititious case is precisely all fours with the facts in the matter of the dramatic works which we call, collectively, Shakespeare's. Precisely: except that on the evenings when those plays were acted there were no play-bills, and on the succeeding morning no daily newspaper. We have therefore, in 1879, much fewer facilities for setting ourselves right as to their authorship than those living three hundred years after us could possess in the case we have supposed. The audiences who witnessed a certain class of plays at Shakespeare's theatres, in the years between 1585 and 1606, were entertained. The plays "drew." People talked of them about town, and they became valuable to their proprietors. The mimic lords and ladies were acceptable to the best seats; the rabble loved the show and glitter and the alarum of drums; and all were Britons who gloated to hear rehearsed the

prowess of their own kings and heroes, and to be told that their countrymen at Agincourt had slain ten thousand Frenchmen at an expense of but five and twenty of themselves. But, if M. Taine's description of the Shakespearean theatres and the audiences therein wont to assemble may be relied upon, we can pretty safely conclude that they troubled themselves very little as to who fashioned the dialogue the counterfeit kings and queens, soldiers, lords and ladies spoke; or that they saw anything in that dialogue to make such speculation appear worth their while. Nor can we discover any evidence, even among the cultured courtiers who listened to them—or in the case of Elizabeth herself, who loved them—that any recognition of the plays as works worthy of any other than a stage-manager occurred.

Had any of these suspected that these plays were not written for them, but for all time; that three hundred years later—when the plays should not only be extant, but more loved and admired than ever—the thinking world should set itself seriously to probe the mystery of their origin, there might have been some interest as to their producer manifested, and we might have had some testimony competent to the exact point to-day.

But it is evident enough that no such prophetic vision was vouchsafed to them, and no such prophetic judgment passed. Nor is the phenomenon exceptional. The critic does not live, even to-day, however learned or cultured or shrewd, who would take the responsibility of affirming upon his own judgment, or even upon the universal judgment of his age and race, that any literary composition would be, after a lapse of three hundred years, not only extant, but immortal, hugged as its birthright by a whole world! Such a statement would have been contrary to experience, beyond the prophecy of criticism, and therefore only to be known—if known at all—as a Fact. Moreover, it could only be known as a fact at the expiration of the three hundred years. Doubtless few critics would care, in any case, to commit themselves upon record one way or the other in a matter so hypothetical and speculative as the judgment of posterity upon a literary performance, and certainly nothing of the sort occurred in Shakespeare's day, even if there were any dramatic or literary critics to speculate upon the subject. There can be no doubt—and it must be conceded—that the plays *did* pass with their first audiences as the compositions of Mr. Manager Shakespeare, and that probably even the manager's pot companions, who had better call to know him than any others, saw nothing to shake their heads at in his claim to be their author (provided he ever made any such claim; which, by the way, nobody has ever asserted as

a fact). If they did—with a single exception to be noticed hereafter—they certainly kept their own counsel. On the one hand, then, the question of the authorship was never raised, and, on the other hand, if it had been, the scholars and critics who studied the plays (supposing that there were any such) in those days could not possibly have recognized them as immortal. If they had so recognized them, they would doubtless have left us something more satisfactory as to the authorship of the compositions than the mere "impression that they were informed" that the manager of the theatre where they were produced wrote them; that they supposed he was clever enough to have done so, and that they therefore took it for granted that he did. That is all there is of the evidence of Shakespeare's own day, as to the question—if it still is a question—before us.

But how about the presumption—the legal presumption, arising from such lapse of time as that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—the presumption springing from tradition and common report—that William Shakespeare composed the Shakespearean plays? It is, of course, understood that one presumption is as good as another until it is disturbed. It is never safe to underrate an existing presumption; as long as it stands at all, it stands as conclusive; once overthrown, however, it is as if it had never existed.

A presumption three hundred years old may be a very strong one to overthrow. But if its AGE is all there is of it—if it be only strong in years—it can yet be toppled over. Once overthrown, it is no more venerable because it is three hundred years old than if it were only three. An egg-shell will toss upon the crest of an angry surf and, for very frailty, outride breakers when the mightiest ship man ever framed could not survive an instant. But it is only an egg-shell, for all that, and a touch of the finger will crush and destroy it. And so, formidable as it was in age, the presumption as to William Shakespeare's authorship of the great dramas which for three hundred years had gone by his name had only to be touched by the thumb and finger of common sense to crackle and shrivel like the egg that sat on the wall in the Kindergarten rhyme, which all the king's army and all the king's men could not set up again, once it had tumbled over.

But as the world advanced and culture increased, why did not the question arise before? Simply because the times were not ripe for it. This is the age and generation for the explosion of myths, and, as one after another of them falls to pieces and disappears, who does not wonder that they have not fallen sooner? For how many years has the myth of William Tell been

cherished as history! And yet there was no element of absolute impossibility or even of improbability—much less of miracle—in the story of an archer with a sure eye and a steady arm. Or, in the case of physical myths—which only required an exploration by physical sense for their explosion—the maps of two centuries or so ago represented all inaccessible seas as swarming with krakens and ship-devouring reptiles. And it is not twenty years since children were taught in their geographies that upon the coast of Norway there was a whirlpool which sucked down ships prow foremost. And here, in our midst, a cannon-shot from the office where this paper is printed, there was believed to be and exist a Hell Gate, which was a very portal of death and slaughter to hapless mariners. But there are no krakens, and not much of a Maelstrom; and for twenty years before General Newton blew up a few rocks at Hell Gate people had laughed at the myth of its ferocity. And so, in the case of the Shakespearean authorship, the day has come for truth to dispel fiction, and reason to scout organic miracle.

Besides, it is to be remembered that it is only our own century that has comprehended the masterliness and matchlessness of the "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and the rest of those transcripts of nature, the prophetic insight of whose author "spanned the ages that were to roll up after him, mastered the highest wave of modern learning and discovery, and touched the heart of all time, not through the breathing of living characters, but by lifting mankind up out of the loud kingdom of earth into the silent realm of infinity; who so wrote that to his all-seeing vision schools and libraries, sciences and philosophies, were unnecessary, because his own marvelous intuition had grasped all the past and seen through all his present and all his future, and because, before his superhuman power, time and space had vanished and disappeared."* The age for which the dramas were written had not come, in that Elizabethan era. The tongues of the actors were tied, the ears of the audience were deaf to syllables whose burden was for the centuries that were to come after; and so, again, the question was not "worth while." Let us remember that during the three hundred years—to speak in round numbers—since the first public production of these dramas, their now everywhere conceded superiority, to say nothing of their immortality, was very far from being constantly and universally recognized. Periods there were when scholars and men of taste preferred stilted rhymes like Addison's, or metrical platitudes like Pope's, or sesquipedalian derivatives like old Samuel

* Jean Paul Richter, "Titan."

Johnson's, to the Shakespearean well of English undefiled that flowed at their feet.*

Let any one interested enough in the matter to see for himself take down Dr. Johnson's own edition of Shakespeare, and read his commentaries on the Shakespearean text. Let him turn, for example, to where he says of "Hamlet":

We must allow to the tragedy of "Hamlet" the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity, . . . that includes judicious and instructive observations. . . . New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth; . . . the catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger and Laertes with the bowl.

Again, of "Macbeth":

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fiction, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character. . . . I know not whether it may not be said in defense of some parts which now seem improbable, that in Shakespeare's time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

Again, of "Julius Cæsar":

Of this tragedy, many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated. But I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, etc.

Let him imagine anybody thus patronizing those mighty and deathless monographs to-day! Let him imagine a better illustration, if he can, of what our Johnson's friend Pope called—in long meter—"fools rushing in where angels feared to tread"! And let him confess to himself that these were not the times nor the men to raise the question.

The fact is, that, until our own century, the eyes of the world were darkened, and men saw in these Shakespearean dramas only such stage plays as might have been written—not by "the soul" of any age; not by a man "myriad-minded"; not by a "morning star of song," or a "dear son of memory"—but by a clever playwright; who might, indeed, have easily devised "an expedient to kill Laertes with the bowl and

Hamlet with the dagger," or have thrown a little more fire into the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, but who, on the whole, to save the question, might be conceded a place alongside, perhaps, of Addison, with his sleepy and dreary "Campaign"; or Pope, with his metrical proverbs about "man"; or even the aforesaid Samuel Johnson himself, with his moral rhymed dictionaries about the "vanity of human wishes," and so on.

Those were the sort of days when Addison was pensioned for his dreary and innocent "Campaign," and a Mr. Pye made poet laureate of the land where an unknown pen had once written "Hamlet"; and, consequently, *not* the days for the discovery with which this century has crowned itself—namely, the discovery that the great first of poets lived in the age when England and America were one world by themselves, and that they now must draw together again to search for the master "who came"—to use, with all reverence, the words of Judge Holmes—"upon our earth, knowing all past, all present, and all future, to be leader, guide, and second gospel of mankind." But the fullness of time *has* come, and we now know that, whoever was the poet that he "kept," he was of quite another kidney than the manager of the theatre, William Shakespeare, who employed him to write Plays, and who wrote Revelations and Gospels instead.

If we are interested to inquire what manner of man Mr. Manager Shakespeare was, we have only to look about us among the managers of theatres in this latter half of our nineteenth century. Let us take Mr. Wallack or Mr. Daly, both of whom arrange plays for the stages of their own theatres, for example; or, better yet, take Mr. Dion Boucicault, who is an actor as well as a manager, and is, moreover, as successful in his day as was Mr. William Shakespeare in his. Mr. Boucicault has, so far, produced about one hundred and thirty-seven successful plays. Mr. William Shakespeare produced about a hundred less. All of Mr. Boucicault's plays show that gentleman's skillful hand in cutting, expanding, arranging, and setting for the stage; and in the representation of them Mr. Boucicault has himself often participated. In like manner Mr. Shakespeare, the manager, we are told by tradition, often assisted at the representation of the dramas produced on his boards, playing the Ghost in "Hamlet," and the King in "Henry VI.," parts now assigned to a "walking" or a "utility" gentleman. And that Mr. Shakespeare rewrote for the stage what his unknown poet composed, we have the tolerable hearsay testimony of his fellow actor Ben Jonson, who tells us that he remembers to have heard the players say that the stage copies of the plays were written in Shakespeare's autograph, and were all the more avail-

* So one Nahum Tate, supposed in his day to be a "poet" in 1681, finds "a thing called Lear," and after much labor congratulates himself on having been able to "make a play out of it."

able on that account, because he (Shakespeare) was a good penman, in that "whatever he penned he never blotted line." *

Mr. Boucicault, who is one of the most genial and accomplished of gentlemen, while claiming the full credit to which he is entitled, is quite too clever as well as too conscientious to set up for an original author or a poet, as well as a playwright. Neither does Shakespeare (as we have already said, and we shall allude to this again further on) anywhere appear to have ever claimed to be a poet, or even to have taken to himself—what we may, however, venture to ascribe to him—the merit of the stage-setting of the dramatic works which, having been played at his theatre, we collectively call the Shakespearean plays to-day.

There is scarcely any evidence either way; but the fact that the actors were in the habit of receiving their fair copy from the manager's—William Shakespeare's—own hand, seems to make it evident that he did not originally compose them. Indeed, if Shakespeare had been their author, well-to-do and bustling manager as he was, he would probably have intrusted their transcription to some subordinate or supernumerary; or, better yet, would have kept a playwright of experience to set his compositions for the stage, to put in the necessary localisms, "gags," and allusions, to catch the ear of the penny seats. Such a division of labor is imperative to-day, and was imperative then—or at least to suppose that it was not is to suppose that of his dozen or so of co-managers William Shakespeare was the one who did all the work while the others looked on.

But, as we have seen, Shakespeare was his own playwright; he took the dramas and rewrote them for the actors; he inserted the requisite business, the exits, and entrances, and—when necessary—suited the reading to the actor who was to pronounce the dialogue, according as he happened to be fat or lean.† Such was the employment which fell to the part of William Shakespeare.

* Ben Jonson's words are, "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted line," a statement hard to be reconciled with the illegible scrawls since pronounced to be authentic autographs of William Shakespeare.

† It may be noted that the line, "He's fat and scant of breath," does not occur in the early and imperfect edition of "Hamlet" of 1603. Was it added to suit Burbadge? And was there a further change made also to suit Mr. Burbadge, the leading tragedian of the time? In the edition of 1603 the grave-digger says of Yorick's skull:

Looke you, here's a skull hath bin here this dozen year,
Let me see, ever since our last King Hamlet

speare in the division of labor among the management in which he was a partner, and the resulting manuscript was what Ben Jonson's friends told him of. For nobody, we fancy, quite supposes that the poet, whoever he was, produced "Hamlet" one evening, "Macbeth" on another, and "Julius Cæsar" on another, without blotting or erasing or changing, pruning or filing a line, and then handed his original drafts to the players next morning to learn their parts from! This is not the way that poems are written (nor, we may add, the way theatres are managed). The greater the geniuses, the more they blotch and blot and dash their pens over the paper when the frenzy is in possession of them. And besides, the fact that there exist to-day, and always have existed, numerous and diverse readings of the Shakespearean text, does very clearly show that their author or authors did at different times vary and alter the construction of the text as taste or fancy dictated, and therefore that the manuscripts Ben Jonson's friends saw and told him of were the acting-copies, and not the originals of the Shakespearean plays.

Of the contemporaries of Shakespeare who lamented his death in verse, most of their eulogies are quite vague as to whether they considered their departed friend an actor or a poet, and may be construed either way. Ben Jonson calls him—

Slew Fortenbrasse in combat, young Hamlet's father,
He that's mad.

But in all subsequent editions the grave-digger says: "Here a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years." The effect of this alteration is to add considerably to Hamlet's age. "Alas, poor Yorick!" he says, "I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed, I know not how oft," etc. How old, then, was Hamlet when Yorick died? But Hamlet's age is even more distinctly fixed by other lines which do not occur in the early edition of 1603:

Hamlet. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
First Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortenbras.

Hamlet. How long is that since?
First Clown. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent to England.

And presently he adds:

I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Mr. Marshall writes: "It would appear that Shakespeare added these details, which tend to prove Hamlet to have been thirty years old, for much the same reason as he inserted the line, 'He's fat and scant of breath,' namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in accordance with those of the great actor, Burbadge, who personated him." The edition of 1603 is generally accounted a piratical copy of the first sketch of the play.—*All the Year Round.*

... soul of the age,
The applause, delight, and wonder OF THE STAGE.

"Sleep, rare TRAGEDIAN," says William Basse. A tragedian we have come to regard rather as the interpreter than the writer of dramas, though it is fair to admit that, in Basse's day, the words "tragedian" and "dramatist" were used indifferently. Of course Gray's magnificent lines are evidence of nothing except the impression of his day, and Milton's testimony (regarded by many judicial minds as strongest of all in this connection) we are forced to sweep away as brusquely. All that John Milton knew about William Shakespeare was pure hearsay, derived from local report or perusal of the Shakespearean plays ("a book invalued," he calls them). For, even if we were called upon to do so, we could hardly conceive Milton—a Puritan, and a blind Puritan at that—as much of a play-goer or boon companion of actors and managers. But we are not called upon to imagine anything of the sort; for, as a matter of fact, John Milton was exactly seven years and four months old when William Shakespeare died. And so, what is called "the Milton testimony," even if competent in a court of justice to be weighed by a jury as to the question before us, would be absolutely valueless, either way, to direct their finding.

And so, in the first place, there was no great call or occasion for discussion as to the authorship of the Shakespearean dramas in the days when they first began to be known by the public; and, as for Mr. Manager Shakespeare's friends and the actors of his company, they testified to what they had heard, and, if they knew anything to the contrary, they kept it to themselves. If his friends, jealous of his reputation, they were not solicitous of heralding him a fraud; and, if the "stock" upon his pay-roll, they held their bread at his hand, and were not eager to offend him. If—as we shall notice further on—a wise few did suspect the harmless imposition, either they had grounds for not mentioning it, or there were reasons why people did not credit them. And so, in the second place, the times were not ripe for the truth to be known, because there was nobody who cared about knowing it, and nobody to whom it could be a revelation.

To suppose that William Shakespeare wrote the plays which we call his, is to suppose that a miracle was vouchsafed to the race of man in London in the course of certain years of the reign of Elizabeth. If, however, instead of probing for miracles, we come to consider that men and managers and theatres in the age of Elizabeth were very much the same sort of creatures and places that we find them now; that among the *habitus*

of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres in that reign were certain young gentlemen of abundant leisure and elegant education who admitted managers into their acquaintance by way of exchange for the *entrée* of the green-room; and that managers in those days, as in these, were always on the alert for novelties, and drew their material—in the crude, if necessary, to be dressed up, or ready made, if they were so fortunate—from wherever they could find it; if, in short, we find that among the curled darlings who frequented Master William Shakespeare's side doors there was at least one poet, and in his vicinity at least one ready writer who was so placed as to be eager to write anonymously for bread (and who, moreover, had access to the otherwise sealed and occult knowledge, philosophy, and reading, of which the giants of his day—to say nothing of the theatre-managers—did not and could not dream)—if, we say, we consider all this, we need pin our faith to no miracles, but expect only the ordinary course of human events.

But, miracles aside, to consider William Shakespeare as the author of the Shakespearean drama—for that he has christened it and that it will go forever by his name, we concede—involves us in certain difficulties that seem quite insurmountable. In the first place, scholars and thinkers, whose hearts have been open to the matchless message of the Shakespearean text, and who found themselves drawn to conclude that such a man as William Shakespeare once lived, were amazed to discover that the very evidence which forced them to that conclusion also proved conclusively that that individual *could not* have written the dramas since known by his name.* This evidence was of three sorts: 1. Official records and documents; 2. The testimony of contemporaries; and, 3. That general belief, reputation, and tradition, which, left to itself in the manner we have indicated, has grown into the presumption of nearly three hundred years.

We will not recapitulate the well-thumbed records, nor recite the dog's-eared testimony, which together gave rise to the presumption. But the dilemma presented to the student was in this wise: By the official records it appeared that

* Coleridge, Schlegel, Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Carlyle, Brougham, Emerson, Delia Bacon, Gervinus, and doubtless many more, clearly saw that the real Shakespeare was not the Shakespeare we have described. "In spite of all the biographies, 'ask your own hearts,' says Coleridge—'ask your own common sense to conceive the possibility of this man being . . . the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism. What! are we to have miracles in sport? or (I speak reverently) does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?'" ("Notes to Shakespeare's Works," iv., 56).—Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," 598.

a man-child was naturally born in Stratford village on the Avon, Warwickshire, in England, possibly on the spot where now stands a house called his birthplace, and possibly not,* who was named William Shakespeare. His father was of humble birth. But on acquiring some means as a village butcher (to which trade he had added the calling of wool-comber)—precisely as men of suddenly made fortunes do to-day—he set up to be somebody, and purchased himself a grant of arms from the Heralds' College in London. His name being Shakespeare, the heralds allot him an escutcheon on which is represented a shaking spear (symbolically treated)—a device which, under the circumstances, did not tax the heralds' ingenuity or commit them to any theory about his ancestors at Hastings or among the Saracens. But of William, son of John Shakespeare, we know even less than this: we find the date of his baptism, of his marriage, of the birth of children to him, and then, so far as the records go, no more, until he appears, all of a sudden, in London, owner of an interest in the Globe, and later on of a larger interest in the Blackfriars Theatre, in London; then another long hiatus, and he returns to Stratford, purchases land, and becomes a country gentleman. In Stratford we find no further record of his life, except that, as might be reckoned of the careful soul who raked a fortune out of two cheap theatres in London, he still saved his cents, and sued a neighbor for a matter of thirty-five shillings and sixpence "for corn delivered." There is the further record of his investing his savings in still more land, of his begetting several children, and of his final payment of the debt of nature, and being gathered to his ignoble fathers at the age of fifty-three years, leaving—still a man of finical detail and nice and exact economy—an elaborate testament, in which he disposes, item by item, of each worldly thing and chattel, down to the second best bedstead in his chambers, which he tenderly bestows upon the wife of his youth and the mother of his children. This is absolutely all that records show of the existence and the career of William Shakespeare. If he has done anything worthy of posterity, he shows no especial anxiety that posterity shall hear of it. Besides such contracts and business papers as he must sign in the course of his lesseeship at the theatres and in the investment of his savings, he leaves his name to nothing except a declaration in debt against a poor neighbor who is behind-hand with his account, footed at one pound fifteen shillings and sixpence, and a not over-

* The house now visited by tourists as Shakespeare's birthplace is understood to stand upon one of two plots of ground owned by John Shakespeare, his father, at the date of William's birth.

creditable last will and testament.* Is this the record of a demigod? of the creator of a "Hamlet" and an "Othello"? But this practical and thrifty soul, who ran away to London, worked himself up (as he must have worked himself up) to the proprietorship of a theatre, and in that business and calling earned money and kept it; invested in land; sued his neighbor for some shillings and sixpence; and finally cut his wife off with a second-hand bedstead—is also the identical man who singly and alone wrote the "Hamlet," the "Julius Cæsar," the "Othello," and all the splendid pages of the Shakespearean drama! The scholar's dilemma is how to reconcile the internal evidence of the plays, which is spread before them undimmed by age, with these records, which, however scanty, are as authentic and beyond question as the internal evidence itself. And, once stated, the dilemma of the scholar becomes the dilemma of the whole world. Let any one try to conceive of the busy manager of a theatre (an employment to-day—when the theatre is at its best, and half the world play-goers—precarious for capital and industry; but in those days an experiment untried before), who succeeded by vigilance, exact accounting, business sagacity, and prudence, in securing and saving not only a competency, but a fair fortune; in the mean time—while engaged in this engrossment of business—writing Isabella's magnificent appeal to the duke's deputy, Angelo, or Cardinal Wolsey's last soliloquy! or conceive of the man who gave the wife of his youth an old bedstead, and sued a neighbor for corn delivered, penning Antony's oration above Cæsar, or the soliloquy of Macbeth debating the murder of Duncan, the invocation to sleep in "King Henry IV.," or the speech of Prospero, or the myriad sweet, or noble, or tender passages that nothing but a human heart could utter! Let him try to conceive this, we say, and his eyes will open to the absurdity of the belief that these lines were written by the lessee and joint manager of a theatre, and he will examine the evidence thereafter, for corroboration, and not for conviction, satisfied in his own mind, at least, that no such phenomenon is reasonable, probable, or safe to have presented itself.

Then, last and greatest difficulty of all, is the Will. This is by far the completest and best authenticated record we have of the man William Shakespeare, testifying not only to his undoubtedly having lived, but to his character as a man; and—most important of all to our investigation—to his exact worldly condition. Here we have his own careful and *ante-mortem* schedule of his

* There is no shadow of anything but surmise as to his authorship of the doggerel, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake," etc., etc., carved over his tomb.

possessions, his chattels real and chattels personal, down to the oldest and most rickety bedstead under his roof. And we may be pretty sure that it is an accurate and exhaustive list. But if he were—as well as a late theatre-manager and country gentleman—an author and the proprietor of dramas that had been produced and found valuable, how about these plays? Were not they of as much value, to say the least, as a damaged bedstead? Were they not, as a matter of fact, not only invaluable, but the actual source of his wealth? How does he dispose of them? Does our thrifty Shakespeare forget that he has written them? Is it not the fact, and is it not reason and common sense to conceive, that, *not* having written them, they have passed out of his possession along with the rest of his theatrical property, along with the theatre whose copyrights they were, and into the hands of others? This is the greatest difficulty and stumbling-block for the Shakespeareans. If their hero had written these plays, of which the age of Elizabeth was so fond, and in whose production he had amassed a fortune, that he should have left a will, in items, in which absolutely no mention or hint of them whatever should be made, even their most zealous pundits—even Mr. King himself—can not step over, and so are scrupulous not to allude to it at all. This piece of evidence is unimpeachable and conclusive as to what worldly goods, chattels, chattel interests or things in action, William Shakespeare supposed that he would die possessed of. Tradition is gossip. Records are scant and niggard. Contemporary testimony is conflicting and shallow, but here, attested in due and solemn form, clothed with the foreshadowed solemnity of another world, is the calm, deliberate, *ante-mortem* statement of the man himself.

We perceive what becomes of his second-hand bedstead. What becomes of his plays? Is it possible that after all these years' experience of their value—in the disposition of a fortune of which they had been the source and foundation—he should have forgotten their very existence?

But if, diverging from the scanty records, we go to the testimony of contemporaries, what do we find then? Very little more of the man William Shakespeare, but precisely the same dilemma as to his assumed authorship of the plays.

We find that the country lad William was no milksoy and no Joseph; that he was hail-fellow with his fellows of equal age; that he poached—shot his neighbors' deer; lampooned their owner when punished for the offense; went on drinking-bouts with his equals of the neighboring villages; and, finally, wound up with following a company of strolling players to the metropolis, where he began his prosperous career by holding gentlemen's horses at the theatre

door, while the gentlemen themselves went inside to witness the performance. We turn to the stories of the poaching, the deer-shooting, and the beer-drinking, with relief. It is pleasant to think that the pennywise old man was—at least in his youth—human. A little poaching and a little beer do nobody any harm, and it is, at all events, more cheerful reading than the record of a parsimonious freeholder taking the law of his poorer neighbor who defaults in the payment of a few shillings for a handful of corn.

There is a village school in Stratford, and Mr. De Quincey and all his predecessors and successors who have constructed pretty romances around William Shakespeare's unknown and unrecorded youth unite in making their hero attend its sessions. But he could not have attended them very perseveringly, since he turns up in London at about the age that country lads first go to school. In London he seems to have risen from nothing at all to the position (such as it is) of co-manager, along with a dozen others, of a theatre. Here, just as young lords and swells take theatre-managers into their acquaintance to-day, he became intimate with better men than himself, and so enlarged his skirts and his patronage as it was the part of a thrifty man to do. At this time there were no circulating libraries in London, no libraries accessible to the general public of any sort, in fact; no booksellers at every corner, no magazines or reviews; no public educators, and no schools or colleges swarming with needy students; even the literature of the age was a bound-up book to all except professional readers. But, for all that, this William Shakespeare, this vagrom runaway youth, who, after a term at Stratford school (admitting that he went where the romancers put him), cuts off to London at the heels of a crew of strolling players, who begins business for himself as link-boy at a theatre door, and by saving his pence works up to be actually a part proprietor in two theatres, and ultimately a rich man, begins to possess himself of a lore and knowledge of the Past which, even to-day, with all our libraries, lyceums, serials, and booksellers, it would need a lifetime to acquire. He did the work of a lifetime. Like Mr. Stewart, in New York, he began penniless, and by vigilance, shrewdness, and economy, rose to respectability, affluence, and fortune.

But, as we could not imagine Mr. Stewart, gentleman as he was, writing poems while slowly coining his fortune, and revolving poetry in his brain while overseeing the business that was evolving it, so do we fail to conceive William Shakespeare doing the same thing. How much less can we conceive of this man composing, not only poems of his own, but a literature of his own, drawing his material from the classic

writers (and notably from those Greek plays not at that time translated, and only accessible in the originals and in manuscript), from legal works, "caviare to the general"; from philosophical treatises not known to have been available even for reference; writing of the circulation of the blood in the human system—a fact not discovered until years after his own death! Let us find him, too, to set down, in writing, epitomes of all known wisdom; to ascertain the past, prophesy of the future; to lay down off-hand the philosopher's, the lawyer's, the leech's, the soldier's, the scholar's craft and art, which only they themselves, by long years of study, might attain to—and all this while coining a fortune in the management of two theatres; to have solved, in short, the riddle of the sphinx and all the as yet unspinning whirligigs of time! Verily a greater riddle than the sphinx's is this the riddle of the boy—Master Shakespeare. Thomas Chatterton found his wealth in a musty chest in an old muniment room. But here the chest and muniment room were not in existence till years after the boy Shakespeare has been a man, and traveled on to his grave. It is no solution of this riddle to say the lad was a genius, and that genius is that which soars when education plods.* Genius itself can not account for the Shakespearean plays. Genius may portray, but here is a genius that not only portrayed that which after his death became fact, but related other facts which men had forgotten; the actors in which had lain in the dust for centuries, and whose records had slept sealed in dead languages, in manuscripts beyond his reach! Genius, intuition, is beyond education indeed. It may prophesy of the future or conceive of the eternal; but only knowledge can draw record of the past. If the author of Shakespeare had been a genius only, his "Julius Cæsar" might have been a masterpiece of tragedy or pathos, or of rage; but it would have portrayed an ideal Rome, not the real one. His "Comedy of Errors" might have been matchless in humor and sparkling in contrepemps, but ten years afterward, on translating a hidden manuscript of Plautus, the comedies would not have been found identical in argument!†

* This evidence can not be recapitulated in the space of a foot-note, but the curious reader will do well to refer to the chapter on the attainments of the author of Shakespeare at pages 56-65, Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition.

† In "Pericles" allusion is made to a custom obtaining among a certain class of Cyprians, which it is fair to say could not be found mentioned in a dozen books of which we know the names to-day, and which, from its very nature, is treated of in no encyclopædia or manual of information, or of popular antiquities. How could any one but a scholar, in those days, have possessed himself—not in this alone, but in a thousand similar in-

The precocity of a child may be intuition. But no babe learns its alphabet spontaneously or by means of genius; but out of a book, because the characters are arbitrary. Pascal, when a child, discovered the eternal principles of geometry, and marked them out in chalk upon the floor; but he did not know that the curved figures he drew were called "circles," or that the straight ones were called "lines"; so he named them "rounds" and "bars." He discovered what was immutable and could be found by the searcher, but his genius could not reinvent arbitrary language that had been invented before his birth; in short, to have possessed and to have written down in advance the learning and philosophy of three centuries to come might have been the gift of Prophecy (such a gift as has ere this fallen from we know not where upon the sons of men) descending into the soul of a conceivable genius. But second sight is not retrospective. And to have testified of the forgotten past, without access to its record, was as beyond the possibilities of genius as the glowing wealth of the Shakespearean page is above the creation of an unlettered man of business in the age of Elizabeth or of Victoria!

Here is the dilemma with which the Shakespeareans struggle: that in those years the man William Shakespeare *did* live, and was a theatrical manager and actor in London. (And at the same time this is the evidence that convinces the world to-day, that the dramas we call Shakespearean were so called because they were first published from the stage of William Shakespeare's theatres in London, just as we call certain readings of the classics the "Delphini classics," because brought together for a Dauphin of France; or certain paintings "Düsseldorf paintings," because produced in the Düsseldorf school. If, however, in the course of ages, it should come to be believed that the Dauphin wrote the classics, or that a man named Düsseldorf painted the pictures, even then the time would come to set the world right. If there had been no Dauphin and no Düsseldorf, we might have assigned those names to a power which might have produced the poems or the pictures.) If there had been no William Shakespeare, we might have idealized one who could have written the plays. But, unhappily, there *is* an actual, living, breathing man in possession of that name, who declines to assign it to another, and who is anything but the sort of man the Shakespeareans want!

But there is a legal maxim to the effect that he who destroys should also build up. We are asked then, If William Shakespeare did not, who

stances—of such minute, accurate, and occult information?

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did write the Shakespearean plays? We answer that we know not. At the distance of three hundred years it is a hard matter to decide. Perhaps Lord Bacon.* Perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh. Perhaps both. Possibly neither. But, whoever did, the statement that William Shakespeare did *not* tallies with all the internal evidence of the plays themselves, all the known facts and testimony as to his personality, and resolves all the difficulties which Mr. Wilkes and Mr. King find in the theory that Lord Bacon wrote the plays. Let us make this last statement a little more evident. We are told, on the one hand, that William Shakespeare wrote the plays; on the other hand, that Francis Bacon wrote them; and, again, that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote them. The truth is probably somewhere among the three. Francis Bacon was the most learned man of his time. He could and did read Greek in the original, and he did have access to untranslated manuscripts, such as the "Menæchmi" of Plautus. He was a philosopher, and he *did* come nearer to a prescience of the philosophy of ages to be than any man who ever lived—as witness his own acknowledged works. Sir Walter Raleigh was a wit and a poet, a gentleman, a man of elegant nonchalance, a very Mercutio, to the day of his execution. He was liberally educated, cultured, and would have been all this in a more cultivated day than his own; moreover, he was idle and a scribbler of *belles-lettres*. Perhaps he killed time by writing speeches for his hail-fellow manager to put into plays for his stage. Anonymous or pseudonymic authorship has ever been a *penchant* of the gentle and idle. Shakespeare was a shrewd man of business, who kept up with his times, as are managers of theatres to-day; he was quick to perceive where a point might be made in his plays, and moreover he employed—or perhaps was fortunate enough to secure by way of friendship—a poet to turn his ideas into speech for the mouths of his players. That he used his pen to prepare the prompter's manuscript of the pieces performed at his theatre, we have already seen there is reason to believe. That he ever composed, on his own account, we have only a sort of innuendo of certain of his brother actors and playwrights, and a Stratford tradition, which we can trace to no other source

than the source of the belief outside—that is to say, to the fact that the plays were produced under his management in London. The innuendo dubs him a poet; the Stratford tradition makes him to have written a doggerel verse to cut over his own tomb. But this latter we venture to disbelieve.

Still, writing his life, as we do, from imagination, it is much easier to imagine the three men—Bacon, Raleigh, and Shakespeare—producing between them "Hamlet," "Othello," or the "Comedy of Errors," than to imagine William Shakespeare alone doing it. Especially since, apart from the internal evidence of the plays, he "had his hands full" of work besides—the work in which he earned his competency. That Bacon and Raleigh, whose ambitions did not lead them to seek renown as playwrights, should have contributed their share to the plays—the first for gold which he needed, and the second for the pastime which he craved—is not remarkable; we can see hundreds of young lawyers scribbling for gold while waiting for practice, or young "swells" trying their hand at comedies for the sport of the thing, by opening our eyes to-day. That the shrewd and successful manager should carefully pick into presentable and playable shape for his stage, these productions of his young friends is, likewise, the easiest thing in the world to conceive of, or to see managers doing to-day. Clearly, William Shakespeare, or some other skilled playwright, took the dialogues of Bacon and Raleigh, put them into the form of plays, introduced a clown here or a jade there, interpolated saws and localisms, gave the characters their names, looked out for the "business," arranged the tableaux—in short, did what Mr. Wallack, or Mr. Daly, or Mr. Boucicault would have to do to-day to fit a play for the stage. We think that Shakespeare himself did it because the plays are said to have been seen in his handwriting, and because, from that fact or otherwise, they went, as a collection, by his name in the days when they were first produced in London.

This sort of joint authorship will not only explain away the antagonism which grew up between the evidence of the man Shakespeare and the evidence of the Shakespearean plays, but will account for the difficulties of Messrs. Holmes, Wilkes, and King. This explains the parallel passages in Bacon's writings and in the plays which Judge Holmes has so painstakingly sorted out; this explains the little inaccuracies of law and of grammar, of geography and of history, in the plays themselves; this explains the "seacoast of Bohemia," or the introduction of gunpowder at the siege of Troy—absurdities which it is morally impossible to suppose of the portrayer of antiquity who wrote "Julius Cæsar," or the

* Judge Holmes has collected in his stout volume overwhelming cumulative evidence to prove Lord Bacon's authorship of the plays, which it is difficult to read without conviction. It is important, however, since we have restricted the Shakespeareans to the production of legal evidence, to insist on the same in Bacon's case. The strongest of this latter is doubtless Tobie Matthews's testimony (conveyed, it is true, in the form of innuendo), to which we have alluded elsewhere in this paper. (See Judge Holmes's book, p. 134.)

knowledge that framed the historical plays. If, however, we consider them as the interpolations of a stagewright* aiming at stage effect, they are easily enough accounted for. The stagewright saw an opportunity for the introduction of a stage ship or shipwreck, hence he puts in the "seacoast" hap-hazard. He needs an alarum of guns to impress his audience on the coming evening with the fact that a fight is in progress. And even if it should occur to him to doubt if there were any guns at the siege of Ilium, he is pretty certain that it will not occur to the groundlings or the penny seats, from whose pocket all is grist that comes to his mill, and so makes the guns and the cannon a part of the "business." So, again, we have only to understand this, and the character of Bardolph—supposed to have puzzled the critics since critics first began to busy themselves with these dramas—is explained. Bardolph is the walking comedian, inserted by the experienced manager to tickle the *fricti ciceris et nucis emptor* with his fiery nose, and to break in with his "There's the humor of it," just as Rip Van Winkle dwells upon his favorite toast, and Solon Shingle upon his ancestor who "fitted into the Revolution." And who can doubt that this accounts, too, for the little dashes of obscene display, the lewd innuendo, which came never from the same pen as the master-strokes, but which it is simple enough to conceive of an actor or manager interpolating, to the delight of Monsieur Taine's audience, and for the stolen delectation of the maids of honor and city dames who went, in men's clothes, to mingle with them.

This origin, too, accounts for the poems dedicated to Southampton. Lax as was the court and reign of the Virgin Queen, there was but one man then living bold and reckless enough to stand patron to the "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," and that man was the noble young libertine Southampton. Similarly, there was but one man available upon whom to father them. A man with no reputation to lose, a vagabond—at anchor, indeed, but still a vagabond—a

* It is nothing less than marvelous that this simple explanation should not have occurred to the wise men who have been knocking their heads against "the seacoast of Bohemia" for the last hundred years. That this error is a part of the "business" and not of the play, is very evident from a casual reading of Act III., Scene III. The stage direction for that scene is simply, "SCENE—a desert country near the sea"—and to fit it, Antigonus, the first speaker, says to the mariner: "Art thou perfect, then? Our ship hath touched the deserts of Bohemia." There is no further allusion to the troublesome geography in the play. So, too, the gunpowder used at the siege of Troy is a part of the "business," and should be assigned where it belongs—to the playwright and not to the dramatist.

nobody, pretending to no standing or consequence save on the boards of his own playhouse, would father them, and that man was William Shakespeare. And so the joint or several productions of certain young men about town, certain "curled darlings" who affected Shakespeare's green-room, were foisted upon the wildest and most brazen of them all, and sworn upon the complacent manager, who doubtless saw his profit in it. On the whole, he may be said to have seen a pretty fair profit in it too. We have evidence, indeed, to prove that his profit was no less a sum than one thousand pounds, which doubtless was made a "permanent investment" for young Southampton, without loss of time.

Whether Bacon wrote the poems or not (and the probabilities are strongly that he did not and could not have written them, though Raleigh might have done so), he evidently knew of their authorship. We have said that the audiences before whom these Shakespearean dramas were first presented could not have estimated them as what we of this age recognize them to be. But we may be sure that, had he chanced to light upon them, Lord Bacon could have appraised them, and the genius that created them, at their true worth. But while Lord Bacon's writings teem with mention of his own contemporaries (Mr. W. H. Smith points out the fact that we owe about all we know of Raleigh's skill in repartee to Bacon's "Apothegms"), he nowhere alludes to such a man as William Shakespeare!—to William Shakespeare—who, if popular belief is true, was his lordship's most immortal contemporary, the one mind mightier than Bacon's, and yet not a rival or a superior in his own particular sphere, of whom he could have been jealous. The truth which makes this strange riddle plain is, that (to use Sir Tobie Matthews's words in his famous letter to his patron) "the most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."* And, indeed, Sir Tobie was fonder of nothing than of indulging in sly allusions to Lord Bacon's secret, of which he had become possessed. In another letter than that just quoted, he says again to his lordship: "I will not promise to return you weight for weight, but *measure for measure* . . . and there is a certain judge in the world who in the midst of his popularity toward the meaner sort of men would fain deprive the better sort of that happiness which was generally done in that time."† But we have not marked out for ourselves, in the limits of this article, a recapitulation of the evi-

* Holmes's "Authorship of Shakespeare," second edition, p. 175.

† "Bacon and Shakespeare," by W. H. Smith, p. 96

dence in the possession of this century, which, taken piecemeal, can be separately waived aside, but which, when cumulated and heaped together, is a mountain over which the airiest skeptic can not vault.

Let us illustrate our idea of the composition of a Shakespearean play. Let us take, for an example, "The Merchant of Venice"—as it stands, one of the most perfect plays in the language, in correctness of form and in preservation of the unities, but at the same time the most glaringly improbable in theme and fullest of errors—especially of errors of law—of any of the Shakespearean dramas. This play was produced in 1596. Let us conceive, then, Shakespeare desiring a novelty, carrying to his poet or writer the old stage-worn and hackneyed play of "The Jew of Venice," with directions to rewrite the speeches and modernize it. Let us suppose that it comes back to him with the magnificent court scene—the *pièce de résistance*—so arranged that Portia, sitting on the seat of judgment, after patiently listening to the Jew's wrongs, decides in Antonio's favor and adjourns court, whereat the spectators surround the disconcerted money-lender, pull at his beard, and drive him, half torn to pieces, from the place. This would arouse the virtuous applause of the audience—for spitting at Jews has always been accounted of Gentiles for righteousness; and besides, Shylock had a standing in court on the merits of his case. But to the managerial eye this is hurrying matters. The Jew, indeed, is to be nonsuited, but it must be done more harrowingly and revengefully. He must be played with first. He must be led to believe that the judgment of the court is to be in his favor, must be allowed to gloat over that supposition while the audience feel a blow to their own sensibilities in the idea of justice to a Jew. Then, all of a sudden, the *coup d'état* must come and come again; decrees must thicken and thicken until, far from being contented with setting his debtor free, the Jew himself departs not thence save with the loss of his whole fortune, his house, and his very religion. Surely none but a manager, looking to catch the "public taste," could go quite so far as this. But, in order to do this, it is necessary to find some law—seeing that this all is to occur in a "strict" court of justice; and the law—crowners'-quest law indeed it is—is forthcoming. In the first place, Portia decides for the Jew in that, not having paid the principal sum, Antonio must suffer in the foreclosure of the mortgage, as it were, upon his person. Mr. Wilkes has pointed out that this is against the letter of the whole law, which gives an equity of redemption to the debtor in all such cases. But Mr. Wilkes might have continued his search for legal monstrosities and

been rewarded with them at every step. Portia's next decision is that the Jew has his election between the principal sum and the penalty, and that, with his election, not the law itself can interfere. This, again, is not law; for the law abhors a penalty, and even in a foreclosure will not allow the debtor to be mulcted in more than the face of his debt, interest, and costs. But now, having decided, against all law, for the Jew, Portia begins deciding for the Christian, and the first point she makes is that, when Shylock takes his pound, he must not take a hair's weight more or less, nor yet one ounce of blood. This, again, is clearly not law, since it is an eternal principle of jurisprudence that, when the law grants anything, it also grants everything that is necessary to the conversion of that thing to possession (as, when it grants a farm, it likewise tacitly grants a right of way to that farm). So, if Shylock had had any title to his pound of flesh, he would certainly have had a title to draw as much blood as it was absolutely necessary to draw in cutting out that pound, and such portions of flesh over and above a pound as it would be absolutely necessary to cut out, providing the cutting out was done by a skillful operator and not a bungler. Astounded at this turn of the tide, Shylock deliberates, and finally cries, "Well, give me my principal and let me go!" Portia thereupon renders her fourth decision, which is the most astounding of all—namely, that, having once refused a tender of the money in open court, the Jew is not entitled to change his mind and take it! Since the days of Moses—certainly since the days of Littleton—a tender has never quite destroyed a debt, but only the interest and costs accruing upon it, after the tender! If this is a sample of the law we are to have when women become judges, let us pray that the day is not o'er-close at hand! But it is not Portia's fault. Such a glaring and high-handed sacrifice of common law and common sense to stage effect could only have been conceived of by a manager anxious for the plaudits and the pence of a crowded house.

But did none of William Shakespeare's contemporaries suspect the harmless deception? There is no proof at hand, nor any evidence at all positive, that the intimates of the manager understood him to be, or to have ever pretended to have been, the original author of the text of the plays he gave to his players. Let us at least do William Shakespeare the justice to say that we can find nowhere any testimony to his having asserted a falsehood. But, if he did so pretend to his intimates, certainly some of them must have wagged their heads in secret. Surely, Ben Jonson, who bears testimony that his friend Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," must have queried a little within himself as to

where certain things he read in the text of his friend's plays came from, always supposing that he did not know perfectly well where they *did* come from. It seems more than probable, as we have already said, that whoever suspected or knew the source of the plays—and who also knew, if such was the fact, that they were claimed as Shakespeare's compositions—had more cue to wink at than to expose the humbug. We find, indeed, that one, Robert Greene by name, did protest against "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers" (i. e., pretending to be a dramatist when he was not), "that, with his tygres heart wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceyt the only Shake-scene in a countrey." That is to say, in language more intelligible at this day, that, being a sort of Jack-of-all-trades around the theatre—holding horses, taking tickets, acting a little, putting pieces on the stage, and writing out their parts for the actors—he (Shakespeare) came in time to consider himself a dramatist, a manager, and a tragedian, all in one.

Doubtless Greene was inspired by jealousy—for he was a writer of plays for the stage himself—in making and publishing this sneer. But, as he was endeavoring to make his remarks so personal to Shakespeare as to be readily recognized, he would not have alluded to him except by some well-known characteristic. So he calls him a "Jack-of-all-trades," that is, a man who did a little of everything. Is a Jack-of-all-trades about a theatre the ideal poet, philosopher, and seer, who wrote the Shakespearean drama—the ideal of the Shakespearians?

But, to recur to the volumes before us, we find Mr. Wilkes wasting no time upon the Baconian or any other theory, in his American point of view, but proceeding, like all his predecessors, to construct a Shakespeare to suit himself. It is to his praise that he has endeavored to construct this Shakespeare out of the Shakespearean pages, rather than to have unreined his fancy. But he makes his own particular Shakespeare, nevertheless.

The Wilkes Shakespeare is a Romanist. We consider this to his praise, for to be a good Romanist is to be a good Christian, and to be one in a Protestant reign is to be a consistent Christian as well. But this is all the good Mr. Wilkes's Shakespeare is. Beyond that he is base-born, a man despised of his equals, and a flugelman and tidewaiter at the knees of an aristocracy to which he can not attain—an obscene jester, etc., etc.—and this author he calls Shakespeare. Such a one, whoever he is, is neither Bacon nor Raleigh, at all events.

Mr. King, in his abounding zeal for "our Shakespeare," gives us much eulogy, very little argument, and remakes but one or two points, namely, that a large proportion of the Shakespearean characters are made to bear Warwickshire names, such as Ford, Page, Evans, Hugh, Oliver, Sly, Marion Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, Curtis, Burton Heath, Fluellen, Bardolph, and so on; and that certain expressions which have puzzled commentators, such as "make straight" (meaning "make haste"), "quoth" (meaning "went"), the use of the word "me" in place of "for me," "old" for "frequent," etc., etc., are Warwickshire expressions, and current in no other parts of England.

But, as anybody can see, the majority of these surnames are far from being uncommon names, and are quite as prevalent in New York, for example, as they are or were in Warwickshire. So, therefore, if, as we have suggested, Mr. Manager Shakespeare dressed up his friends' dialogues for his own stage, and tucked in the clowns and jades, this usage of Warwick names might well be accounted for. Four of these names are taken out of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and three of them from the induction to the "Taming of the Shrew"—matter in the composition of which Shakespeare or any other playwright might have had the largest hand, without entitling himself to any Olympus.

And if, in the dressing up, Shakespeare inserted a clown or a sot here and there, to make sport, nothing would be more natural than that he should put into their mouths the *argot* he had grown up amid in his boyhood, and make the drunken turnkey in "Macbeth" to say, with hiccoughs, "If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have *old* turning the key." For, as Mr. King can see for himself, the cardinals and kings do not use these phrases; nor, we may add, are the surnames he particularizes ever bestowed on them, but only on the low-comedy characters of the plays.

According to the chronicles and the record, then, one William Shakespeare, a "general utility" actor, and *Johannes Factotum*, lived and thrived in London some two hundred and fifty odd years ago. At about that date a book is likewise written. Who are these who find this book, and make this man to fit it? Verily there are none so blind as those who are determined not to see! To have written that book one must needs have been, let us say—for he was at least all these—a philosopher, a poet, a lawyer, a leech, a naturalist, a traveler, a student of Bible history! Strange to say, at the time this book—in portions—is making its appearance, there are two men living, each of whom is a poet, a philosopher, a student of laws and of physics, and a

traveler. One of them is known to have read the Bible, then what we understand to-day by a "current work." Together these two men possess in themselves about all of their age with which subsequent ages care to connect themselves. But it is not suggested that these two men, Bacon and Raleigh, might have written the book for which an author is wanted. Oh, no; we are to pass them by, and sift the dust at their illustrious feet, if haply we may find a feticus to fall down before and worship!

Must the man that wrote the dramas have visited Italy? Mr. Halliwell and others inform us of Shakespeare's visit to Verona, Venice, and Florence. Must Shakespeare have been at the bar? My Lord Campbell writes us a book to show his familiarity with the science of jurisprudence. (That book has traveled far upon a lordly name. It is an authority until it happens to be read. Once we open it, it is only to find that the passages of the Shakespearean dramas which stamp their author's knowledge of the common law are the passages his lordship does not cite, while over the slang and dialect which any smatterer might have memorized from turning the pages of an attorney's hornbook his lordship gloats and postulates and relapses into ecstasy.) Must Shakespeare have been a physician? There has not been wanting the book to prove him that.* And, crowning this long misrule of absurdity, comes an authority out of Philadelphia, to assure us that the youth Shakespeare, on quitting his virgin Stratford for the metropolis, was scrupulous to avoid the glittering temptations of London; that he eschewed wine and women; that he avoided the paths of vice and immorality, and piously kept himself at home, his only companion being the family Bible, which he read most ardently and vigorously!† It is to be

hoped, for Charity's sweet sake, that our latest author has truth for his color and testimony for his oil. The picture has at least the freshness and charm of utter novelty!

And so the work of Shakespeare-making goes on. The facts are of record. We may run as we read them! Unless, indeed, it be necessary, out of reverence to the errors of our fathers, that we refuse to read at all, and accept instead the ideal of Halliwell and De Quincey, of Grant White, and of ten thousand more, who prefer to write their biographies of William Shakespeare, not in the first person, like Baron Münchhausen, nor in the second person, like the memoirs of Sully, but in the probable and supposititious person of "it is possible he did *this*," and "it is likely he did *that*."

Columbus discovered the continent we call after the name of another. Where shall we find written the name of the genius whose fruit and fame this Shakespeare has stolen? Having lost "our Shakespeare," both to-day and forever, it will doubtless remain—as it is—the question, "Who wrote the Shakespearean dramas?" The evidence is all in—the testimony is all taken. Doubtless it is a secret that even Time will never tell, since it is hidden deep down in the crypt and sacristy of the Past, whose seal shall never more be broken. In the wise land of China, when a man has deserved well of the state, his countrymen honor, with houses, and lands, and gifts, and decorations, and public testimonials, not himself, but his father and his

And in Acts xxvii. 34 :

There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.

In which the parallelism is in the word *hair*!!!

Or, again (p. 36) :

Though they are of monstrous shape, . . .
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any ("The Tempest," iii. 3) ;

and also :

In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously, . . . who also honored us with many honors; and when we departed, they laden us with such things as were necessary.—(Acts xxviii. 7-10.)

In which—unless it be in the fact that one of these passages is in *an act* and the other in *Acts*—the reader must find the parallelism for himself, without assistance from Mr. Rees.

Shakespeare, Mr. Rees tells us, never neglected his Bible, because (p. 28) "he was indebted to one whose love added a bright charm to the holy passages she taught him to read and study—to his mother was Shakespeare indebted for early lessons of piety, and a reverence for a book from whose passages in after-life he wove himself a mantle of undying fame"!

* "The Medical Acquirement of Shakespeare." By C. W. Stearns, M. D. New York, 1865.

† "Shakespeare and the Bible." By John Rees, etc., etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

We commend to readers of this paper this latest authority, and can not forbear noting a few of his "discoveries." Mr. Rees has found out (p. 37) not only that William Shakespeare wrote the lines—

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ("The Tempest," i. 2),

but that he took them from Deuteronomy viii. 4—

Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell—

which is a very fair sample of the wonderful disclosures of his book.

So he finds (p. 34) in "The Tempest," i. 2, the lines—

. . . . All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel.
. . . . Not a hair perished.

mother. Learning a lesson from the Celestials, let us rear a shaft to the fathers and the mothers of that immortality which wrote the Book of Nature, that great book which "age can not wither nor custom stale," and whose infinite variety for

three centuries has been, and until time shall disappear shall be, close to the hearts of every age and cycle of men—household words forever and ever! The book—thank Heaven! we say again—that nothing can divorce from us!

APPLETON MORGAN.

"A MAN MAY NOT MARRY HIS GRANDMOTHER."

(Conclusion.)

IV.

IT was not given to Devons at once to find an opportunity for telling his adventure to Marcia. She did not appear at the next lecture, nor at the following one. He saw her at the library, but she was inaccessible there; although once when he was peeping over his book at her he saw her, as he for a moment fancied, return the covert glance, but he could not be sure of this, since he had no opportunity to confirm his fancy. In default of a more intelligible acquaintance, he was forced to content himself with such growth of knowledge as could be reached by silent observation. He could not fail to see how much she was deferred to by the other attendants.

"Don't ask me, ask Miss Church; she knows; she knows everything," he overheard one say to another, and there was an air of fitness to the place about her, which was not wholly the effect of her slight, trim figure, as she moved quickly and silently about the rooms. The others, in the absence of the head librarian, had a way of gathering in the corner and amusing each other with the thousand and one things which seem to young girls amusing. It had chanced to Devons once to be unwittingly an eavesdropper, behind a barricade of books, to one of the animated conversations that looked so engaging at a distance, and when he extricated himself he could better understand why Marcia never seemed to have for such groups anything but a slight smile as she passed. Thus it was that putting together numberless trifles he found a character growing out of them which never seemed to fail when applied as a test to the girl. His own difficulty of approach, perhaps, added to the dignity with which he invested her, and the longer he remained at a distance the more perfectly he adjusted to his vision the figure which he saw in the perspective. He jested with himself sometimes—a mode of reflection which has its disad-

vantages—upon the fascination which he felt creeping over him and drawing him to the library, even when he had no special errand among the books. There was an ancient reader there, who had occupied a certain station so long as to acquire a sort of preëmption right to it, and enjoyed privileges not accorded to others. He had his books arranged as a kind of fort about his work, and within the inclosure his papers lay; here he worked or trifled, whichever it was that he was doing, and no one ventured to remove the books, nor did he himself carry away his papers. It was his private desk, and he would sit at it interminably mending quill pens, and making notes in a diminutive handwriting on scraps of paper, keeping up a muttering to himself, or a gentle murmur which was not unlike the sound of bees on a summer day. Devons used to look at him with curiosity, and to wonder if he himself might not be growing like him; whether, indeed, the old gentleman had not at some remote period been under a like glamour with himself, and had come to haunt the library long after the charm which drew him had ceased; could it be that he was himself becoming spectral in his nature, and destined to suffer his dawning interest in this girl to evaporate slowly for lack of more positive encouragement?

He was half scorning himself in this fashion one forenoon as he came to the library, and for a moment was disposed to brush the whole illusion away by turning on his heel, but suddenly conceived the more manly purpose of going in to his work and entirely disregarding the thin web which he had so fantastically woven. As he began to ascend the staircase, he noticed an elderly lady, stout and short-breathed, and apparently a little lame, toiling up the steps before him. She stopped a moment and turned about, with so much fatigue in her manner that he came to her side and offered her his arm for support.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she said, taking it.

"I'm not used to climbing these long flights. Never would do it, but I had a special errand this morning. I don't lean too hard?"

"Not at all, ma'am. I go up so often that I am almost a part of the staircase myself."

"Dear me! Well, perhaps if I was younger I shouldn't mind it. I suppose I should go through a good deal to get at the books. You're not one of the librarians, are you?" she asked, with a sudden interest.

"Oh, no; I use the library as a student, but I am here so much that I am well used to it."

"Then perhaps you'll do me a favor. I want to see one of the librarians, and I'm not used to the place. It makes me nervous to go to strange places, and I've never been here, though my daughter's been a librarian here for a good while—as much as two years now, I think. Is this the door? Well, will you give me a seat, and tell Miss Church her mother's here?"

Devons placed the old lady in the nearest seat, and went off cheerfully in search of Miss Church. She was not in plain sight, and he began to try the various rooms and recesses where she might be at work. He was gone for some time on a fruitless search, and at length came back to the mother, who was fanning herself contentedly on a long settee near the door where he had placed her.

"I am sorry to be so long about finding your daughter," said he, "but I have not yet seen her. There is one other place, though, where I have not looked," and saying this he tried a staircase which led him to the top of the building to a room used partly as a storeroom, and not much frequented. Here he was more successful. Marcia was in a corner, turning over a heap of books, and so occupied in her business that she did not at first discover the visitor. He pleased himself for a moment with watching her, absorbed as she was, and thinking on what an odd errand he had come. She turned about presently and saw him. His attitude of watching could not be dissembled.

"You looked so intent, Miss Church, that I did not know if you would thank me for interrupting you. Your mother would be glad to see you."

"My mother!"

"Exactly, or at any rate a lady who asks to see her daughter, Miss Church. I offered to find you, for as I had called you by that name several times without being contradicted, I thought the circumstantial evidence tolerably conclusive. But perhaps there is another Miss Church here besides Miss M. Church?"

"Oh, no. I beg your pardon. I was surprised for a moment, as mother never had been

here before. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Devons."

He started to go down with her.

"I have never had an opportunity," he plunged into talk, "to tell you about my visit to the Shakespeares. I went to see them, and tried to rescue your sonnet, but did not succeed. But I did see Susanna, and I should really like to tell you about her. Why are you not at the lectures? They are almost over."

"I know it," said she, and hurried forward to her mother. Devons parted from her as they emerged into the large room, and confessed himself unaccountably unsuccessful in his interview. He had not been long at his table before Marcia came forward to him, somewhat ill at ease, and said, hurriedly:

"Mr. Devons, my mother desires to thank you for your kindness to her. Will you have the goodness to speak to her?"

He followed her to the settee, and the daughter formally introduced him.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Devons, I'm sure," said she. "I didn't know, till my daughter told me, that you were an author. I'm sure I feel very proud to have had your help coming up these long stairs, and I want to thank you very much indeed, and for hunting up my daughter, too. I'm sure I never could have found her without your help."

"It was a very small service. You must not thank me too much."

"Well, I won't. I like people to take things naturally, but I couldn't go away without thanking you."

"If you are going now, may I do another smaller service by helping you down stairs?"

"Well, now, I call that real polite, and should be obliged, for if there is one thing as bad as going up a long flight, it is going down the same."

She called her daughter, too, and Devons on one side and Marcia on the other piloted her safely to the street.

"Come and see us, Mr. Devons," she said, as she left them. "Come and see us. We live plainly at No. 5 Ash Street; we're an old-fashioned family; but you'll be welcome."

"I certainly will come," he said, and he added, as he turned back with Marcia: "I really don't know whether you introduced me to your mother, or your mother introduced me to you. May I ask if you two make up the family?"

"There are none others. We live very quietly alone."

"But you do not withhold your invitation, do you?"

"Oh, no. Mother does not have a great many friends, and it will be a favor to have you come."

It was with so guarded an invitation as this that Devons was obliged to content himself, but at least it gave him admission, and the slight difficulties in the way of his approach to Miss Church served to enhance in his mind the value of what lay at the further end. He called, therefore, that very evening. He had already been as far as the door with Marcia herself, and had passed the house more than once in his daily walk, with an eye to such disclosures as the outside of a house might make. It was situated in a neighborhood where business was encroaching on dwelling-houses, and the house in which the Churches lived was somewhat isolated by having its yard hemmed in on either side by tall ware-houses. The house was an old-fashioned wooden one, placed endwise to the street, and a little garden occupied the inclosure. Marcia herself answered his knock, and ushered him into the little parlor where her mother sat.

"You see I took you at your word before you could forget it, Mrs. Church. I have not so many friends in the city that I can afford to lose a new one by any carelessness of mine."

"You will make them easily if you are always as attentive to old ladies as you were to me."

"You have found some new ones in Mr. Shakespeare and his daughter, have you not?" asked Marcia.

"That is my daughter's way of putting it, Mr. Devons. She is so much at home with books that I tell her sometimes she talks like a book."

"She is talking of real life now, though," said Devons. "We happened each to see an oddity who bore a striking resemblance to Shakespeare, and I followed the acquaintance, and found he actually carried that name."

"Was his daughter Shakespearean?" asked Marcia, "or did she look like Mrs. Hemans, who, I believe, has been called Shakespeare's daughter?"

Devons laughed at the recollection of Susanna.

"I have been trying to make out what character in his dramas Shakespeare drew from Susanna, but I can not, unless it was Beatrice, and I should want some of Shakespeare's skill to describe her. She is a red-haired, frolicsome Irish girl, with a dash of unlearned wisdom."

"Unlearned wisdom?" said Mrs. Church. "That is impossible. Marcia here is the wisest girl I know, but she has got her wisdom through learning. I'm sure she didn't catch it from me."

"Is your name really Marcia?" asked Devons, with an amused look. "I supplied you with the name long ago for my own satisfaction, and when I saw M. Church in your Chaucer, I was

very curious to know for what M. stood. How odd!"

Marcia looked somewhat confused, and got up to mend the fire.

"I think it is very natural," said she, "to fit names to people, or people to names. They are generally given too soon to be very descriptive, or peculiarly appropriate."

"I think your name suited Mr. Devons very well," said her mother, complacently.

"Mother!"

"And what was the name?" asked Devons. "I hope you named me late enough to make it appropriate."

"It was a piece of childish play," said Marcia, vehemently. "Mr. Devons, please to say no more about it."

"Why, it wasn't so bad, Marcia," said Mrs. Church, deprecatingly.

"Have you found the lectures on Chaucer interesting?" asked that young lady.

Devons replied becomingly, and the talk entered upon various topics pertaining to literature and the fine arts. He found Miss Church uncommonly familiar with subjects which he had himself studied, and wondered to himself how she had managed to make herself acquainted with them sufficiently to talk so understandingly. Her mother said little, but rocked gently in her chair, and listened to the two with a satisfied air, which became rather oppressive at length. There was, however, to Devons, a pleasure in talking with a girl who looked at literature from much the same point as himself. Mrs. Church was not far out of the way, in explaining this, when, at one turn of the conversation, she appealed to him with the question—

"Mr. Devons, don't you think Marcia might be an authoress?"

"It is not a question that Mr. Devons can determine, mother," broke in the one most interested; "you speak as if I had only to choose that position as I would choose at which shop I should buy a dress."

"But I should be untrue to my own profession," said Devons, "if I did not believe it worth the ambition of any one."

"Of course," said Mrs. Church, "that's just what I tell Marcia. And she's had such excellent opportunities by being in the library. I think you ought to see some of the things Marcia has written, Mr. Devons."

"Mother! Mr. Devons can read literature, and does not need to read studies for literature."

"None the less, I should like to see something of yours."

"You may wait till the world sees it."

"Now, Marcia, that sounds ruder than you mean, I'm sure."

"Then you must not make me say such things. I wish sometimes I had never seen a book or used a pen."

"There was one summer, Mr. Devons, when I took my daughter to the seaside, and we went for three months without reading or writing a word. You'd hardly believe it possible, but Marcia was so run down after she left school that the doctor said nothing else would answer. It took a good deal of courage. I'd like to show you a couple of pictures I have that I keep to show how much any one could change.—Where's that album, Marcia?" but the girl had slipped out of the room.—"Oh, I know, it's in the secretary." She rose and brought it. "Now see here," and she called his attention to the first picture in the book. It certainly entirely answered the description which Mrs. Church had given of her daughter: a nervous, anxious-looking schoolgirl with a face which could be known as Marcia's, but almost painful to look at. "There, that's the way she looked when we went down to York. I had that picture taken, because I thought she might be going to die. But just look at this one now, taken when we left the seashore." Mrs. Church laid the book before him, and looked triumphantly at the young man over her glasses. Her daughter's absence gave her a certain freedom and confidence which she was not slow to use.

"The change is wonderful," said Devons, who looked eagerly at the picture of a brown face, which showed, even more than the living one with which he was familiar, a certain force and clear gravity. "But what is this by the side of it—this old lady? It looks not unlike your daughter. Is it your mother?"

"Now I think you're real smart. It does look wonderfully like my mother, and it is a picture of Marcia. It was taken at the same time down at York. The young people had been having their charades and tableaux, and Marcia took the part of an old lady reading a book. They all said it was so good that they insisted on her having her picture taken so. You see she's got on a cap and a handkerchief, and is reading a book. When I saw her dressed up in that way I said I shouldn't have known her from my own mother, though I never thought before that Marcia favored her especially. But likenesses do come out sometimes in families wonderfully." Devons looked back and forth from one to the other, and was amused to see how the simple change of dress should so affect the likeness as to make it somewhat difficult to identify the two, and, curiously enough, his problem was not how to make the young face look old, but how to make the old look young. Left to himself, with no previous knowledge, he would have

more easily believed that the older lady had, by dexterous adjustment of dress and surroundings, restored her youth and betrayed the spectator into believing that it was dress only which had made her ever look old; as in the pantomime Columbine suddenly sheds her panoply of decrepitude and stands forth in radiant youthfulness. He chose the more gallant way of disclosing all this when he said:

"Well, Mrs. Church, you may please yourself with thinking that you have seen your daughter as she will be, and that she never will look any older than she does now."

"That's well said, Mr. Devons, and it's not of every one you can say it; but Marcia isn't like some girls, and she doesn't ruin her constitution by going to parties and getting into all manner of excitement. I'm sure you look at these things sensibly." Devons bowed and silently wondered how sensible he was. "I wish I knew whether Marcia was coming back soon. I'd like just to show you some of her poetry."

"Pray do not. Perhaps Miss Marcia herself will some day show it to me, when she comes to have more confidence in me. I know how sensitive one is about one's writing." Marcia entering at this moment disturbed the conversation about her. She sat a little moodily apart from the others, and there was a pause implying more or less guilt, which had been stopped by her coming. Suddenly she turned to Devons and asked:

"Does Shakespeare's daughter share her father's lunacy?"

"They have almost convinced me between them that they are the original people; certainly they do not consciously act a part, and the girl's belief in Shakespeare himself is curiously blended with an affection for her father."

"I should think it would all be artificial and unnatural. I should think you would even feel as if they were a pair of mountebanks ridiculing great ideas by their very assumption of these personalities. I like sane people. I don't like gigglers or loons."

"Do you count your associates at the library as gigglers?"

"They? They're a set of geese, and I think it's intolerable sometimes to hear them cackling among those wise books."

Disdain certainly was becoming to Marcia; and Devons caught himself wondering if her face would not find its prototype on a Greek coin—a fancy which was helped out by the classical poise of her head and simple arrangement of her hair. He had a way of falling into abstractions when overtaken by a sudden fancy, and he blushed now as he recovered himself to find his eyes fixed on the girl, and an awkward

silence upon all. He rose to go, and in some confusion extricated himself from the house without clearing himself of his apparent unmannerliness.

"Marcia," said her mother, when he had closed the door behind him, "what will Mr. Devons think? How can you say such things? Did you not see how he looked at you?"

"He may look any way he wants to," said the girl, bursting into tears and running out of the room.

V.

It was not late when Devons left the Churches, and as he walked through the streets it suddenly occurred to him that it would be worth his while to look up the Shakespeares again. He resented a little the violent judgment which Marcia had pronounced upon them, yet felt a secret misgiving lest she were right, even if a little harsh in her expression. He found himself making a touchstone of Marcia, and asking how would this or that person or idea stand when confronted with her apprehension. He could not deny her a penetration which made him a little uncomfortable even as regarded himself. There had been times when she seemed to pierce his consciousness, and his own perception appeared to be cloudy when acting under her eye. Undoubtedly she had a fascination for him, but fascination has a dangerous duplicity of meaning.

Be this as it may, Devons was moved by his impulse to see how Susanna would look by lamp-light and in company with her father. He looked up at the window in Half-moon Court and found it lighted, which was not to be said of the passage in the house through which he groped his way to the Shakespeares' apartment. He heard a thrumming on some instrument as he came nearer, and, knocking at the door, Susanna again flung it open with a haste which showed she was expecting some one. She broke into a laugh when she saw the young gentleman in his calling attire.

"I thought it was Tommy," she exclaimed.—"Father, it's not Tommy; it's the Richard Devons I told you of."

Shakespeare had a fiddle in his hand, and was screwing it preparatory to use. He put his instrument down, and came forward with his hand thrust in his waistcoat.

"Ye're wilcome again," he said, with dignity. "Me daughter towld me of yer coming on Wansday, and I was sorry I was not at home. It was business called me away. Sit ye down."

"And who's Tommy?" asked Devons, who was stripping his hands of their gloves.

"Oh, Tommy's a neighbor," said Susanna. "He was coming in with a friend or two for a little dance.—Father, show the gentleman your

fiddle. If he knows a fiddle, he'll find yours a rare one."

"I'm no expert in fiddles," said Devons, "but I'm amazingly fond of the sound of one when its played on with life."

"With life, is it? Play him a jig, father."

There was a curious difference the young man at once felt in the Shakespeare who had a daughter and the one who was receiving a visitor; or perhaps there might be some magic in the fiddle, for Billy—no other name would now suit him so well—gave a little laugh at his daughter, turned the pegs a moment, seized the bow, and, drawing it once or twice with a preliminary flourish, set off upon a rollicking jig which he emphasized now and then by an additional quaver of his body, legs, head, and arms. The carpet had been rolled away, and the hard floor with its faded coat of arms had been cleared of encumbrances. In the midst of Billy's performance a sound of steps was heard, and Susanna, who seemed just ready to obey the imperative call of the jig, spun to the door and opened it for the new-comers. Billy kept on with his music, and a little uproar ensued as a sturdy young Irishman came in with a pretty Irish girl who surrendered herself to Susanna.

"Where's Jack, Tommy?"

"I looked high and low for him, and couldn't find him annywhere, so I gave it up at last and came along with Kathy without him."

"Jack may stay away if he wants to," said Susanna. "We've got a friend here who'll take his place.—Mr. Richard Devons, allow me to introduce me special friends, Mees Kathleen Mavourneen and Mr. Thomas Moore."

She made a low courtesy herself, and swept her hand approvingly over the company.

"Now go 'long wi' you," said Kathleen. "Ye're foolin' him. Me name's Kathleen O'Rourke."

"And mine is Thomas McNamara," said the young man, who hastened likewise to get into his proper person, having no assurance that Thomas Moore was a reputable person at all.

"It's all wan," said Susanna; "how do I know but Mr. Richard Devons is an alias?"

"Ye'll be disowning your own name yet, Susanna," said Thomas, casting a prodigious wink at Devons.

"Tush! I'm Susanna, ye know; the last name's nothing." She said it low, with a look toward her father.

"Na, it's nothing at all, at all," said the young Irishman, winking in a promiscuous way at the whole company; "and it's Jack Connaught that thinks so."

"Glad to see ye," said Billy, who had now finished his jig, and could give his divided atten-

tion to his guests. "Have ye introjuced our frind, Susanna?"

"Yes, father, and he expresses himself as very happy to make their acquaintance." The sudden assumption of Devons's society gravity was accompanied by a twinkle which repaid the young gentleman for the apparent loss of dignity which he might be supposed to suffer. He laughed with the rest, and the general merriment of the room was as hearty as it was unreasonable. Billy took his fiddle again, happy whenever he could flourish it, and without more ceremony the little company was spinning about the little room, or executing little jigs, half impromptu, but always in keeping with the unwearied fiddle. It can not be said that Devons was a very skillful dancer; he had never valued the little accomplishments of that kind which he had been taught, but then he never had found dancing much more than a languid accompaniment to feeble wits. Here he was with dancers who danced for the fun of it, and he caught some of the inspiration which possessed them. Even his *faux pas* added to the general stock of pleasure.

"O Richard, Richard!" exclaimed Susanna at one point, "where did ye learn that step? Is it the literary step ye are showing us? Much learning has not made you a dancer."

"O Susanna, Susanna!" he retorted gayly, "your father's fiddle is bewitched, or it never would have led me into such a scrape as this. I've not danced for a year, I believe." He looked on with admiration not unmixed with envy as he saw the lusty Thomas perform a muscular *pas seul* with an energy which was exhilarating even if not supremely graceful. Kathleen, too, danced well, but all yielded the palm to Susanna, who, entering into the fun with an honest *abandon*, threw so much roguish mirth into face and action that Devons entirely forgot himself and the company in his enthusiasm for the captivating dancer. Susanna herself was overflowing with frolicsomeness. Her bright hair fell over her eyes, and she tossed it back or peeped through it with a brightness of glance which bewitched Devons as it fell on him. The dance broke up with a childish merry-go-round, to the briskest tune that Billy could play, and as they flew apart into the four corners at the sudden peremptory scrape of the bow, Billy himself jumped up, and there was a lively game of puss in the corner. Romp succeeded romp until they were all really too overcome with laughter and fatigue to go any further. Thomas and Kathleen retreated tumultuously, but Devons lingered to take a final taste of his pleasure.

"Do you always have such jolly evenings?" he asked.

"That depends on our company. We don't often have an author to spend the evening with us."

"Nonsense, Susanna! How much of the author have you seen in me this evening?"

"Why, I thought all along it was the author that was jolly," she persisted. "But I'll take it back if ye like, and say that Richard Devons made merry, and Mr. Devons, the author of the dear knows what, was in the doleful dumps."

"Ye have not towld us what work it is that ye have written," said Shakespeare, who had laid aside his fiddle and stood in a dignified attitude before the two.

"Susanna only calls me an author to tease me," said Devons.

"And pray who told me you was an author?" she asked. "It was yourself, and I've not forgotten that ye have written about—but we'll not name him, or ye'll say he was an author, too."

"Well, was he not?"

"Not a bit of it. He was just a great man, and the dramas and the poems came out from him as me words come from me lips; d'ye think he stopped to pick them up, and put them in order, and pat them, and rub out this, and stick in that, and make a book, and go round like a loony and wander whether folks were reading his plays?" Devons winced a little as he recalled his own petty delight in his own work, but he was not to be put down.

"No, for plays were not made into books then till they had been tried on the stage. Shakespeare published his plays when he set them at the Globe, and I warrant he was glad when Ben Jonson praised them. Nobody can help liking to have his work liked. Come, honestly, Susanna, you like to talk, don't you?"

"I'll not be questioned in the dark," said she, warily.

"And you like to dance, for you dance well."

"Manny thanks to such a master of dancing," she said, rising and making a courtesy.

"Well, now, I don't believe but you like to have me like your talk, just as Shakespeare liked to have his plays crowded, and as I like—"

"Tut, tut!" said she, closing his mouth. "Shakespeare and you, indade, in one breath!"

"And you," he gurgled, laughing and extricating himself.

"That's a great name, yoong man," said Shakespeare himself, who had been looking on and dimly apprehending the dispute; "ye must say it varry sariously."

"Ay, that ye must," said Susanna. "For Shakespeare made men, and ye write a book about Shakespeare, and pray is some one to tell fibs about you?"

"Have ye written a book about Shakespeare?" asked the man, eagerly.

"Yes, I have," said Devons, stoutly, "or rather not a book, but a magazine article on Shakespeare's observation of nature. I'll bring it to you, but Susanna shall not read it."

"What a mighty loss!" said she, with mock scorn.

"Shut your eyes, then, when I come again, so as not to know what you miss.—Good night," and he shook hands with Shakespeare. Susanna followed him to the door.

"You'll bring it, will you not?" she whispered, coaxingly. "You'll not disappoint him?" tossing her head toward the room.

"No, nor you, for you will want to make more fun of me."

"But I'm in earnest," she called out after him. "Richard!" He came back at the summons. "It's a small thing will give my father pleasure. Ye'll let me read it to him?"

"I were but little happy if I could say how much," he laughingly said, as he left her.

He did not fail to come again the next day with his article, but neither Shakespeare nor his daughter was at home, and he was forced to leave the parcel with Kathleen, who lived on the lower floor, and showed in the daylight the same pretty, honest face which she bore the night before.

"You are not the worse for the frolic last night," said Devons.

"Hoh! 'twould take more than waning to floor me, or Susanna ayther. But Susanna's a jewel of a girl. How she takes care of that poor loon of a father of hers!"

"He seems pretty well able to take care of himself."

"Oh, ye don't know him, ye don't know him," said Kathleen, shaking her head. Devons forbore to ask more, unwilling to gossip with such near neighbors, and feeling, indeed, that there was something in the relation of father and daughter which was not to be made the subject of idle talk. Nor was he quite ready to talk of his odd acquaintance with Marcia Church. He did not feel quite sure that she would entirely understand or enter into Susanna's spirit, and a sense of justice forbade him to make an ineffective showing of the Shakespeares. She asked him once or twice about them, but he passed the question by. To tell the truth, though he would scarcely have borne to hear the truth, he was a little afraid of Marcia. Her judgment seemed so clear and incisive, her whole attitude was so fixed, that whenever he himself wavered in opinion or feeling he was tolerably certain that the expression of his doubt would at once call out from Marcia some decisive word which would

humble him in his own self-esteem and make him admire anew her unfailing decree.

More and more frequently he sought her society, and in his work she supplied the test. Not only when any paper was completed did he invariably seek her house and read it aloud to Marcia and her mother, but he acquainted her with the steps by which he moved. His own knowledge was wider than hers and he had a more thorough training, so that he rarely failed to bring her something new as the result of his scholarship and his reflection; yet given the knowledge, which she easily apprehended on his statement, her own inductions were oftentimes revelations to him of secrets which he had never suspected.

Thus it was that by some instinct which he did not submit to her test, he refrained from telling her of his occasional visits to Half-moon Court. He would have been indignant at the assumption that he was ashamed of his new acquaintance. On the contrary, he often speculated on the chance of bringing together these two girls so unlike each other, and wondered how they would meet; only in such case he confessed to himself that he would rather be an invisible spectator than an active medium of communication. With each apart he found exceeding pleasure. He came upon Susanna one day as she was reading to her father the essay which he had left for them, but he could not pin her down to any expression of criticism upon it. Racy as her talk often was, he sometimes found it easier to talk to her, and often with an apparent caprice she would not let him talk at all, but would sing song after song to him or engage him in some game or sport. Tommy and Kathy would occasionally drop in upon them, and once a sheepish Jack, who sat in the corner and smiled incessantly, came also; the father rarely joined in talk, but sometimes, especially after an exercise on the fiddle, would caper about in some lively game. Devons had come to notice also a certain watchful care which Susanna took of her father, but never could he detect any anxiety.

Nevertheless, his own visits there grew more infrequent. His silence with regard to them when visiting Marcia began to oppress him. He could not go back and explain them; he could not take them for granted in talking with her; he never felt accountable to Susanna for his visits to Marcia, yet in some curious way he felt accountable to Marcia for his visits to Susanna, and it was a discomfort to him that he should be concealing them from her; it was easier to give them up than to confess them and continue them. So, little by little he detached himself from Half-moon Court, and became exclusively occupied with the Churches.

They took their pleasure together in other

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ways. Marcia had no care for music, but she enjoyed tragedies, and, it must be confessed, lectures even more than tragedies. So they went often to the Institute and occasionally to the theatre. The awkwardness of their earlier meetings had long since worn off, and Marcia seemed to accept her friend with an even contentment, which made it not impossible even for him to jest with her as he recalled their informal introduction to one another. He was sitting alone with her one evening at her house on return from the Institute, and she had not yet removed her hat. Whatever she wore, he would tell her, had a faint suspicion of old fashion, though he would have been puzzled to say in what it consisted, and he always noticed the effect most in the somewhat stiff room which served as half library, half sitting-room, at the Churches'.

"How fashions come round in course of time!" he said, eying her more curiously than he knew.

She lowered her chin, and looked down on herself, to discover what he was remarking.

"You have an extraordinary way of looking as if you saw something, Mr. Devons."

"Oh, I was noticing the handkerchief which you wear round your throat."

She untied it and took it off.

"There, the effect's gone; but you had a singular likeness just then to that quaint picture which your mother showed me once of you, taken as if you were your grandmother. Pray let me see it again."

She found the book for him, and they looked at the picture together.

"I remember very well when that was taken. I stood before the glass and tried to fancy how I should feel when I was as old as I looked, but of course I could not."

"No; it is fortunate that we never can really be anything else than what we are at the moment, and you were only simulating an old woman."

"I don't believe I shall mind being one. I would rather stand at the end of such a life of ours than at the beginning. Fifty years hence, when you and I begin to feel old, we shall have all the more to remember, shall we not?"

There was something of a surprise in her words, and in her voice as well, which was rarely so tender.

"Give me the two pictures, will you not? Then fifty years hence we can look at them and see in which you are imitating the other."

He laid his hand persuasively beside hers on the book. She drew out the two pictures, and looked again at them.

"Well, take them, if you like, and look at them once more fifty years from now."

"I suppose I may look at them before that," he rejoined, smiling, as he took them from her. Marcia did not respond, and the conversation passed upon other matters. Devons felt a constraint which made him awkward in his words. He seemed to be talking almost in another voice, and he rose presently to take his leave. Marcia gave him her hand at parting, an unusual gift for her. He held it a moment.

"I shall not seal the pictures, 'To be opened in fifty years,'" he said, as he left her, and he hurried away, profoundly agitated in his mind. A word, a look, a tone had seemed to make an opening in some invisible curtain which hung between them. Why had he not, with the boldness of watchful love, seized the rent and made it irreparable?

VI.

THERE had been a number of raw, east-wind days in the spring, which conspired to keep people in-doors, while Spring was privately making arrangements for her yearly surprise. The governor had appointed the customary fast, which fell on a Thursday in the middle of April. The usual doubts were expressed by people as to the propriety of continuing the observance, and the usual preparations were made by the bulk of the people for enjoying a holiday after the long winter seclusion. Devons, used to a country home, was possessed with a longing to get into the open fields; he could, indeed, go any day he chose, but the regularity of his life made an individual holiday something against the rules, and he was as glad as others to avail himself of a State holiday. Moreover, he had been pleasing himself with the idea that he should like for once to separate Marcia from her books and her house, and taste the pleasure of unrestricted companionship under larger skies. It was to be a holiday for her, too, for the library would be closed.

"Let us go into the country Thursday," said he, as they sat over the wood fire a few evenings after she had given him the pictures. "Let us celebrate Spring by going out to meet her. I have no complaint to make of the winter, but I begin to feel my wings twitch, and I want to try them a-field."

"I am a little restless myself," she replied, with a smile. "I am not sure that I am quite ready to fly, but I will look on and see you—"

"Fly away? I hope not."

There followed one of those long pauses which had grown somewhat common of late with them. It was broken by Devons saying:

"I can not help wishing that you played or sang. Silence is sometimes better than talk, and music is sometimes better than silence. I confess I should be glad, in the indolent mood I am now in, if you were to sit down unbidden at

some instrument, or, better still, sing some plain-tive melody."

"That is, you would like me to do the work for you when you were lazy? Thank you. I like my thoughts better than jingling sound."

"Then pray let me have your thoughts."

"They are not enough my own yet for me to give them away," she replied presently. "Various things were passing through my mind. . . . Shakespeare's daughter sang, did she not? I think you told me so."

"Yes. I never heard her sing anything very plaintive, though. How came you to speak of her?"

"Oh, she was one of the various things that passed through my mind. . . . I think I should like to see her. . . . No, I should not."

"You would rather fancy her, eh?"

"It is not that. . . . When did you see her last?" she suddenly turned to him and asked.

"I saw her yesterday." He tried to speak carelessly, and he was vexed that so slight a matter should discompose him. "I went in last evening for a few minutes. It was a good while since I had seen her father, and I did not want him to think me neglectful of him."

"After you were here?"

"Yes. You know you sent me away while it was still early. You said you had some work you wanted to do by yourself."

"What do you do when you go there? Do you discuss Shakespeare and the musical glasses? Tell me what you did last night."

Marcia was looking keenly at him.

"I found two or three friends of the family there, and the 'divine Williams' was playing the fiddle. Have I told you what a *virtuoso* he is? He plays the fiddle with all his might. It is positively exhilarating to hear him, and you would hardly know him for the rather fierce-looking dramatist who accosted you once with such aggressive politeness."

"And they were dancing, I suppose?"

"Yes, having a very merry time."

"Dancing Irish jigs?"

"Dancing Irish jigs. Innocent Irish jigs."

"And you put your arms akimbo, I suppose, and danced with them?"

"This dreadful fact is unquestionably more dreadful from having been extorted from me an inch at a time."

"I am sorry I can not offer you any jigs for your entertainment."

"Why so scornful? Do you think I have been taking these pleasant evenings here this winter in anxious expectation that you would at length propose an evening of jigs and break-downs?"

"I don't dance."

"Susanna Shakespeare says I can't. Please tell me what you were doing when I was off on this disreputable rout?"

"No, I will not. I did mean to, but I can not now. I will go with you Thursday on one condition."

"What is that? Do not make it too easy."

"That you will not go to the Shakespeares before we go." She turned away, though she had been looking him before in the face.

"Poh! Make a harder condition than that."

"Well, that you will not want to go."

"That's easily accepted," said he, gayly.

It lacked but a day or two before Thursday, and Devons was for some reason out of tune for work. He could not pin himself to his desk, and spent much of the time sauntering about the streets. The condition imposed upon him he had found no difficulty in accepting, yet the recollection of Half-moon Court persistently came to him. He tried to banish it as constructively disloyal, and used the remembrance of his many evenings with Marcia Church as an expulsive power; so it was that he seemed in his mind to be running back and forth between the two houses. It was a relief on Thursday to present himself bodily at Ash Street. Mrs. Church received him cordially.

"I'm glad you are going to take Marcia out to-day, Mr. Devons. The poor girl is growing pale with so much confinement, and if she goes on like this I shall have to take her to the shore again. Do you know, I don't believe it's wholly the library work?" She looked very mysterious, and Devons had an uncomfortable feeling that she was implying some understanding with him. "I think—now mind, I don't say it—but I think she's writing a book."

"That would certainly account for her palor," said Devons, "but I myself had not noticed any special paleness. I thought the other night I never had seen her looking better."

"She always does look better when you're here. She don't get much other company, and company always brightens her up; that is, some company. But I'm pretty sure it's a book. Oh, there she is!—Marcia, don't you let Mr. Devons tire you out. You know he tells us he's a great walker."

"I have two gaits, Mrs. Church, and my fast-day gait is my slower.—Miss Marcia, this day is made for us. The east wind has gone off to sea."

"To bring your ship in, no doubt," said Mrs. Church, looking with admiration at the two young people as they set out on their excursion. They had chosen, at Marcia's suggestion, a direction which took them through an adjacent town famous for its college; she had not been

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there for years, and was curious to see the changes, to note the new buildings which had risen, and all the signs of increasing prosperity. Devons was a trifle impatient at their detention among these urban sights; he was for leaving all semblance of the town behind them, and so he finally led his companion out beyond the college into more open country. They passed many strollers and riders; a gentle warmth was in the air; Spring was everywhere giving signs of her speedy and triumphant return, and it was a hardened heart, indeed, that could fail to respond to her advances.

"I wonder if the English spring brings quite as much deliverance as ours?" said Devons.

"Chaucer could not compare the English spring with ours, but he thought himself another man when it did come. Do you not remember the pretty passage where he seems to throw his books into the corner and goes out to meet the daisies?"

"Yes; well, indeed. And yet I am afraid that I never shall read Chaucer with the historic imagination, for I never can take him up without my mind recurring at once to the first lecture when I was so forward in speaking to you."

"Does that destroy your power of imagination?"

"No; it separates Chaucer, though, from other writers."

"It is a pity that you should have to associate him with those blank walls of the Institute."

"We'll associate him with this, then," he said. They had stopped by an old-fashioned fence, where they had turned aside from the road into a lane. "There is nothing blank about this landscape, and you and I have moved here from the Institute. We have brought with us the best that those four walls had to give." Some steps behind them made them turn. "Why, that's the very professor who lectured to us," Devons said in a low tone, as a small party drew near. "It would be becoming in him to thank you for the favor you did him that first evening." The company sauntered past, and they were left alone again. Devons was half annoyed at the interruption, and half grateful for it. What his next words would have been he could scarcely say, and he was conscious of a strange search for just such words as would serve his purpose. The silence which they kept was by no means oppressive. "It would never come again," he said to himself, with a curious faculty of playing upon his own emotions. Marcia at length turned toward him with a smile.

"Well, shall we go on?"

"Which way shall we go?" he asked, for the sake of saying something. Then they stopped to listen, for they heard a voice singing

a little farther down the road. Devons knew it in a moment, and made a movement to lead his companion away from it.

"Let them pass us," said she; and at that instant two people came round a bend in the road. There was no mistaking Shakespeare at any rate. He was swinging his stick and stepping along with all his familiar positiveness. Susanna was by his side, and it was from her that the song came, freely and melodiously. She stopped on seeing the two people. Marcia looked hard at her.

"So this is your friend, is it?" she said in a low voice to Devons—"this Irish girl?"

"Friend?" he repeated, in a half-hesitating way. Marcia's lip curled. "Yes, she is," he said, vehemently, his better nature coming back with a rush of shame as the pair came nearer. He stepped quickly forward.

"Susanna, have you walked out here?"

"That I have, Richard. Is it such a weary way? 'Your merry heart goes all the day, your sad one tires in a mile-a.' Is that the sonnet-writing lady?" she added in a lower tone, looking curiously at Marcia. But Shakespeare had already recognized her, and had taken off his hat. Devons stepped back to Marcia's side.

"I'm your obedient servant, miss."

"You know she's anonymous," said Devons, interrupting him.

"Ye're right, an' I'll only say wan word. If iver I find anny piece of the great Shakespeare's writing, I'll wrap it in the sonnet by the nameless leddy.—Come, Susanna," and, with a proud satisfaction of having made his most gallant speech, he stalked off. Devons laughed nervously when they were gone.

"Shakespeare could certainly pay you no higher compliment. I don't know that you thank me, though, for cutting him short, and I did not introduce his daughter to you."

He was going on with he scarcely knew what rattling talk, but Marcia checked him.

"Did you call that girl Susanna?"

"Very likely."

"And did she call you Richard?" Her face flushed as she said the name.

"I never heard that word from you before," said he, trying gallantly to stem the current. "I have wished for it many a time. Is it too late for you to begin now?"

There was a singular consciousness with him, as if he were retreating slowly from a position which he had been on the eve of taking. She had turned from the fence, and was slowly walking back over the road by which they had come. She did not speak for a moment. Then she looked at him steadfastly.

"I never shall call you Richard."

The road back was a highway, and brought them soon to a horse railway. They took their seats in a car, which was soon crowded with passengers, separating them and rendering all conversation impossible. It was rather a relief than otherwise, for it was impossible for Devons not to know that there was left for him only such commonplaces as were open to any one. His lips had almost parted once to say words which could never be unsaid. A moment more and they were forever sealed. He walked quietly to the door with her. Her mother opened it, and a broad smile overspread her face.

"Good evening, Miss Church," said Devons.

"Good-by, Mr. Devons."

He turned and walked rapidly away. She entered the house, brushed past her mother, and locked the door of her room behind her.

A lover's quarrel is a not infrequent prelude to a more ardent protestation. But what if there is no quarrel, only a sudden separation with a rapidly widening gulf? Certain it is that Devons, looking across the afternoon, saw his morning's thoughts in a very remote perspective. A great possibility had been before him that day—a hard fact lay behind him. Two people—nay, one person—had passed in a moment between him and Marcia, and he knew that he had lost her. The very suddenness of the catastrophe might have had in it something whimsical could he have disengaged his own feelings from the spectacle, but the shock had at all events a certain petrifying effect upon his mind, preserving for him as in some insoluble form the movement which had been going on within him during the past few months; with this result, that he seemed able to detect arrested movements and sensations, and to discover the meaning of half-instinctive feelings. He led a solitary life for weeks, walking restlessly over the country and shunning the city as if it were something to dread. He never entered the library now, and indeed avoided people. He was not very well pleased with himself. There seemed to him to have been a failure in his nature. He had received abundant credit, yet all at once he discovered that he was bankrupt. It was not an agreeable discovery, and his pride resented the imperative conclusion that he had been pursuing a mistaken venture.

Yet he was of too frank a nature to bear long a period of prostration; so it came about that one afternoon he found himself slowly walking toward Half-moon Court. As he entered the court Susanna stepped forward to his side.

"Are you coming to see me?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will let me."

"You were walking so slowly I began to think you were ashamed to come."

"Perhaps I ought to be, Susanna, after

keeping away such an unconscionably long time."

"Yes, it's four weeks the day since I spoke with you, and it's a week since I saw you. Come up stairs."

When they were in the room, Susanna took her seat in front of him.

"Richard, have ye been sick?"

"No, I have been tired."

"I saw ye a week ago in the street, and you did not look up. You were very pale. You are pale now."

Devons looked at her in surprise. He had never known her so quiet.

"But I am not sick, Susanna. Tell me about yourself."

"There's little to tell about me."

"Then tell me about your father."

"So ye did not know? I thought you had been sick. You did not come to us. Me father asked often to see you, but I did not know where to seek ye, and when I saw ye a week ago ye would not see me." She spoke abruptly, and with an effort. "It would have been a comfort to him, for he set great store by you. I've cried my eyes out, Richard, and there are not many tears left for myself. I'd rather cry for others. It's ill weeping long over one's own troubles. He was not like other men. He was better. Ay," and the old ring came back to her voice, "the people about scorned him, and thought him a poor loon; but is there anny one of them that could forget himself for some greater man, and live, and think, and spake, as if his own poor mind and body were just nothing at all, at all? Is there anny one of them that could walk as honest and upright as he, who owed no man annything, and was willing to give up his own name, and live under the shadow of another? He was na more himself, but he just walked this earth full of gret thoughts and passions, and he'd niver mind the little pable and the little things that'd try to make sport of him. An' he loved his daughter, an' oh, his daughter loved him!"

The tears were rolling down her cheeks now, and she sat looking straight at Devons, with her large eyes filled with a reverent sadness.

"What comfort can I bring you?" he asked.

"It is a comfort to see you here," she said, simply. "I did na know I should iver see you again, and it was hard to lose iverything at wanst." She sat like a child on her low chair, looking earnestly at him. "You'll not leave me intirely?"

"I will not leave you at all if you will let me stay." She looked at him wonderingly. He rose and held out both his hands. "I had found out that I loved you. I came here this afternoon to

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tell you so. Is it wrong to give you my love for comfort in your trouble."

"And do you really love the like o' me?"

"There is no like of you but yourself."

The Institute was sacredly set apart to lectures by men; it was the audience only that knew no distinction of sex. But other halls were open, and certainly a generation that had grown up under all the advantages of hearing lectures should be capable of producing some who should be able to give lectures as well.

"Hark to this, Richard," said his wife, one day. "There is to be a course of lectures on Shakespeare by Miss Marcia Church. She was the sonnet lady. It's a wonder to me, honey, that you never married her instead of this ignorant little woman."

"I suspect she came among the forbidden relations, Susanna. You know a man may not marry his grandmother."

"And yet you married a lady of the sixteenth century."

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

A CHAPTER FROM A NEW HISTORY.*

THE reign of George III. will always be remarkable for the development of British industry and British trade. The ability and ingenuity of a few great men placed new resources at the disposal of the nation, and by substituting the steam-engine for the hand of man, the road for the track, and the canal for the road, increased a hundred-fold the resources of the country, and its capacity for industrial enterprise. It is questionable whether great wealth and great prosperity are favorable to the cultivation of literature, science, and art. The noblest literature of Rome was, indeed, produced amid the prosperity and wealth which made the reign of Augustus Cæsar memorable. The Tuscan school flourished under the patronage of the wealthiest and the wisest of the Medici. But Raphael in modern history, and Virgil in the ancient world, owed more to the tone of society and to the tone of thought of the ages in which they lived than to the patronage of Augustus or the Medici. Horace did more to perpetuate the name of Mæcenas than Mæcenas did to cultivate the genius of the poet. This country has become much wealthier since the days of Elizabeth and the days of Anne. But it has failed to produce a second Shakespeare or a second Dryden.

The almost unanimous verdict of competent critics has pronounced the most brilliant era of English literature to have commenced with the age of Elizabeth and to have closed with that of Anne. The century and a half which is embraced in this period produced the three greatest masters of the English language—Shakespeare,

Milton, and Dryden. But other writers, some of whom were hardly inferior to these, dignified this golden period of English literature. Spenser, Sidney, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Raleigh, Cowley, Selden, Clarendon, Bunyan, Butler, Defoe, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Bolingbroke in various ways illustrated and enriched the noble language of their common country. A circumstance with which they had no direct connection themselves stereotyped the expressions which they used. The Bible was translated into English at the very time at which Shakespeare was writing. The Reformation placed the work in the hands of every Englishman who could read. The language of the Bible became the language of the nation; the expressions which its translators used became for ever part and parcel of English speech. An ordinary person can hardly read the pre-Reformation writers without a glossary. No one requires a key to enable him to appreciate the beauties of the Elizabethan dramatist or to understand Raleigh's "History of the World."

Success in any line of life usually leads to imitation. Where one man achieves fame, a hundred others think that they may become equally famous. Birmingham ware has in every age been foisted on a credulous public; and Brummagem has appeared in spurious literature and art nearly as frequently as in spurious silver and gold. The scholars of Raphael imitated with matchless fidelity the finish of their master; and an uncritical age, enchanted with the beauty of their pigments, forbore to notice their want of originality and power. Exactly the same thing occurred in literature in the eighteenth century. Few writers, indeed, had the hardihood to imitate the imagery of Shakespeare, the diction of Milton, or the vigor of Dryden. But

* A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815. By Spencer Walpole. London, 1878.

a dozen writers succeeded in copying the rhythmical excellence of Pope. Though, however, they caught the trick of Pope's style, they failed to imitate the vigor of his language. Churchill, the most successful of them all, attacked with power and venom some of the vices of his time. No satire was ever more severe than his description of Fitzpatrick, the nameless thing, in the "Rosciad." But the "Rosciad" ranks as a poem below the "Dunciad." Three times in the century, indeed, different writers, each of considerable power, cast a temporary ray upon the darkness which obscured the literature of England. For the style and finish of their pieces, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper have never been surpassed. "The Elegy," "The Deserted Village," and the "Lines on my Mother's Picture," are admirable examples of perfection in composition. But, though these pieces are evidently the productions of intellects naturally of a high order, and polished with the most careful culture, they have failed to place their authors in the very first flight of English poets. The polish is almost too bright, and its brightness seems designed to atone for the absence of higher qualities. If, however, such authors as Gray, Cowper, or Goldsmith failed to attain the highest rank in English literature, what shall be said of the lesser poets, who were read and admired during the same period?—

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign.
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

During the first seventy years, then, of the eighteenth century, the literature of Britain gradually declined from the high position which it had occupied in the reign of Anne; but, during the latter portion of this period, at any rate, the gradual decadence of imaginative literature was accompanied with a remarkable development of reasoning, investigation, and research. The foremost thinkers of the time were no longer satisfied with accepting the theories which their predecessors had venerated as axioms, and the boldest inquiries were freely pushed into every branch of human knowledge. This intellectual activity was equally visible in England and Scotland. In physical science, Scotland produced Black and Hutton; England, Priestley and Cavendish; Scotland the land of his birth, England the country of his adoption, have an equal claim to the merit of John Hunter's profound investigations into the structure of men and animals. The glory attaching to the great inventions of the period belongs equally to the two countries. England produced the machines which revolutionized every branch of the textile industry; a

Scotchman discovered the motive power, without which these inventions would have been deprived of half their value.

The profound investigations which were made by Black, Priestley, and Cavendish in physical science; the knowledge of the anatomy of the lower forms of animals which John Hunter succeeded in acquiring; and the foundations which Hutton laid of the modern science of geology, had ultimately a prodigious effect on the thinking portion of British men and women. This effect will, however, be more conveniently considered in connection with the great religious movement which commenced toward the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, and which was in reality the reaction of the more superstitious portion of the community against the free thought which scientific investigation had produced. For the present, therefore, it is unnecessary to refer any further to the purely scientific investigations of the eighteenth century. But the same intellectual activity which animated Priestley and Black characterized also another class of thinkers, who exercised an enormous influence on the minds of succeeding generations. The decade in which Black was born gave birth to Adam Smith; and Adam Smith may be said to have changed the whole theory of government, and in this way to have contributed more than any other person to the great revolutions of the nineteenth century.

At the time of Adam Smith's birth the foremost statesmen and thinkers were of opinion that a legislature by wise laws could exercise a beneficial influence on its country's fortunes. The political arithmeticians of the previous century had adopted the erroneous notion that the precious metals, the most useless of all commodities, were the sole sources of wealth. In their view, consequently, a country could not be prosperous unless its exports showed a balance over its imports, which the foreigners had to pay for in gold. The acceptance of this theory logically led to the artificial encouragement of the export trade and to the artificial discouragement of the import trade. The first object was attained by the grant of bounties on the export of articles of British produce, the second by the imposition of import duties on articles of foreign produce. Both courses proved equally fatal to the home consumer, since the price of every commodity in common use was enormously raised by the system; in the long run they were equally fatal to the capitalist, since they induced him to invest his capital in undertakings which did not thrive naturally on the soil of Britain, but which had to be fostered, like tropical plants, by artificial methods.

Indirectly, the conclusions of the political

arithmeticians were even more disastrous. If every article of foreign produce had to be paid for by a sacrifice of British wealth, it naturally followed that the welfare of the nation depended on its being self-supporting. It seemed absolutely necessary, therefore, that the country should grow at least as much corn as it consumed. It seemed obvious that more land would be cultivated, and more corn would be grown; if the price of grain were high than if it were low; and a series of laws were in consequence passed to discourage the importation of foreign corn, and to raise the price of British corn. The same chain of reasoning induced politicians to conclude that the welfare of the country depended on labor being cheap. If wages rose, the British manufacturer would compete on less favorable terms with the foreigner. Cheap labor and dear corn were, therefore, the miserable objects which every patriot was bound to desire.

A creed of this sort was naturally acceptable to the ruling classes, to whom it was addressed. They were not likely to question conclusions which increased their rent-rolls and raised their own importance. They willingly accepted the welcome doctrine, and pushed the theories of the political arithmeticians to their logical extreme. For the sake of securing a favorable balance on the foreign trade of the country, they undertook to interfere in the commonest affairs of life. They endeavored to regulate the clothes which the living should wear, and the shrouds in which the dead should be buried. The Irish were to devote themselves to linen goods, the English were to have a monopoly of the woolen trade, pure cotton goods were not to be worn, and French silks were to be confiscated at the instance of any informer. When legislators thus attempted to regulate the ordinary details of domestic life, they naturally carried their principles into larger concerns. The carrying trade was to be confined to British ships; British ships were to be manned by British crews. Capitalists were only to charge specified rates of interest for the use of their capital. Every one entering a trade was to undergo an apprenticeship. The direct interference of the Legislature was, in short, visible in every affair of life, and the time of Parliament was occupied with minutely regulating the conditions on which every trade and every industry should be conducted.

The minute regulations which were in consequence made in every branch of industry would undoubtedly have materially interfered with the development of British trade which subsequently occurred. At the very time, however, at which the great inventions of Watt and Arkwright were being perfected, Adam Smith was engaged on the profound investigations which he made

into the true causes of the wealth of nations. Smith was born at Kirkcaldy in 1723; "The Wealth of Nations" was published in 1776; its author himself imagined that his fame would ultimately rest on a previous work—"The Theory of Moral Sentiments." His idea in this respect only proves how imperfectly he appreciated the importance of his own labors. For one person who has read "The Theory of Moral Sentiments" a thousand have probably read "The Wealth of Nations." The former work exercises, at the present time, no perceptible influence. The influence of the latter work has been continually increasing for one hundred years.

It was the object of "The Wealth of Nations" to prove that the economical conclusions which had been universally accepted in the world were erroneous. Wealth, the author showed, was produced by labor, or—which is really the same thing—by capital, which is the accumulation of previous labor. The laborer and the capitalist were better judges than the state of the industries in which their capital and labor might most usefully be employed; and all interference with their freedom was therefore unnecessary and objectionable. The favorable balance of trade, which political arithmeticians had been intent on securing, was an object with which legislators had nothing to do. Importance had only been attached to it because the political arithmeticians had fixed their attention on the foreign trade of the nation, and had overlooked the internal or domestic trade, which was of more importance and a surer source of wealth. The chief rule of legislation should be to leave men to themselves. Every man was the best judge of his own interests, and what was true of each man taken singly was true also of any body of men in the nation.

The conclusions which Adam Smith thus expressed in "The Wealth of Nations" entirely subverted the ideas which had previously been fashionable. Protection had been the natural result of the doctrine which had been taught by Adam Smith's predecessors. Free trade was the logical consequence of the new teaching. The change was so great that the minds which had ripened into maturity under the influence of the old ideas were unable to grasp the full force of the new gospel. Even Fox, who in every respect was one of the most liberal of his generation, declared that "The Wealth of Nations" was "plausible and inconclusive"; while Tory statesmen, like Lord Ellenborough, thought the book so dull that they were absolutely unable to read it.* But younger minds, whose convictions on economical subjects were not already stereo-

* Romilly, vol. iii., p. 52; Colchester, vol. ii., p. 71.

typed, were unable to resist the reasoning and the authority of the great Scotch thinker. The impression which "The Wealth of Nations" made upon them may be understood even now by any young politician who, nursed amid Conservative traditions, and trained amid the Conservative surroundings of a great English public school, ventures, on the threshold of his career, before his convictions are confirmed, to open "The Wealth of Nations." The great truths which will then dawn upon him for the first time may possibly lead to no immediate change in his habits or in his professed opinions; but they will slowly and surely induce a train of thought which will gradually undermine the faith of his boyhood, and replace it with a broader and a more generous creed. The light which may, thus break on any youthful Tory now dawned a century ago on the rising generation. Great thinkers, like Pitt, immediately perceived the importance of the truths which were thus revealed to them; other men, with less ability than Pitt, more gradually adopted the conclusions which the leading intellects of their own age accepted as axioms; and a generation, in consequence, arose prepared to dispute the doctrines on which their fathers and forefathers had acted, and to embrace the novel principles of free trade.

"The Wealth of Nations" was published in 1776. At the time of its publication Adam Smith was fifty-six years old. In the same year a much younger man, destined to exercise a considerable influence, had published anonymously in London a "Fragment on Government." Jeremy Bentham, the author of this essay, was born in 1748. Endowed with precocious talents, his education was completed at a period of life when the serious work of most men is only beginning. He took his B. A. degree in 1763, when he was only fifteen, and at once commenced to study for the bar. His own ability, and the interest of his father—who was a solicitor—pointed to his success in his profession. But Bentham had no inclination toward its active duties. While he was passing through Oxford, Blackstone had been delivering the famous lectures which were afterward published in the "Commentaries on the Laws of England." Mere boy that he was, Bentham satisfied himself that he detected some fallacies in Blackstone's reasoning. The experience which he gained, and the information which he acquired, while he was studying for the bar, confirmed these views, and induced him in 1776 to publish his "Fragment on Government."

The "Fragment on Government" was suggested by a well-known passage in the "Commentaries," in which Blackstone had considered the various forms of government which the

world had known; had dwelt on the peculiar excellences of the English Constitution; and had declared that it was the right and the duty of the supreme power to make laws. Bentham, in his admirably reasoned reply, showed that Blackstone's loose language had, in reality, no meaning whatever. Governments rest on no other foundation than their utility; their so-called right to make laws depends on the utility of the laws they make; the obedience of the subject is again a question of utility; and "it is allowable and incumbent on every man, as well on the score of duty as of interest, to enter into measures of resistance when, according to the best calculation he is able to make, the probable mischiefs of resistance (speaking with respect to the community in general) appear less to him than the probable mischiefs of submission."

A work containing views of this description, and boldly grappling with the greatest legal writer of the day, naturally attracted considerable attention. It was "variously attributed to Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and Lord Ashburton." But exception was roundly taken to the novel doctrines of utility. It is a dangerous doctrine, said Wedderburn, among others. Yes, replied Bentham, it is dangerous; but it is dangerous only to those who profit from a system of government which is not founded on the great principle of utility. "In a government which had for its end the greatest happiness of the greatest number, Alexander Wedderburn might have been attorney-general and then chancellor. But he would not have been attorney-general with fifteen thousand pounds a year, nor chancellor with a peerage, and with five hundred sinecures at his disposal under the name of ecclesiastical benefices, besides et ceteras." Though, however, Bentham gave this crushing reply to Wedderburn, Wedderburn's attack induced him to alter his definition. In his "Principles of Morals and Legislation," in which this reply to Wedderburn appeared as a note, instead of referring everything to utility, he based his system on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The same principle had been advocated by Beccaria in Italy, and by Hutcheson and Priestley in this country; but it had never been made, as it was Bentham's object to make it, the keystone of a system of jurisprudence. To Bentham's exact mind there was probably no difference between the definition which he thus adopted and the one which he discarded. "That is useful," so he wrote, "which taking all things and all persons into consideration leaves a balance of happiness." But though, in Bentham's logical mind, the change of a phrase made no difference in his argument, the alteration made his meaning much more intelligible to his readers, and "the great-

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est happiness" principle secured a popularity which the utility principle would probably have never enjoyed.

Bentham's labors were directed to secure the reconstruction of the whole system of jurisprudence. He applied the principle of utility to every subject in succession, endeavoring in each of them, not merely to point out the faults which he detected, but to explain the manner in which they should be remedied in accordance with his principle. Bentham, therefore, at the close of the eighteenth century, was doing for jurisprudence what Adam Smith had already done for commerce. Bentham's works, however, never enjoyed the popularity of Adam Smith's, because the majority of them were not written in the clear style of the great Scotch philosopher. Bentham's earlier essays, indeed, are models of exactness of language and purity of style; but, in his later works, in his efforts to be exact he is occasionally obscure. He uses words which he is at pains to define, but which ordinary readers hardly understand. He would himself have replied that he did not write for ordinary readers, and that he did not care to be read by those who would not take the trouble to appreciate his meaning. The teacher, however, who will not descend to the level of his disciples will always incur the danger of thinning his school. If it be worth while to write at all, it is certainly worth while to render the meaning of words as plain and clear as it is possible to make it.

The obscurity of some of Bentham's later works probably accounts for the circumstance that, while the majority of mankind have long ago accepted most of his opinions, they have not given their originator the credit of them. Every one associates free trade with Adam Smith; but few people attribute the reform of the criminal code or the alteration of the Poor Laws to Bentham. The degree of credit, however, which Bentham has obtained is immaterial. The point for observation lies in the circumstance that, twenty years before the close of the eighteenth century, two great thinkers in Scotland and England were almost simultaneously questioning the system on which the British Government was founded, and the policy which it had constantly pursued. The views which Smith and Bentham thus propounded were almost immediately accepted by some of the younger and more generous of their fellow countrymen. Yet, notwithstanding their acceptance, they made no impression on the Legislature. At the period at which this history opens nearly forty years had passed since the publication of the "Fragment on Government." More than thirty-five years had passed since the first appearance of "The Wealth of Nations." Yet the old commercial

system, which Adam Smith had attacked, flourished with greater vitality than ever. The old views, which Jeremy Bentham had proved erroneous, still animated the Legislature.

The circumstance appears, at first sight, more remarkable, because the earlier years of Pitt's administration were undoubtedly distinguished by a disposition to adopt a wiser system. In negotiating a commercial treaty with France, Pitt showed his appreciation of Adam Smith. In supporting Parliamentary Reform he displayed an inclination to accept the "utility" doctrine. Up to 1790 everything pointed to the gradual adoption of the novel principles which Adam Smith and Bentham had applied to legislation. The happy promise which was thus given to the nation was almost immediately afterward broken. The circumstances under which it was broken are familiar to nearly every one. The gross abuses which permeated every department of government in France led to the great convulsion of society which is known in history as the French Revolution. An infuriated people, suddenly emancipating themselves from an oppressive tyranny, and finding themselves in possession of an almost uncontrolled power, were hurried into excesses which it was impossible to defend. The horror which these excesses created produced a reaction in Britain. The generation in which they occurred took its stand on old traditions, and refused to receive any new doctrine. The great convulsion, in short, which delivered France for ever from some of the worst features of its Government, condemned Britain for another generation to submit to the abuses of the old system.

Burke was, of course, the prominent representative of this reaction. A statesman whose whole career had been distinguished by admirable efforts to reform and enlighten every department of the Government was so shocked at the course which revolution had taken in France as to modify his old opinions, to sacrifice his old friends, and to support a system which in other times he had resolutely opposed. It is immaterial for the present purpose to consider whether, in 1791, Burke's great intellect had or had not been weakened by affliction and disease. That is a purely personal question, with which this chapter has no immediate concern. In this place Burke is merely regarded as the leading spokesman of an influential portion of the nation. The feelings which Burke expressed in Parliament were largely shared by other classes. They influenced the thoughts, the habits, and the writings of Englishmen for twenty years; and thus continued for the whole of that period the remarkable reaction which commenced with the outbreak of the French Revolution.

It is possible to trace the violence of the storm which was thus raised in nearly every branch of English literature. Up to the outbreak of the French Revolution, Smith and Bentham had been calmly and logically examining the various questions of policy and government with which they were occupied. After the outbreak of the Revolution, none but the very calmest minds were able to preserve their equilibrium, and political writers were hurried either, like Burke, into a violent attack on the change in France; or, like Paine and Godwin, into as violent a defense of it. Amid the excitement of the moment the gravest thinkers, in short, became partisan writers. It was, under such circumstances, inevitable that men like Paine and Godwin should rush into a defense of the events which Burke so uncompromisingly attacked, and that they should propose to reconstruct society on new principles. But the doctrines of these writers only increased the horror with which the Revolution was already regarded by the more influential section of British society. Godwin, especially, by attacking the traditions which had hitherto been regarded with an undeviating reverence, appeared to be loosening the bands by which society was held together. The "Political Justice" of the one author, the "Rights of Man" of the other, thus intensified the reaction against the principles which they supported, and convinced the nation of the necessity of combating a revolution which Burke had condemned and which Pitt was attacking.

For some years, then, after the French Revolution broke out, the passions, by which men of all classes were agitated, proved unfavorable either for patient inquiry or for careful thought. The recollection of republican excesses was, however, gradually effaced amid the stirring events by which the Revolution was succeeded; and men, forgetting the extravagances of Godwin and Paine, were able again to devote themselves to speculation and research. Toward the close of the eighteenth century Malthus published his essay on the "Principles of Population." All animals, he showed, had a tendency to increase at a rate of geometrical progression. Their food could not, by any possibility, be increased at a greater rate than that of arithmetical progression. A thousand persons, doubling their numbers in every quarter of a century, would multiply to sixteen thousand in a hundred years. Their food, during the same period, would be increased fourfold. It was impossible, therefore, for man to go on multiplying at the natural rate of increase. The multiplication was checked by preventive and positive checks. In the early stages of society, the positive checks of famine, war, and disease were in operation. In the later

stages, prudential considerations, which Malthus regarded as preventive checks, produced the same effects. It followed from this reasoning that the most populous countries were not necessarily the happiest; and that the men who refrained from marrying might possibly be as good citizens as those who married and had large families. These views were received with a burst of indignation at the time at which they were first published. Starving curates, with large families of starving children, had no patience with a writer who ascribed their misfortunes to their own improvidence. Employers of labor, whose interests depended on the continuance of low wages, resulting from an overstocked labor market, objected to a philosophy which pointed to an era of dear labor. Even subsequent generations, compelled to accept Malthus's conclusions, have hardly forgiven the writer, who has convinced them against their will; and ignorant people still speak of Malthusian philosophy as if there was something shocking about it.

Ricardo's great work was published nearly twenty years after the "Principles of Population." Ricardo was of Jewish extraction, and engaged during some years of his life in commercial pursuits. He embraced, however, the doctrines of Christianity, and sealed his allegiance to his new faith by marrying a Christian. Amassing a large fortune in business, he decided on exchanging commerce for politics, and entered the House of Commons as member for the Irish borough of Portarlington. The circumstances under which he obtained his seat were so characteristic of the times in which he lived, that they deserve to be recorded. Lord Portarlington, the patron of the borough, was desirous of borrowing forty thousand or fifty thousand pounds. But his credit was not good enough to enable him to obtain the money at the rate of interest which the law allowed at that time. Ricardo accommodated him with the loan, and was nominated for Portarlington in return for it.* This singular arrangement afforded Ricardo a quiet seat, and gave his country the great advantage of his services in the Legislature. The position which he gained in the House of Commons will be seen in later chapters of this work. The present chapter is only concerned with his contributions to political economy. Malthus had addressed himself to a problem which Adam Smith had not noticed. Ricardo had the merit of correcting one of the few defects in the "Wealth of Nations." Adam Smith had concluded that the price of corn was dependent on three things—the wages of labor, the profits of the farmer, and

* The story was told by O'Connell on March 8, 1831. "Hansard," 3d series, vol. iii., p. 201.

the rent of land. The doctrine had been doubted at the time by Hume, the historian, and Anderson, the well-known author of the "History of Commerce." But these doubts were forgotten, and Adam Smith's conclusions were generally accepted, till their erroneous nature was finally demonstrated by Ricardo. Rent is, in reality, the surplus profit which any given land, either from the convenience of its situation or from the fertility of its soil, yields over the worst land in cultivation. The worst land in cultivation pays no rent. This conclusion is now accepted by all reasonable men. In 1816 it had not been realized by even the foremost thinkers of the age.

At the close of the great war, then, four thinkers of unusual power had demonstrated the falsity of the old doctrines which politicians of all classes had previously accepted. Adam Smith, the greatest of the four, had exposed the follies of the old system of protection. Jeremy Bentham had, almost at the same time, attacked the whole system of jurisprudence. Twenty years afterward Malthus had, for the first time, explained the principles which govern the multiplication of mankind; while, at a still later date, Ricardo had expounded the true theories of rent. The conclusions of all these great writers had been unfavorable to the system which the governing classes had hitherto pursued, and to the influence of the landed interest. Adam Smith had exposed the folly of protecting any one class at the expense of others. Bentham, carrying the principle into jurisprudence, had based his polity on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Malthus's reasoning had pointed to a preference for dear wages; and Ricardo had represented the landlords as monopolists, appropriating the surplus profits of the soil. These great truths, authoritatively propounded for the first time, were generally accepted by the younger portion of the nation. Their influence may be clearly traced in the legislation of the succeeding thirty years; and the history of Britain, during this period, can not be thoroughly understood by any one who omits to notice the impression which these four men had made on the minds which were ripening into manhood at the conclusion of the war.

The conditions which characterized the philosophical writings of the age under review were also visible in other branches of contemporary literature. Up to the period in which Adam Smith was writing, the history of Britain had never been related by a British historian. Hume and Robertson supplied the deficiency: the former relating the annals of the English; the latter, in his shorter history, the fortunes of the Scottish nation. The example which these writ-

ers had afforded was soon followed; and Gibbon produced the work which many competent judges still regard as the greatest history in the English language. Gibbon wrote in the same generation as Hume; but there is a broad distinction between the treatment of their subjects by these two authors. Hume, the earlier of the two, desired to write a classical work. He completed his task in a period which made elaborate research impossible; and his history, unrivaled as a work of art, does not display any particular desire on its author's part to investigate and analyze original authorities.* Gibbon, on the contrary, before he attempted his history decided on "reviewing the Latin classics under the four divisions of historians, poets, orators, and philosophers, in a chronological series from the days of Plautus and Sallust to the decline of the language and empire of Rome."† The laborious task which he thus set himself to perform distinctly proves how thoroughly he identified himself with the spirit of research which was one of the distinguishing features of the closing years of the eighteenth century. William Mitford, who at the commencement of the nineteenth century was the fashionable historian of Greece, in one respect resembled Gibbon. Like Gibbon, he examined for himself the entire range of Greek literature, and founded his history on original authorities. Unlike Gibbon, however, his style was unequal and occasionally bad. At his best he is pure, simple, and clear; at his worst he is involved and unintelligible. He lays himself open to the charge that he is translating Greek, instead of writing English; and his translations are so poor that a schoolboy would be punished for them. But his history is open to a more serious charge. The first volume of the work was published in 1784; the second in 1790; the others at various dates between 1790 and 1810. The later volumes of the work were, therefore, composed amid the excitement which the French Revolution occasioned. It was inevitable that Mitford should be moved by the storm around him. His brother, the first Lord Redesdale, was one of the ablest of Tory lawyers, and one of the most vigorous advocates of Tory principles. Mitford, sharing his brother's views, felt his apprehensions of the consequences of the Revolution. His feelings immediately found expression in his history. His first volume, published before the Revolution occurred, contains a passage on Draco's legislation which reads like an extract from Romilly; but in his third volume, written amid

* See on this point some remarks by Brougham in "Men of Letters and Science," p. 211.

† See Gibbon's own autobiography. The passage in the text is also quoted in "Annual Register," 1796, p. 336.

the passions which the Revolution had provoked, he expressed his conviction of "the inherent weakness and indelible barbarism of democratical governments." A writer who could express such views as these was ill fitted to write a philosophic history of the Greek republics. In his own lifetime, indeed, his opinions increased the popularity of his work; but they insured its supercession in a later age. Thirlwall and Grote were educated under circumstances differing from those amid which Mitford had lived. With equal ability and equal industry they embraced other views. Grote occupies the position which Mitford once filled; and a Liberal age praises and reads the Liberal writer, and neglects the industrious Tory who preceded him in his task.

It was Hallam's good fortune to be born at a later date than Mitford. Before he grew up to manhood the agitation which the Revolution had occasioned had been allayed. His mind was, therefore, free from the feelings by which Mitford was disturbed, and every topic which occupied his time was dealt with by him with the judicial calmness for which he was eminently distinguished. No great historian ever wrote with less passion, or was more anxious than Hallam to place the whole of his facts, for what they were worth, before his readers. In this respect, then, Hallam displays a marked contrast to Mitford. In elaborate research he was at least Mitford's equal. The long intervals at which his three great works were produced afford some indication of the pains which he devoted to their preparation. The "History of the Middle Ages" was published in 1818, the "Constitutional History of England" in 1827, the "Literature of Europe" in 1837. It may be doubted whether three works of any other author contain the results of such extensive, varied, and careful reading. The same spirit of research which characterized the concluding years of the eighteenth century is remarkably visible in the works of Hallam. But Hallam also unconsciously owed much to the writers who immediately preceded him. It was natural that Hume, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, should endeavor to found his history on a classic model, and to produce a book which should be admired as a work of art. It was equally natural that Hallam, writing at the commencement of the nineteenth century, after the publication of the "Commentaries," and in the lifetime of Bentham, should examine the constitutional questions which Hume had neglected, but which Blackstone's labors and Bentham's criticisms had raised into importance. The period at which he wrote was eminently favorable for the dispassionate consideration of these matters; and Hallam, therefore, may be cited, like Ricardo, to prove that, toward the close of the war, the

calmest minds were escaping from the influences which had disturbed their predecessors, and were again devoting themselves to quiet investigation.

It is probably possible to show that the other historical writers of the period were influenced by the same circumstances as those which affected Hallam and Mitford. Turner, for instance, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, is remarkable for the diligence with which he investigated the details of early English life. A defective style is perhaps the chief cause which has interfered with the continued popularity of his work. James Mill, on the contrary, the historian of India, was full of the new ideas which the Revolution had created. His history is an elaborate attack on the policy of the East India Company. In this way Mill may be said to have represented the new school of thought to which the closing years of the eighteenth century gave birth; Turner, the Conservative reaction, which was the immediate consequence of revolutionary violence. The most remarkable instance, however, of the effects of the Revolution is to be found in the case of Mackintosh. In one sense Mackintosh can hardly be regarded as an historian; in another sense he is the most philosophic historian that ever lived. He accomplished so little that his fame rests on a small basis; but the little which he accomplished is remarkable for so much knowledge, research, and discrimination, that his studies deserve especial attention. A Scotchman by birth, Mackintosh was educated in an atmosphere peculiarly favorable to careful thought. Born in 1765, he grew up to manhood while Adam Smith was producing the "Wealth of Nations." He was originally intended for the medical profession, and he did not change his plans, and decide on studying for the English bar, till he was more than twenty-four years of age. He arrived in London on the eve of the French Revolution; but he arrived with views which were already formed, and which were not liable to be easily disturbed by the force of popular passion. The Revolution occurred; and Mackintosh, like Paine, endeavored to reply to Burke's reflections upon it. Paine had addressed the "Rights of Man" to the middle orders of society; Mackintosh intended his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" to be read by thinkers like himself. His thoughtful work gained him at once a very great reputation: it apparently marked him out for a high position in the ranks of the Whig party. Yet Mackintosh had hardly won his first success, and defeated Burke, as his admirers declared, in argument, when he began to doubt the justice of his own conclusions. He quailed, as Burke had quailed before him, at the excesses of the Revolution; declared that he had been seduced by the love of what he had thought liberty; that he had been undeceived by a melan-

choly experience; and that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm. Once convinced of the error of his previous conclusions, his course was rapid; till he at last brought himself to admit that he had no zeal for anything except the destruction of the French Revolution.

Little or no attention has hitherto been paid to the remarkable alteration which was thus effected in Mackintosh's opinions. Yet the change is surely one of the most noteworthy that ever occurred in the mind of man. That the ablest defender of the French Revolution should have no zeal for anything but the ruin of the cause which he had won his spurs in upholding, is even more singular than the conduct of Burke, in the evening of his days, on the same subject. The force of a reaction which induced Mackintosh to reverse his published opinions must have been great indeed. Mackintosh's subsequent career, however, makes the change seem all the more remarkable. At the beginning of the nineteenth century he accepted the recordership of Bombay, and consequently retired for a few years of his life to the comparative quiet of a residence in India. In India he was removed from the agitations which had influenced his opinions, and was able to resume the habits of study and thought which were his chief solace. He returned from India in 1811, and accepted a seat in Parliament. But it was soon evident that, in the interval of his Indian office, he had forgotten the fears with which revolution had inspired him, and had reverted to his original opinions. His was the voice which was raised the loudest, and which was heard most frequently, in defense of revolution in South America. He was the statesman who was the foremost opponent to the foreign-enlistment act, and who desired to allow the rebel colonists to carry on the war against Spain from the shores of this country. His later opinions, in short, were reconcilable with the views which he had commenced his career by propounding. They were irreconcilable with the opinions which his horror of revolutionary excesses made him temporarily adopt in his middle age.

Mackintosh, then, represents in his own person three distinct phases of thought. He began his life full of the liberal philosophy which men like Bentham were proclaiming. He participated in the reaction which was occasioned by revolutionary excess, and he ultimately reverted to the old philosophic habits and liberal tendencies which had distinguished his earlier career. No other of his leading contemporaries followed so closely the successive changes of opinion which distinguished this remarkable period of history; but nearly all of them felt more or less acutely the force of the passions which the Revolution in France had excited. This circumstance, it is

believed, will be much more apparent on a careful review of the imaginative authors who lived and wrote at the same time. A poet, indeed, in ordinary times, is probably less influenced than any other person by political passions. But, when a poet does feel the force of a great popular movement, he feels it more acutely than his other contemporaries, because he is more impressionable than they are. It is easy to see now that many circumstances pointed to a great revival of poetry at the close of the eighteenth century, but that the direction which the revival would assume was doubtful. The great intellectual activity which characterized the period was almost certain to produce the rise of a new author of works of imagination. The intellectual movement was most visible in Scotland, and Scotland accordingly led the way in rescuing poetry from the degraded position to which Pope's imitators had consigned it. In metaphysics Scotland produced Hume and Reid; in history, Hume and Robertson; in physics, Black and Hutton; in physiology, Hunter; and in poetry, Burns. The sturdy strength of Burns's language did more than the most polished criticism could have done to demonstrate the inherent weakness of the smooth poetry of the day. Here was a poet, without culture, without finish, clothing his vigorous thoughts in vigorous language, and employing the almost unintelligible words which he had learned "bousing at the nappy" and following the plow. Yet the very first edition of his works secured his popularity. The Cotter's Saturday Night, Tam o' Shanter's rollicking ride, the Jolly Beggars' carouse, the exquisite lines to his dead Mary, proved the variety of his fertile genius, and justified the popularity which his writings at once acquired. The vigorous and beautiful poetry which Burns thus produced gave men a new standard of criticism. The decasyllabic meter, which Pope had made fashionable was at once discarded, and most of the great writers of the period adopted either original or other styles.

There is, indeed, one poet who forms an exception to this rule. Crabbe was born in 1754; his earliest poem, "The Library," was published in 1781; and, though his literary life extended till 1819, his style was formed before Burns's vigorous language had revolutionized poetry. He could not escape from the groove in which his ideas moved, and he continued till the close of his life composing the jingling decasyllabic verse which he had made popular at the beginning of it. His poems were the natural consequence of his position in life. He was born at Aldborough, a town which is now rising into a dreary watering-place, but which was then a little fishing hamlet, returning two members to Parliament. Abandoning medicine, for which he had origi-

nally been designed, for literature, he was ordained; accepted in the first instance the curacy of his native borough, and afterward some desirable pieces of preferment which the Duke of Rutland's partiality obtained for him. His usual method, in writing poetry, was to string together a variety of stories which he had learned in the ordinary rounds of a country parish. Every one of his parishioners was, in his eyes, a hero; every village lass a heroine. This one had married for money, and had been unhappy; another had married for love, and was happy. One man wanted a family, and had no children; another had a troop of children and no money. One pretty girl had been seduced and deserted by a villain; another had resisted temptation and had married happily in her own rank of life. Simple stories of this kind could, of course, be collected in every almshouse and every cottage. Crabbe strung them together in very rhythmical couplets and called them poetry. The generation in which he wrote read, approved, and admired them. But the poems, after all, were not poetry, but mere tales in rhyme. There was nothing but the meter to distinguish them from prose.

The critic who desires to understand the nature of the great poetical revival which took place toward the close of the eighteenth century can not do better than compare the verses of Crabbe with the poetry of Burns. The purer taste which Burns had originated almost immediately produced a new school of poetry: the two men who were his leading successors in this school were also Scotchmen. Campbell and Scott, however, both commenced their poetical careers after the outbreak of the French Revolution; and both of them felt the convulsion which was shaking society to the center. But the feelings which were thus excited affected the two writers in very different ways. It was Campbell's especial characteristic to be always looking forward; it was Scott's habit to be always looking back. Campbell's first great poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was written at a period when the hopes of freedom had fallen to the lowest ebb. Liberty in France had been extinguished by military ambition; Poland had been cruelly partitioned among the neighboring empires. Campbell described the fall of freedom in some of the most beautiful lines which were ever composed; and the vigor of his descriptions breathed new life into the cause of the popular party, both in England and Europe. The generous feelings which Campbell thus displayed may be traced through his later works. In "Gertrude of Wyoming," for instance, which ranks second among his longer pieces, the author's sympathy is with the Americans in rebellion against the British Empire.

A love of freedom, then, is the distinguishing

characteristic of Campbell's poetry. Twenty years later his disposition might possibly have driven him into the violent language which some of his successors habitually used. But Campbell was not exposed to the influences to which Byron and Shelley afterward succumbed. He began to write amid the reaction which revolutionary excesses had occasioned. Like Mackintosh, he shared the generous feelings which were contained in the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," but, like Mackintosh, he was horrified at the excesses of the Revolution. In Campbell's verse Britain is the land of freedom, and the navy's glory is shared by all Britons. It is recorded that, on one occasion, his enthusiasm for the cause of liberty exposed him to some suspicion. He was arrested, and his papers were seized. But the sheriff who made the arrest found in the poet's traveling-cases the few lines "*Ye Mariners of England*," which are perhaps the most heart-stirring national verses in the language. No better refutation could have been given to the unworthy suspicions which had been cast on the author.

Campbell, then, was full of the generous ideas which he must have learned in his very boyhood; but equally ardent in his enthusiastic support of the war with France in which his country was engaged. Scott never looked forward. There is hardly a passage either in his writings or in his biography which can be quoted to prove that he thought that the succeeding age was likely to be more generous or more happy than the preceding one. His ideas were essentially antiquarian, and all his best pieces dealt with former ages. "*The Lay*" is a tale of Border warfare; "*Marmion*" of Flodden; "*The Lady of the Lake*" of James V.; "*The Lord of the Isles*" of Bruce; "*Rokeby*" of the civil wars of the seventeenth century. The same thing is true of the novels which the great author subsequently produced with marvelous rapidity. The first of them all was a tale of "sixty years since"; "*Guy Mannering*" was, chronologically, a continuation of "*Waverley*"; "*The Antiquary*" of "*Guy Mannering*." But the third of the series only brought the author up to the period of his own youth. Having ventured so near his own time, Scott immediately reverted to the period on which he was fondest of dwelling. "*Rob Roy*" is a story of the middle of the eighteenth century; "*Old Mortality*" of the seventeenth; "*The Black Dwarf*" of the earlier years of the eighteenth century. The "*Legend of Montrose*" is a tale of the civil wars; "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*" of George II.; the "*Bride of Lammermoor*" belongs to a still earlier period. "*The Monastery*," "*The Abbot*," and "*Kenilworth*" are all stories of the sixteenth century; while in "*Ivanhoe*" the novelist carries his readers back to the days of the Crusades.

This list, which it would be possible to extend, includes the whole of Scott's earlier novels. The mere recital of it makes it obvious that Scott refrained, as a rule, from writing about his own times, and that his thoughts were almost always concentrated on the wild life which his fellow countrymen had led in previous ages.

Yet Scott, antiquarian as he was, felt the force of the reaction in which nearly all his contemporaries participated. Almost every line of his writings is intensely national. But there is the broadest distinction between the nationality of Scott and the nationality of Campbell. There is hardly a line in Campbell to show that he is a Scotchman. "Ye mariners of England, that guard our native seas"; "And England sent her men of men the chief"; "Now, joy, old England, raise, for the tidings of thy might"; "Steer, helmsman, till you steer our way by stars beyond the line: we go to found a realm, one day, like England's self to shine," are a few examples of the many which might be quoted to prove that, in Campbell's verse, his individuality as a Scotchman is almost always merged in his nationality as an Englishman. But Scott, on the contrary, never forgets he is a Scotchman. "It is the harp of the North" which he desires to waken. It is of the old times and old manners, before "a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne," that the latest minstrel sung. He can not avoid the passing wish that "Flodden had been Bannockburn." The hero of his first novel is an Englishman, but an Englishman who, amid Scotch surroundings, strikes a blow for Prince Charlie at Preston Pans. This distinction between the two authors was the inevitable consequence of their different dispositions. A Scotchman who was always looking back was sure to dwell upon the old rivalries of the Scotch and English; while a Scotchman who was always looking forward was as certain to remember that the thoughts and interests of the two nations had become identical. Scott, to the end of his life, was never able to free himself entirely from the old Scotch feeling. George IV., indeed, won his heart; but then George IV. put on a Stuart tartan in Edinburgh. The only occasion on which Scott seriously attempted to interfere with politics was on the attempt of Parliament to extend to Scotland a measure of currency reform which it was applying to England.

The intense love of his own country, which is perceptible in all of Scott's novels, accounts, however, for much of their beauty and much of their popularity. He saw Scotland as no one had ever seen it before. Up to the time at which he wrote there was no general taste for scenery. It is a striking observation of a forgotten writer, which has been reproduced by

Mackintosh, that "there is no single term in Greek or Latin for prospect." "So recent is the taste for scenery," wrote Mackintosh on another occasion, "that a tour through Great Britain, published in 1762, speaks of Westmoreland as remarkable only for wildness, notices Winandermere only for its size, Ulleswater for char, and at Keswick passes the poor lake entirely."* There is hardly a line in Burns to show that he had any appreciation for the grander features of his native land: his most exquisite imagery is taken from objects found in lowland as well as in upland—a mountain daisy, a mouse, a field of poppies. Scott, on the contrary, forgets the daisy in looking at the bolder features in the landscape. He is the Turner among poets. His heroes and heroines move among the lovely valleys of his native land, or sail along the sublime coast of western Scotland; but they are only the accompaniments to the landscape, the figures in the foreground of the painter. Scott's works have, in consequence, become a guide-book to Scotland, and have taken thousands of visitors to the border-land in which he lived and wrote.

Scott's antiquarian tastes saved him from feeling the shock of the Revolution so acutely as other writers. He may be said to have represented all that was best in the conservatism of the period in which he wrote. Three other writers, his friends and contemporaries, were moved by the remarkable reaction to which Burke and Mackintosh succumbed. Southey is the most prominent example of the effects of this reaction. He had begun life as a radical; he had written a short drama, "Wat Tyler," in which he had openly advocated radical principles. "Curse on these taxes!" says Hob Carter in this play; "one succeeds another":

Our ministers, panders of a king's will,
Drain all our wealth away, to fill their armies
And feed the crows of France. Year follows year,
And still we madly prosecute the war:
Draining our wealth, distressing our poor peasants,
Slaughtering our youths—and all to crown our chiefs
With glory!—I detest the hell-sprung name.

This wild declamation was written in 1794, when Britain was at war with France. About four years afterward, Southey composed the much better known lines on the battle of Blenheim:

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

* Mackintosh, vol. ii., pp. 97, 126.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout :
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

"But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I can not tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

It is evident from these extracts that, up to the close of the eighteenth century, Southey still retained his earlier opinions, and detested the French war. But in the nineteenth century all his opinions were altered. Instead of counseling peace, he desired the prolongation of the struggle.

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour ?

he exclaimed in 1814.

Woe, woe to England ! woe and endless shame,
 If this heroic land,
 False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
 Hold out the olive to the tyrant's hand.

Hob Carter's reasoning and little Wilhelmine's objections were both forgotten : Napoleon's victories had done more than all the revolutionary excesses, and had made the poet of peace at any price the fiery advocate of the war. His old friends, the radicals, still retained their former opinions, and desired peace. Southey, therefore, had no alternative but to join the Tory party and become a courtier. The violence of his earlier radicalism was soon effaced by the fury of his later Toryism. His language toward Napoleon was simply brutal :

Too cold upon the road was he ;
 Too hot had he been at Moscow ;
 But colder and hotter he may be,
 For the grave is colder than Muscovy ;
 And a place there is to be kept in view,
 Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue.

The indecency of these lines is, however, less marked than the profanity of the "Vision of Judgment." Byron's satire has given that poem an immortality which it would never otherwise have gained. But Southey's poem is more profane than even Byron's. Southey really ventured on anticipating the judgment of Heaven ; Byron only intended to sneer at Southey's gross presumption.

Southey's contemporaries had no words to express their scorn for his conversion to Toryism.

And now, my epic renegade, what are ye at ?
 says Byron, in "Don Juan."

He had written praises of a regicide ;
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;
 He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory.

So Byron wrote on another occasion. In one sense, this charge was unjust. Southey, in passing over from the extreme of radicalism to the Tory party, was in reality only a type of the reaction which affected many other of his contemporaries. Vainer than most of them, his conversion was later than theirs. More violent than most of them, it was much more thorough. Southey's egregious vanity is visible throughout his writings :

Come, listen to a tale of times of old !
 Come, for ye know me. I am he who sang
 The Maid of Arc, and I am he who framed
 Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.

Such was the invitation with which he besought the public to attack the most formidable of his "epic mountains," "Madoc." "Madoc" failed, and it deserved to fail. Prescott, since "Madoc" was published, has traveled over the same ground in his history of the conquest of Mexico ; and Prescott's prose is more eloquent and more poetical than Southey's blank verse. Southey's self-conceit, however, never suffered from his failure. The public would not read "Madoc." So much the worse for the public. The author knew that its execution was perfect, that it could not be better. Well might Macaulay write of him that he was arrogant beyond any man in literary history : for his self-conceit was proof against the severest admonitions.*

Southey's name is usually associated with that of the two other Lake poets—as they are called—Wordsworth and Coleridge. The career of the three authors was, in many respects, very similar. All three began life as Liberals. All three were induced, either by the effects of the Revolution or by the results of the war, to change their opinions and become Tories. Coleridge, who was closely connected with Southey by marriage ties, seems to have passed through the same phases of thought as his kinsman. But it is less easy to follow Coleridge than to follow

* Trevelyan's "Macaulay," vol. ii., p. 458.

* For

Southey, because it is more difficult to appreciate the full meaning of his conclusions. He loved to be mysterious and obscure; and this mystery and obscurity are constantly visible in his most beautiful poetry. Why was the Ancient Mariner to be doomed to perpetual misery because he had shot an albatross? Why was the exquisitely pure Lady Christabel to be cursed for the performance of an act of Christian charity? The argument offends the reason as much as the language charms the sense. The same mystery which pervades the writer's poetry is to be found in his political writings. In the course of 1817 Southey and Coleridge both wrote to the Prime Minister to protest against the seditious writings of the time. Southey's letter was characteristically plain. "Make transportation the punishment" of seditious writings, was the advice of the author of "Wat Tyler." Coleridge apparently meant to say the same thing. For he told Lord Liverpool that "the fan is still in the hand," and went on, instead of concluding the text, to pray God that his lordship might carry out "the necessary process in meekness." But the minister confessed that he could not "well understand" the poet's long letter; and probably every one who has since read Lord Liverpool's memoirs has equally failed to understand it.* The mystery, then, in Coleridge's language makes it difficult to follow his changes of opinion; but amid all the mystery it is evident that, like Southey, he began life as a Liberal, and that, like Southey, he abandoned his old friends, and altered his old principles.

It ought to be possible to follow the growth of Wordsworth's mind much more accurately than that of either Southey or Coleridge. In the "Prelude"—one of the dullest of his poems—the author has related the story of his life, and has examined the various phases of his thoughts. He was born in the Lake Country, and in due course was sent to Cambridge. He visited London, he made a tour in France, and felt—as far as his calm temperament was capable of feeling—the stir of the Revolution. His mild disposition, however, was horrified by the bloodshed which disgraced the cause of liberty; and he retreated to his native hills for the calm and the leisure which were essential to his happiness. There he learned, to his inexpressible delight, that Robespierre was dead; and there he described the impression which the news made upon him:

... Nor was a doubt,
After strict question, left upon my mind,
That he and his supporters all were fallen.

It is evident from this short analysis that

* For the letter see "Liverpool," vol. ii., pp. 298-307.

Wordsworth's Liberalism had flowed originally in a very peaceful current, and that his subsequent Toryism was equally tranquil. The poet's nature was averse from the violent agitations of political warfare. The aim of his existence was to pass his time without any definite object before him: "Days of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought, abstruse." He shrank from the bustle of humanity. In his youth London had seemed to him a "monstrous ant-hill on the plain of a too busy world." In his old age he protested against the quiet of his native valleys being desecrated by the whistle of a railway engine. Even when he went to Cambridge he could not shake off the desultory habits which were a part of his nature. He gravely narrates how he went

From shop to shop about my own affairs;
To tutor or to tailor, as befell;
From street to street with loose and careless mind.

The loose and careless mind, which he acknowledged in his youth, was visible in his later writings. He is, perhaps, the only great author who would have openly acknowledged that he had forgotten the name of a place, and that he was too careless to search for it.

Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged
By the first Francis wooed.

The leisurely life which Wordsworth thus led accounts for the placid nature of his political feelings. Like Southey, he had felt the force of the reaction against Liberalism. But, unlike Southey, he had retired to muse away his time in philosophic leisure. Amid the calm of the beautiful scenery of the Lakes he composed the greater portion of his numerous poems. The circumstances under which these works were produced probably account for the ridicule with which they were received at the time, and the popularity which they have acquired in a later age. The active intellects of the generation to whom they were addressed had no patience for

The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May.

The many obscure and involved passages * by which his finest poems are marred increased this feeling; and the length to which many of his puerile fancies were worked out made critics yawn or even smile.† But the more reflecting

* See, for instance, the clumsy sentence in the sixth book of "The Excursion," in which the poet prays that the modern priesthood may be as constant as their forefathers.

† M. Taine says: "Certainly a cat playing with three dry leaves may furnish a philosophical reflection, and figure forth a wise man sporting with the fallen leaves of

generation by which these commentators were succeeded appreciated the philosophic harmony of the poet's writings; and admired, as they de-

served to be admired, the many fine passages which are scattered through "The Excursion."*

(Conclusion next month.)

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES.†

ON this occasion I have thought that instead of enlarging on the commonplace topics of education or literature, which would be equally advantageous at any time or in any place, to say a few words suggested by a recent journey to the United States, which will not be unsuitable to the general interests of an institution like this. It is not my purpose to give to you what are called "impressions of America." Even if the circumstances of my journey did not render such an undertaking impossible, I should have felt that, before an audience at Birmingham, the ground had already been preoccupied by a distinguished pastor well known to all of you, whose activity and zeal must be admired even by those who most widely differ from him, and whose controversial vigor of style few can imitate or emulate. I propose to confine myself to that side of American life which perhaps was of more interest to me than to most travelers: its purely historical aspect—that aspect presented by the original Eastern States to which my journey was confined. It is a part of history of which, for whatever reason, Englishmen are strangely ignorant—at least I speak for myself—until their imagination has been touched by the actual sight of that vast continent with its inspiring suggestions and recollections.

I. There are two remarks which an Englishman constantly hears from the lips of Americans, uttered with a kind of plaintive apology, "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities." The truth of the first of these remarks every one must admit; the truth of the second I venture to question. There is a saying of Lord Bacon, part of which has been made familiar from its having become the title of an interesting work by an eloquent and multifarious writer of our own time, "*Antiquitas sæculi juvenitatis mundi*," "The age of the world is also its youth." But there is the reverse of this saying, which is equally true, "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." It was a fundamental

maxim of the historical philosophy of a great teacher once well known in the neighborhood of Birmingham, and I trust not yet forgotten, Arnold of Rugby, that every nation has its ancient and modern history, irrespectively of the chronological place which such a nation may hold in the general succession of events. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of America. Its youth brings it within the category of a period of history which may truly be called ancient, because it still breathes something of the freshness of its first beginnings, because it still exhibits society, not in the shape of absolute achievement, but of gradual formation. No doubt the scientific and material appliances of the nineteenth century, in some respects carried to a further extent in the New World than in the Old, give an appearance of novelty, and in a certain sense of perfection, which is altogether alien to the first origin of a people; but, when we penetrate below this, we shall find that there are abundant traces of this youthful, childlike, and therefore primitive aspect. The youth of America corresponds to the antiquity of Europe. It is this peculiarity of American history in its past, its present, and its future, which constitutes its peculiar interest, often its best apology, always its powerful incentive. It is a characteristic which, in a large measure, it shares with Russia, but which in America is brought to a nearer focus from the shortness of the career it has hitherto run.

The history of the United States may be said

* There are four passages in "The Excursion" which are probably as fine as any that have been composed during the present century. The first is the well-known "Exchange the shepherd's frock of native gray for robes with royal purple tinged," etc. The second is the reflection, "How from his lofty throne the sun can fling colors as bright on exhalations bred by reedy pool or pestilential swamp, as by the rivulet sparkling where it runs." The third is the comparison of moral truth to the waterlily. The fourth, the reflection that as the murmuring of the shell expresses to the child "mysterious union with its native sea, e'en such a shell the universe itself is to the ear of faith."

† An Address given before the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, December 16, 1878.

life. But eighty lines on such a subject makes us yawn—much worse, smile."—"History of English Literature," vol. ii., p. 262.

to class itself into four principal epochs, which emerge from the level to which the larger part of its annals are confined :

1. The first epoch is what we may call the Era of the Founders. It is rarely that we are able so nearly to place ourselves within the reach of the first inhabitants and the first chieftains of a powerful people. What most resembles this epoch is perhaps the accounts, historical or legendary, of the foundation of the Grecian states, whether in the mother country or its dependencies. But the Greek founders are, for the most part, more or less involved in a cloud of fable, while those of the American Commonwealth stand out in all the distinctness of living and actual personalities.

It was an extraordinary sensation which I experienced when, two days after landing in America, I found myself assisting at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Salem in Massachusetts. Around me were guests and speakers who derived their lineage and names from those who had first set foot on what was then a desolate wilderness. On one side was a distinguished judge, the representative of Endicott, the first governor, and on the other side the venerable and accomplished descendant of Winthrop, if not the first actual, the first undisputed, governor of the colony. The office itself was well represented by the honored citizen who in direct succession filled it at that moment. On the right hand and the left were the Saltonstalls, the Bowditches, the Wilders, and the Higginsons, names obscure here, but household words there. Their progenitors were not shadowy phantoms—like the heroes of Ossian's poems—with the stars shining through them, but stout and stalwart yeomen, or merchants, or clergy, like ourselves; each home in the place claimed some connection with one or the other of these ancestral patriarchs; their portraits, their letters, the trees they had planted, the fruit they had reared, the churches they had built, were still among us. It was as if one were sitting at table far back in the opening of English or European history, with the grandsons or great-grandsons of Hengist and Horsa, or Clovis and Pepin. It gave that sense of near proximity to the beginnings of the state which is so marvelously reproduced in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Ivanhoe"; where, with perhaps a too close foreshortening of his picture, he makes us feel that Cedric and Athelstan, Front-de-Bœuf and the Templars, still breathed the spirit of the Saxon monarchy and of the Norman Conquest.

Look for a moment at some of the separate groups into which the founders of the American States arrange themselves. In the brilliant pages of the venerable historian of the United States,

George Bancroft, you see them one by one, from Florida to Quebec, emerging, as if from the ocean, under the guidance of those ancient heroes. Take first that which is still in common parlance called the Mother State, or the Old Dominion of Virginia. What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers who in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme, statesman, poet, historian, discoverer, Sir Walter Raleigh! He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure—well known in America; dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career, both before and afterward, was checkered with a series of marvelous risks, which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval Crusader. With a scientific and nautical ardor which has descended to his lineage in this country—including the late renowned hydrographer, Admiral Smyth—was combined an impetuous passion for adventure which had previously led him through the wars of Hungary, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Turkish corsairs; and which, in America, won the affection of the Indian tribes against whom he alone was able to guard the infant colony. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards: Calameta, the lady of Hungary; Trabegizonda, the lady of the Turkish harem; and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that while Pocahontas, the earliest, or almost the earliest, Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. "Here," such was his epitaph, "he lies conquered who conquered all."

Turn to another group. Can any one stand on the hill above the bay of Plymouth in New England, and see without a yearning, as toward the cradle of a sacred state, the Mayflower winding her difficult way from promontory to promontory, from island to island, till at last the little crew descend upon the one solitary rock on that level shore—the rock of which the remains are still visited by hundreds of pilgrims from every part of North America? Is it not truly a record

of the heroic age when we read the narrative of the wasting away, in that cold December season, of one half of the little colony, the others hiding their dead under nameless graves, lest the neighboring Indians should perceive the diminishing strength of their peaceful invaders, and then the stern determination with which they allowed the vessel, after five months, to return on its homeward voyage without one single colonist of the remnant that was left abandoning the cause for which they came, and retracing their steps to comfort and plenty? What a dramatic circle is that which contains the stern General Bradford; the Yorkshire soldier of fortune, doubtful Puritan, and doubtful Catholic, Miles Standish; the first child born on the Atlantic, Oceanus Hopkins; the first child born in New England, Peregrine White!

Or, again, look at that singular, eccentric enthusiast, Roger Williams, who found the bonds which the new colony endeavored to lay upon him not less odious than those which caused those colonists themselves to leave their native country, wandering over wooded hill and valley, or threading his way in solitary canoe, till he reached a point where he could at peace unfurl the banner of religious toleration, and to which, in grateful acknowledgment of the grace of God which had smiled on him thus far, he gave the name still immortalized in the State that sprang from his exertions, "Providence."

Or, again, look to the banks of the Delaware, where William Penn founded what he well called the "holy experiment" of a state which should appeal not to war but to peace for protection, and which should "improve," to use his own words, "an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore." There rose the city of Brotherly Love, whose streets still bear the names of the ash, the chestnut, the walnut, and the spruce of the forest in which it was planted. There reigned that dynasty of princes who acknowledged their allegiance to the English crown by the simple homage of a beaver's skin, and whose principle, derived from the patriarch of the Quakers, George Fox, was, "Let your light shine among the Indians, the blacks, and the whites."

Or, in Georgia, look at the fine old churchman, Oglethorpe, the unwavering friend of Wesley, the model soldier of Samuel Johnson, the synonym in the mouth of Pope for "strong benevolence of soul."

He and those I have named may surely be reckoned among those to whom Lord Bacon gives the first place among the benefactors of mankind—the founders of states and empires. They are examples of the hoary, sacred antiquity which may still be found in America.

2. I pass to the next epoch; it is that in

which the French and English nations contended for the possession of the American Continent, as they had once in the middle ages contended for the possession of the ancient kingdom of France. This also, although chronologically it appears in the midst of the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all the romance which belongs to the mediæval struggles of European races. It is that long contest so graphically described in the elaborate narrative of Francis Parkman, and it is intertwined with some of the most impressive scenes of American nature. Look at that line of waters, Lake George and Lake Champlain, which formed at that time the central thoroughfare—the only thoroughfare—through what was then a trackless wilderness of mountain and forest. See the English armies, drawn alike from the mother country and the still obedient colonists, fighting in one common cause, coming down in their vast flotilla through those vast overhanging woods. See at the point between the lakes the fortress, of which the ruins still remain, almost the only ruins to be seen perhaps throughout the length and breadth of the United States—the fortress of Ticonderoga, or, as the French called it, Carillon or Chimes, from the melodious murmur of the waters which dashed along from one inland sea to the other. Listen to the legendary lore which hangs over the mysterious death of Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, whose gravestone is still to be seen in the neighborhood among the descendants of his famous clan: or gaze on the historic splendor which surrounds the name of Lord Howe, commemorated by the grateful Americans, alike in a monument on the spot where he fell by the shores of Lake George, and within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Or, again, look more northward still to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly, red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his chivalrous adversary, the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapped in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred. Those scenes of battles between the high-born courtiers of France on the one hand, the Jacobite Highlanders of Scotland, and the sturdy colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts intermingled with the war-whoops and the tomahawk, the feathers and

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the colors of those Indian tribes who were the terror and the attraction alternately of both the contending parties, carry us back to times which assure us that the American novelist, Fenimore Cooper, rightly chose them as a theme of his most heart-stirring and picturesque tales, and which make even an Englishman or a Scotchman feel that in traversing them he is, as it were, on the Loch Katrine or the Loch Lomond of his own kindred isles. And when in the hills of the American Berkshire we see the huge boulder which with its simple inscription marks "the grave of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our fathers," we feel that we stand on the boundary of those days when the civilized man and the savage were not yet parted asunder, when there was still a sense of mutual gratitude between the two races such as carries us back to the times when Goth and Roman, Celt and Saxon met in their varied vicissitudes of war and peace.

3. We pass to the third epoch, that of the War of Independence. We now approach a region which, compared with the two that have preceded it, may well be called modern. Yet here also there is a savor of antiquity and of primitive inspiration in the circle of renowned characters who, for the first, perhaps we may say the only, time in American history, appear equal to the greatness of their country's destinies. When in the public place at Richmond we see the statue of George Washington surrounded by the group of the famous Virginians of his time, the eloquence of Patrick Henry, the judicious sagacity of Marshall, the eccentric energy of Jefferson—when to these we add the stern vigor of John Adams, and Samuel, his namesake from Boston, and last, not least, the homely and penetrating genius of Benjamin Franklin from Philadelphia, and the brilliant philosophic friend and equal of Talleyrand, the gifted and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton, we feel that we are in the presence of one of those constellations which mark only those great creative epochs in the history of nations, such as may indeed appear in their later history, but usually belong to those moments when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In all the events of that struggle there is a dramatic movement which belongs to those critical times when mankind is going through one of its decisive trials. Old Martin Routh of Oxford, who had lived through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, when asked in his extreme old age what event of his time had produced in England the deepest impression, answered, "The separation of the American States"; and when, in his hundredth year, he wandered in his dying moments to the recollections of former days, his last words murmured something of "the war

with America." Many are the scenes which impress on the mind the momentous aspect of that time. Let me select two. One shall be that in which the first British blood was shed on the 19th of April, 1775. It is in the green meadows close to the village of Concord. A gentle river divides the swelling hills on either side; a rustic bridge crosses the stream. On one side is a simple pillar which marks the graves where the first English soldiers that were slain still lie buried; on the other side is a monument, erected in later times, representing one of the simple American peasants with one hand on the plow and the other on the musket, and underneath are written the memorable words of one of the greatest living writers, himself a native of Concord, and the grandson of the pastor of the village who was present at the time of the conflict:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The other scene is Mount Vernon, the unadorned yet spacious wooden mansion where Washington spent his latest years, with his devoted wife, with his retinue of slaves, with the gracious hospitality of almost regal majesty, looking out from the oaks which now overhang his grave over the broad waters of the Potomac, on whose banks was to rise the noble but still unfinished capital which bears his canonized name. No Englishman need grudge the hours that he gives to the biography which Washington Irving has devoted to our great countryman (for such he still was), the father of the American Commonwealth.

4. There is yet one fourth group of events which makes us feel that even now, in the time in which we live, America belongs to those old days of European nations when society was not yet welded together, when the wars of York and Lancaster, or the wars of Cromwell and Charles I., were still possible. I refer to the only civil war of recent times—perhaps the greatest civil war of all times—the war between the Northern and the Southern States ten years ago. But this is too close to our days for us to safely touch upon; the smoldering ashes of that fierce volcano are too near the surface. I do but glance at it and move onward.

II. What I have said of the history, so to speak, of America at once illustrates and is illustrated by some of the chief characteristics of the present condition of the United States, and also of our expectations of its future.

1. Look, for example, at the extraordinary munificence shown in the multiplication of institutions emanating in a large degree from the piety and liberality of individual founders and

benefactors. The very phrase which I use recalls the mediæval beneficence out of which sprang some of the chief educational institutions of our own country. I do not say that this munificence has died out of the nineteenth century, at home or in the older countries. In one branch, that of public libraries for general use—which is the chief glory of the modern institutions of the United States, as its almost total absence is the chief reproach to the metropolis of London—in these public libraries I understand that at least in Birmingham a near approach has been made to the generosity, whether of corporations or of individuals, in the United States. Still the freedom, almost the recklessness, with which these benefactions are lavished beyond the Atlantic, bears upon its face the characteristic of an older age, reappearing amid our modern civilization like the granite boulder of some earlier formation. For the likenesses in our English history to John Harvard, to the "Ten Worthy Fathers" of Yale, to Johns Hopkins and Astor and George Peabody and Peter Cooper, we must look to our Wykehams, our Waynfletes, our Wolseys, at Oxford, and those whose names are immortalized in Gray's splendid ode on the benefactors of Cambridge.

2. Again, the distinct character, the independent government, the separate legislation of the various States which compose the Republic of North America, represent a condition of political society to which modern Europe offers no parallel, except perhaps in the small federation of Switzerland, and for which on so large a scale we must for an example go back to the not yet developed states of Europe, just emerging from the old Roman Empire into the new Christian empire of Charlemagne, each indeed marked by the separate nationalities which were already beginning to show themselves, but even in the sixth or the ninth century speaking, as in the vast continent of North America at the present day, at least among the educated classes, one language, and subject, at least in name, to one central government. You will not suppose that in thus referring to the independence and diversity of the different States of America I am presuming to enter on that most delicate question of American politics, the exact point where the rights of the separate States terminate and the rights of the central Government begin. I treat of it only in its general features as an unquestionable phenomenon, which indicates that the American Commonwealth is yet in the beginning of political society, and that the end may be something far different from that which we now behold.

3. Again, in the relations of the laboring classes to the educated or upper classes of America, without intrinching on the thorny questions

of capital and labor, of socialism and of political economy, which are now beginning to agitate the New World as they agitate the Old, there is a peculiarity which exists in no European country at the present time, and which is a problem kindred to the first arrangements of the states of the ancient classical world. It is the peculiarity by which mechanical and manual labor is performed, for the most part, not by natives but by foreigners. What the Pelasgians were in Attica, what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Israelites were in Egypt, what the Canaanites were in Palestine, what the Greeks generally called by the varying names *Paraci* or *Periaci*, that is to say, the aboriginal or foreign element which the ruling class appropriated to itself for these inferior purposes—that, in some measure, the Irish, the negroes, and the Chinese are to the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. It has often been observed how widely this diversity of the Grecian commonwealths from those of modern Europe influences any judgment which we may draw from them and their condition to ours; it is not less true that a like precaution is rendered necessary by the appearance of this similar phenomenon in the United States of America.

I might multiply indefinitely the instances of this divergence in the relative stages of social and political and ecclesiastical existence in America and Europe. Whether we condemn or approve the institutions of the United States or of our own country, the main practical condition under which we must start on any comparison is, that to a very large extent the two spheres of the Old World and the New World are as almost incommensurable as the period of Theseus or Lycurgus with the age of Alexander, or the period of Egbert or Charles Martel with the period of Henry VIII. or Charles V.

But besides the light which this view of American history throws on the past and the present, there is also the further question of the light which it throws upon the future. It does not follow that because a nation has flourished for many centuries it is near its end. Far from us be any such desponding fatalism. Yet still it can not be denied that the longer the retrospect is, there is produced a sense of satiety or of completeness which, to a certain degree, contracts the vision of the future. It is the reverse of this feeling that is produced by what I have called the near and, as it were, closely present antiquity of the American States. We insensibly look forward to the possibility of a vaster development than we do in the older nations. And this expectation is no new thing. Amid all the evil forebodings, and all the failures of American existence, it has always been present. Whether from the remarkable circumstance of its first beginnings, certain

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it is that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny, unfolding in a distant future, had taken possession of the minds both of Americans and of Englishmen. Shakespeare (or it may be Ben Jonson) had but just seen the first dawn of the earliest settlement in Virginia, and yet he was able to place in the mouth of Cranmer the prediction that, in the foundation of the town and river which bore the name of King James—

His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall make new nations.

"Let it not be grievous to you," was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, "that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end, for the memory of the adventurers to this plantation shall never die." Bishop Berkeley—who by a strange fate was diverted from his projects for Bermuda to settle on the pleasant shores of Rhode Island, and there within the humble mansion which is still existing, and in the jaws of an overhanging rock which may still be visited, composed one of the finest of his philosophical treatises—was inspired, as he looked on the scenes around him, with a sudden enthusiasm, and uttered those famous words which have only within the last year been inscribed on the portals of the university on the shores of the Pacific—

Westward the course of empire holds its way.

Burke, in his magnificent speech on the American colonies, while describing them as "a fierce people who are still as it were but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," could not look at their growth without marvel, and when he spoke of them was constrained to say, "Let us auspicate all our proceedings of America with the old Church cry, *Sursum corda*." We may freely grant that these predictions, impressive as they are, do not of necessity carry with them their own fulfillment. There have been predictions even of a more sacred character with regard to the fortunes of a far more sacred people, which have hitherto failed of their full accomplishment, because the nation of which they were spoken knew not the time of her visitation, and heard the divine call with closed ears and hardened hearts. But the peculiarities of American history on which I have dwelt give at least fresh substance to these lofty dreams. When we see how young, how new, how primitive is the form of American history and American society, it reveals to us the possibility, nay, the probability, that there is still a long course to be run; that the foundation of these States is, as Penn said of Pennsylvania, a noble experiment which

it depends upon themselves under God to accomplish or to ruin. The very defects and shortcomings of the present are, if not a pledge, an incentive to what may yet be in store. Of these defects I do not speak. They are sufficiently set forth in the teeming columns of the American journals. Many of them belong to what I have ventured to call the mediæval, the infantine state of American life; some of them have already faded away from their own Eastern States before the touch of superior civilization—some before the criticism of foreigners—some of them are flagrant still. But whether recently extinct or yet unsubdued, they are elements of a social condition, not toward which the civilized world is advancing, but from which it has escaped or, with whatever speed, is escaping, century by century.

In thus comparing the growing history of the present with the possible history of the future, may I be allowed to use a figure which I employed in one of my farewell speeches to my kind American hosts? In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one as the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full; and I saw from the vast bridge which spans the river the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, bursting forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the devouring, fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity, the ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column, glittering in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present.

Let me explain in a few words wherein that pillar of light has an historical substance, which may lead us to hope that it will not vanish away with the morning light, but may continue to guide the coming times of the United States. And for this purpose I select three points from the history of the past which conduce to a confidence which, if not without "trembling," still "rejoices" always—points on which I venture to insist, because they bear practically on an educational institution like this:

1. First, there is the marked peculiarity of

the American people, apparent almost from the first, the singular buoyancy and elasticity both of the national and individual character. It may be the product of their brilliant, exhilarating, invigorating climate; it may be the accompaniment of the vast horizon opened out by their boundless territory; it may be partly the youth of the nation, on which I have so much enlarged in this address; but its existence is unquestionable. If at times there is something almost of levity in the readiness with which misfortunes are thrown off and life begun over again; if at times the more sober part of the nation is depressed by the sense of the difficulties which they have to encounter, yet on the whole this spring of vitality, if turned to good account, must be of incalculable value in this working world where imagination still plays so large a part, and where so much is given to assurance of victory even more than to victory itself. If, perchance, the United States have too much of it, we, it may be, have too little: and this confidence of Americans in their own political, ecclesiastical, and social system is a warning to us to rise above those doleful lamentations with which in these days we often hear the citizens, and churchmen, and Christians of England despair of our country, our Church, and our religion.

2. Secondly, there are the elements of that character which they possess in common with the English race, with which their past history shows them to be in so many respects identical. In spite of some dark and sinister features in both countries, there is on the whole the same keen appreciation of the delights of pure domestic life. In spite of the lawlessness which is perhaps the inevitable outburst of the effervescence of communities not yet fully organized, there is on the whole in the mass of the people something of the same self-control, and common sense, and love of freedom, and obedience to law, on which we pride ourselves, and which we are glad to recognize in our descendants. And these points of contact between the mother country and the daughter States not only are themselves encouraging, but they derive additional force from the guarantee which they give that the union between the two, though severed by the revolution of the last century, is in the essential elements of character and social sympathy yet unbroken.

We no doubt may have much to learn from America; but if this closeness of sympathy and homogeneity of race is still maintained, they will always have something to learn from us, and will, we trust, be not unwilling to receive it. It is a solemn responsibility which this recollection of American history impresses upon us, that as we were their fathers, so in large measure

we are responsible for them—our children; responsible because they sprang from us, but yet more responsible because our good or evil actions still produce a direct impression on their susceptible minds. Commercial dishonesty, blind political partisanship, demagogic stratagems, frivolous luxury in English society, are strong incentives to any like vices which appear in the kindred stock; and, on the other hand, every attempt on our parts to maintain refinement of manners, truthful dealing, a policy that does not tend to popular fashion or faction, simplicity and self-control in social life, act and have acted with immense force in promoting the like virtues beyond the Atlantic. "It is the spirit of the British Constitution," says Burke, "which, infused through the mighty mass of the English settlements, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates every part even down to the minutest." Our kinsmen beyond the sea may be flattered for the moment by being told that they are a nation stronger and greater than we. But they have too much sense and knowledge of our joint history not to be proud of their English parentage and their ancient home.

3. Thirdly, with them as with us, in spite of the overwhelming forces of uneducated or half-educated ignorance and fanaticism, there is the chance that the voice of the reasonable few may more and more make itself heard. It is in literature (and for this reason I call the attention of this Institute to the fact) that this voice is chiefly to be heard and felt. The literature of America is still young; but that small but select band who are its leaders have exercised, and doubtless still will exercise, a controlling effect by their increasing identification with the better elements of the nation.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson, through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which can not but render any future dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects

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Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attached themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts both of America with England and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial or municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."

And yet further, it is not only in this more subtle and indirect manner that the writings and the voices of the few may guide the opinions and passions of the many. It is by those direct lessons of wisdom and moderation which now and then the few have the courage to utter, and the many have the good sense to welcome.

In these latter days it has been sometimes urged that the uneducated classes are always right, and the educated classes always wrong. But in every neighborhood, and not least in this great center of populous life, we meet from time to time with instances which reveal to us as with a lightning-flash the need of higher inspirations. The most widely spread and deeply rooted of popular illusions in our time (that of "the Claimant") received, if I mistake not, its first mortal wound when an eloquent voice from Birmingham, beloved also in America, had the boldness to denounce it as a groundless and miserable imposture. And in the close of the eighteenth century it is never to be forgotten that the last of the Pilgrim Fathers, as we may call him, who was forced to migrate for conscience' sake from England to America, took refuge in the solitudes of Pennsylvania, driven hence, not by king or bishop, but by the illiterate mob of Birmingham—the illustrious martyr of freedom and science, Joseph Priestley. We now all acknowledge that the mob was wrong, and that the

few who would have tolerated Priestley were right. This ultimate deference to mature knowledge and generous sentiment is as needful to cultivate in the institutes of our great English towns as in the United States of America.

It was only this year that the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature ventured in a lecture on the "Fortunes of the Republic" to point out one by one the salient faults of his countrymen, to express his certainty that their civilization is yet incomplete, that it has not yet ended or given signs of ending in a hero. It is this modesty, this sense of incompleteness, that entitles him to close with the expression of calm trust in their future. "Our helm," he says, "is given up to a better hand than our own. Our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows its way, and has the force to draw men, and states, and planets to their goal. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence veils the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that we shall not by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing."

In like manner it was one of the most striking features in that banquet at Salem of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, to hear the impassioned recitation of a vigorous ode by a gifted sculptor and poet, a native of that American village, but well known in this country and in Europe, who spoke to his countrymen words of terrible remonstrance, which were received, not with reprobation or aversion, but with significant and universal applause. He evidently had in his mind that abstraction of the higher order of characters from public affairs which, though happily not yet seen among ourselves, is said to prevail at least in the Northern States of America. He blamed

The careless trust, that happy luck
Will save us, come what may.
The apathy with which we see
Our country's dearest interest struck,
Dreaming that things will right themselves,
That brings dismay.

He rebuked those who

Apart in selfish silence stand,
Hating the danger and the wrong,
And yet too busy to uplift their hand
And do the duties that belong
To those who would be free.

He called on the

. . . noble men and true,
High, low, young, old, wherever you may be,
Awake! arise! cast off this lethargy!
Your ancient faith renew,
And set your hands to do the task
That freemen have to do.

Words like these, so uttered and so received, can not but beget a confidence that the country for which they were written, and in which they were spoken, has within it the instruments of regeneration, and the germs of future greatness. And as they give a forcible, perhaps too forcible, representation of the dangers and the hopes which lie wrapped up in the history of America, so also—conscious of that affinity of which I have before spoken, which unites the two countries together—I have ventured to quote them here in the conviction that, by analogy, they are applicable also to England. Not only they in their youth and freshness, but we in our green old age, need to be reminded that we also, in spite of our long ancestral traditions, and "the ancient inbred integrity" of the English nation, have kindred dangers threatening us on the right hand and on the left. Our safety, like theirs, lies in listening to the voice of those few noble souls and high intelligences who rise above the passions of party and the sordid interests of the moment, who have the wisdom not merely to denounce but to discriminate, and the desire not merely to preserve or to destroy, but to improve and bring to perfection the inheritance committed to our trust.

One word in conclusion. When speaking of the common sentiment which animates a nation in the presence of deeper and higher characters, I am sure that I should not be doing justice to your feelings, nor, I may add, to the feelings of the great Republic which we have been considering, if I did not allude to the mingled grief and respect which will ever pervade all true English hearts, whether British or American, when they

hear of the stroke of sorrow with which the royal family of this country has been visited on a day already signalized as the most mournful in the annals of their house. She who has gone from us became first known to the public through her noble conduct by her father's death-bed, and she has now fallen a sacrifice, as every wife and mother assuredly will feel, to the devoted care with which she nursed her husband and her children. But she also belonged to that higher order of intelligence and goodness of which we have been speaking. She cared for all that could elevate her fellow creatures; and if her exalted rank gave her larger means of making her beneficent influence felt, it will not be grudged her in any home or any institution. Her life will not have been spent in vain if it has shown what an Englishwoman can do in the noble discharge of the duties of her station. Her death will not have been in vain if it has caused many hearts to beat in closer sympathy with the solitude of a desolate home, and with the sorrows of the family which the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world claims as its own peculiar property. In that banquet at Salem to which I have already referred, there was one moment, and one only, when the whole assembly rose to their feet in respectful reverence. It was when, after proposing "Our old Homes," there was sung the English National Hymn, "God save the Queen." That same sentiment will inspire thousands of American hearts to respond in a deeper and more solemn sense to the prayer in which we all join—"God save and bless the Queen."

A. P. STANLEY (*Dean of Westminster*), in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE JUDGMENT OF MIDAS.

A PARALLEL.

GREAT names come filtered through the sands of time,
That in their time those very sands obscured;
Immortal Shakespeare, even in his prime,
From the insensate crowd neglect endured;
Vainly he sang his Orphic strain sublime,
"Dumb show and noise" to "groundlings" dearer were
Than numbers breathing of Olympian air.
Thus the dull Phrygian, when Latona's son
With Pan contended for Euterpe's need,
Apollo's lute from him no plaudit won;
But the shrill discord of the Satyr's reed,
More consonant by far, he hung upon
With blatant glee, and, when the conflict ceased,
Ignored the god, and crowned the semi-beast.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

ON CERTAIN PRESENT PHENOMENA OF THE IMAGINATION.*

IF I attach its due meaning to the name of your institution, and if the most important periodicals of the time are a fair test of the interests of the mind of England, I need not apologize for addressing you this evening on a speculative subject, rather than on one of those scientific or literary topics which usually engage your attention in this hall.

When I first thought of such things, some fifty years ago, Samuel Taylor Coleridge had gained a great ascendancy over the intelligence of the younger generation by his interpretation of the more recent German philosophy, illuminated by his own fine imagination and eloquent diction. The Scotch philosophers, who hitherto had had almost a monopoly of philosophical education, were fast losing their authority. A transcendental color was imparted to literature, to poetry, to theology, and even to present politics; Wordsworth superseded Byron; Paley and Pearson became unsound and plausible advocates; the artists of Düsseldorf inaugurated the pre-Raphaelite school, and hurled contempt on the masterpieces of Continental art; Jacob Boehme was raised to the level of Francis Bacon, and Immanuel Kant was disregarded as too intelligible. But a counter-influence soon set in, when Thomas Carlyle touched so deeply, with the hand rather of the prophet than of the professor, the springs of the moral nature of his countrymen, and metaphysics fell into disrepute as inconsistent with a serious apprehension of the veracities of life, and a wise submission to the inevitable conditions of existence: the realism which, under the methods of the eighteenth century, had been regarded as ministering solely to the animal portion of man, and as degrading him from all higher responsibilities, became under this teaching a system as completely spiritual as ever Calvin had devised, and as terribly judicial as ever Knox had preached.

The reaction from this absorption of the mind in a world of absolute fact and positive duty came not, as might have been expected, from the idealists whose imagination rebelled, or from the gentler natures whose humanities were unsatisfied, but from the apostles of utility and the servants of science. It is to such men as John Stuart Mill and Charles Darwin that we mainly

owe the present satisfactory condition of speculation in this country, in which subjects affecting the most difficult processes of thought, and the most solemn possibilities of human destiny, are not put aside as intangible because abstruse, or as unmentionable because emotional, and in which a spirit of toleration prevails among earnest men which implies neither indifference nor scorn.

I can therefore speak to you without fear of offense or misapprehension, without any notion on your part that I wish to underrate any feeling or standard of belief; and if I either raise or lower your present estimate of the quality of imagination, do not forget that in the great operations of the mental world into which every man enters at his birth, as surely as he steps upon the earth he is about to inhabit, there is no question of proportion, but that the simplest sensuous perception is as wonderful as the highest development of genius.

The phenomena to which I am about to allude are compatible with every theory, from that of the purely physiological effect of the material universe on the human brain, to the complete identity of the objective and subjective imagination, as the sole condition of existence, expounded with much ability in the recent work of Professor Frohschammer, of Munich, "*Die Phantasie als Grundprincip des Weltprocesses*." I have to deal with the images as I find them received by the mind through the senses, and retained by that process of connection which we may call Memory. The cessation of that connection is the most ordinary form of the condition which we designate as Insanity, which, however, does not exclude the retention of certain past images which may occupy the whole range of thought, and confuse and neutralize the others as they arrive. Now, as the imagination is above all things a constructive power, we might expect to find, as indeed we do find by experience, that insanity is rarely imaginative; that even when preserving a relation to the faculties of intelligence and for the forms of art, it seldom produces anything admirable in itself, or beyond the effects of singularity and oddity of construction. Much the same may be said of the act of dreaming, whether in ordinary sleep, or in the less frequent conditions of hallucination and somnambulism, in its natural form, or artificially produced by mesmerism or hypnotism. An ingenious writer has

* Delivered before the Leeds Philosophical Society, December 17, 1878.

lately had great success in literally translating into language the grotesque contradictions and extravagant combinations of this mental state, and "Alice in Wonderland" has been not only the delight of childhood, which recognized in it its own modes of unreason, but the amusement of maturer minds. Such literary exercises as the "Somnium Scipionis" or the "Vision of Mirza" are not dreams at all, but hallucinations.

There seems no doubt that in sleep the imagination acts independently of the will and the conscience and the reason. Even passion or desire is incapable of producing a required dream: in the midst of intense grief dreams are frivolous and irrelevant, and the dearest images can not be recalled at pleasure. The moral sense is non-existent; there is animal fear, but no remorse; there is personal anxiety, but no responsibility. The confused multitude of images destroy the orderly succession which constitutes the category of time: you know the numerous instances where the dreamer remembers on waking that he has gone through an almost interminable series of events, and yet it is proved by circumstances that he has only been asleep for a few moments. The image of a word will suggest by its sound a whole series of events in the most ludicrous connection. There is a story given by Monsieur Maury in his work, "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*," where the word *kilomètre*, coming up in the mind of the sleeper, sent him walking an enormous distance counting the mile-stones; then changing to *kilogramme*, placed him in a grocer's shop, in which he was put in a balance against a number of weights; then from a jumble of sound transported him to the island of Gilolo, of which he did not remember ever to have thought; then to a garden full of the flower lobelia; then to Cuba with General Lopes; and lastly, to a game at *loto*. In the same way, when the exclusion of the senses is not complete, the lightest impression suggests some curious analogous image. Descartes mentions that the bite of a flea made him think himself wounded by a sword. Dugald Stewart mentions a dreamer with a hot bottle at his feet fancying himself going up Mount Etna; and there may be some present who will remember an analogous effect of sounds, especially those of music. So far, there is meaning in the expression of a noted physiologist, that sleep is a short insanity, and that you should never make any decision or calculation for some time after you wake, for you may be unconsciously still under the power of some dominant image which the normal action of the senses will clear away.

In ordinary somnambulism, which is now regarded as a malady of the nervous centers, the

presence of the memory of anterior images is not only distinct, but, to use a conventional expression, supernaturally delicate: the patient passes over the most dangerous localities with perfect certainty, and among obstacles which, in his waking state, he could hardly avoid; and yet, if the usual position of those obstacles is changed, he runs against them and wakes. In this condition the image seems to transform itself into action, and the senses connected with that image to acquire an exceptional vitality, while those not connected with it are suspended. In a case cited by Dr. Mesnet, that of a somnambulist girl occupied in writing, if an opaque object was placed between her and the paper, she showed great annoyance; but if the light was so intercepted that the ordinary vision could not distinguish the lines, she wrote on just the same. But there is a singular distinction in this action of the memory—while dreams are at least partially remembered, the impressions and acts of somnambulism are entirely forgotten in the waking state, but are capable of being recalled in a subsequent return of the condition. The abnormal life has its own associations, and therefore its own memory. The familiar apparition of Lady Macbeth seems justified by experience. Criminals have avowed in somnambulism what they denied when waking, and even have gone through the horrors of execution. The action of the will is undoubted, but partial, as is seen in the common case of somnambulists searching for something lost or hidden with an absorbing persistency. Now all these phenomena appear in the states of artificial somnambulism which are called hypnotism or mesmerism, and in which the image imparted comes, not from any outward object, or from the consciousness of the sleeper, but from the impulse of sympathy with another mind and will. I will not here go into the vexed question of the mode and nature of this action. How far it is dependent on the readiness of the recipient to be attracted, how far it is limited to diseased conditions of the nervous system, how far, even though real, it lends itself to fiction and imposture, I will not now discuss; there remains enough of certain fact to illustrate the dominant character of the images superinduced, and the consequent submission of the will even when the reason or the conscience resists.

While these morbid conditions afford the most convenient facts for the consideration of the subject, the operations of the imagination on childhood and savage life bear to them a great analogy and retain most of their characteristics. Instead of saying that a baby takes notice, it would be more correct to say that it receives. And so complete is the possession that the poet Wordsworth could only explain it, as you know, in his

fine "Ode on Immortality," by the notion of a previous existence :

Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Except in connection with nutrition and the affection toward certain persons who impart it, the infant lives in the surrounding universe. It draws no distinction between men and animals—the very perception of difference in number is only guided by resemblance. M. Percy mentions the bewilderment of a child of eight months in making out that two gray cats of the same size were not one and the same creature. Its very identity is at first only a proper name in which the child regards itself as a third person ; and the identity, when it comes, not only part of the present, but, by some strange anticipation, of future universal life. The girl has in her doll the fetich (to use a word on which I shall immediately enlarge) of her distant unborn child.

With regard to primitive peoples, it may be asserted that there is no fraction of humanity that does not manifest its ability to receive some interpretation of the universe, and does not show a desire to do so. Auguste Comte has said with perfect truth that "the human mind in relation to the outer world is in an habitual state of vague preoccupation, which, although normal and universal, produces none the less an effective equivalent to a permanent and general hallucination, in which, by the dominant powers of the imagination over the intellectual life, the most absurd beliefs can absolutely change the direct observation of almost all natural objects." Hence that personification of nature which is commonly called Fetichism, and which must not be confounded with Polytheism, being in fact its antagonist, as was admirably expressed by Bossuet, "all was God, except God himself." In this infancy of the human mind the identity of man with external nature is complete. There is no distinction between the animate and non-animate ; mountains move and have friendly relations ; stones have sexes ; the ocean walks in its tides ; lakes gather their fishes together, and vanish in the air to get away from people who will not cultivate their borders ; wells are good or malicious ; trees are demons that can be punished if they do not choose to grow, by taking off their skins ; and orders of plants, such as rice, have each their personal being, which can be asked to come back if the harvest looks bad, and congratulated when it is good. Through the traditions of subsequent polytheism, we follow those imaginations that have lived and still live among mankind. Various peoples have their venerated stones, and Oriental monotheism did not banish the especial sacredness of the Holy Hill, or the stone on which

Jacob slept, and which he anointed and set up in Bethel, any more than it has abolished the aërolite which is honored at Mecca by the pilgrimages and prayers of multitudes of men. Cicero claims for Neptune as good a right of godhead as Tellus ; the beneficent Nile still holds a personal power over the imagination of the Egyptian fellah ; and the mystic waters of Lourdes perpetuate the tradition that hangs around so many holy wells, especially among the Celtic peoples. From the graceful images of dryads and hamadryads we pass to the Egyptians satirized by Juvenal ; to the magic tree in the pampas of Patagonia which Mr. Darwin saw covered with votive offerings of food and cloth and cigars ; to the tutelary family tree to which the Christian Esthonians still sacrifice a black cock on feast-days, and to the songs of the girls in Little Russia carrying tribute to the favorites of the forest, singing : "To ! To ! poor green oaks, no cakes for you ; happy birches, for you are the girls and the cakes and the flowers"—the birch being evidently the survival of some lost tradition.

The relation of primitive man to animated nature is still closer. Seeing around him other forms of animal life, in many cases superior to himself in strength and sagacity, the collective image of such creatures becomes an object not only of interest and reverence, but by some retrospective process arouses a conviction of preëxistence and unity of origin. Thus, there is scarce an animal that has not been selected—to use a term now familiar to physiology—as an ancestor of some portion of the human race, or taken as the sign of the individuality of different tribes of the same people. The bear, the wolf, the turtle, and the beaver are the most honored progenitors among the northern Indians ; in South America, the rattlesnake, the jaguar, the eagle, and the toad ; among the Caffres, the lion and the crocodile ; among the Esquimaux and Kirghizes, the dog. The Malays call the tiger grandfather ; and one tribe of them alone, the Orang-Benoni, as far as is yet known, take the ape for its founder. The very resemblance to man which, under scientific observation, has become a question of so much interest and controversy, seems to have repelled the early imagination, which rather contented itself with combinations that now seem absolutely unnatural.

Under the polytheistic development, the worship of animals was the inevitable consequence of these beliefs. All the "wisdom of the Egyptians," which included so much advance not only in the material arts but in the higher moralities, excavated those magnificent cemeteries of innumerable birds and cats which we see contiguous to the tombs of the Pharaohs, and the worship of Apis is still a living force throughout the great

empire that shares the civilization and interests of England. The reverential affection for horses lasted so long among the Scandinavian peoples that the common interment of the horse and the warrior was especially forbidden by the Christian Church; and there are still popular ceremonies in Catholic countries in which animals are brought into the sacred edifice. A Danish soldier on the west coast of Africa having lately killed a wolf, the negroes were not appeased till the animal was buried with great pomp, and when a man was accidentally shot on the occasion they were satisfied that its soul was avenged. It follows from these perceptions that the peculiar instincts of animals which we now study with so much curiosity especially stimulate the fresh imagination. Monkeys are thought not to talk, only to escape being set to work; dogs could talk easily enough, but they are too proud to do so, having been snubbed by man. The cat is said by the Arabs to show by his gravity that he understands the Koran; and the horse is too sensible not to read it if it falls in his way. Assuredly, nothing can be more natural than a sympathy between the human imagination and the instincts of animals, in which we acknowledge certain actions of the external world on the intelligence, which are more inscrutable and less in accordance with the laws of association than anything we can observe in the human mind.

From this curious ancestry of nature, a transition of human progenitors is but a continuation of the imagination; and this is all the more vivid, by being accompanied by no habit of historical tradition. The savage who is adoring his forefathers can not trace them back even to a third generation; and even if he attaches a name to any one of them, he can not fix on any period of his earthly being. But, if thus indifferent to the past, he has a clear sense both of the present and the future. With his conception of death, as a change from the visible to the invisible universe, involving no break in existence, his relations to those who are gone are close and immediate. This conviction allies itself with his hopes and fears, his affections and his appetites. The cruel customs of Dahomey and Ashantee are religious ceremonies, in which the large and capricious sacrifice of human life is but a means of communication with the other world. "Who is this criminal?" asked Captain Burton, when, on landing at Dahomey, he saw a man crucified on a tree. "No criminal," said they; "he is the best man we could get, to pay you the greater compliment. We could not let a British consul arrive for the first time in uniform without informing our fathers and dead friends"; thus expressing a realization of another state of existence more absolute than Dante's Comedy—the

"gates" between the two worlds not "ajar," but open. This abolition of Death, contrasted with its intense actuality and aspect of sorrow and separation in a higher civilization, illustrates how inevitably, though imperceptibly, rises on mankind that sense of discrimination which in its maturer forms we call skepticism, and which divides the constant and ordinary objects of sense from the reflex action of its images; in modern language, the natural from the supernatural.

Rapidly this transformation exhibits itself in polytheism and monotheism, not in necessary contrast, but often in coexistence.

The gods of all nations and notions tend to a common center. A distribution of attributes and powers takes place, till out of the maleficence of nature rises the beneficence of God. Reason repels the contradiction and works for a solution. Jupiter controlled by the Fates, Ahri-man, the dark genius, "merged in light at last," Man lost by Nature and saved by Grace, are not formulas, but efforts at conclusions. Out of the multitude of phenomena supplied by the imagination the human reason strives for some solution on which to rest, and when it fails it falls back on the image itself, finding in it contentment and repose. Thus an ideal divine presence produced by sensible means is a fact that satisfies the thought and conscience of the mass of the Christian world, and combines the natural and supernatural in relations as indiscriminate as ever possessed the early mind of man.

The modern study of history is no longer confined to the enumeration of dates, or even the sequence of events. It attempts to penetrate into the sources of action and the motive powers of the actors. In it we are continually confronted with circumstances involving serious consequences to humanity, which are unaccountable on the supposition that men were guided by their material interests, or even the impulses of momentary gratification. We find rulers pursuing for a long period an intelligible and sagacious policy, and suddenly engaging in some enterprise that leads to their desertion or destruction. We see people establishing themselves in various forms of civil order, and in the profitable use of natural resources, and all at once acting on some new and violent desire, of which the end, if attained, bears no proportion to the efforts and sacrifices which it entails, and which often concludes in misfortune and disgrace. On the other hand, we have small bodies of men, banded together by some ideal association, attracting others to themselves till they form a power which spreads its sovereign will over immense spaces of the globe, or else remaining self-contained within a narrow local range, exercising an influence

almost infinite in duration over the intellectual destinies of mankind.

Keeping this in mind, let us go back to the foundations of society, to that instinct of association which, though powerful enough to account for the expansion of the family into tribal or other communities, could hardly, without some positive action of the imagination, establish an authority which could enforce the submission of the individual to the general advantage, and constitute a distinct political entity. Aristotle, the prime observer, speaks of man as a "political animal"; but, to make him so, it requires that the notion of city or country, of king or republic, should have been called into existence. Now this the primitive imagination accomplishes without distinction of worth between the poorest or the wealthiest nature, the happiest or the most miserable surroundings, and advances till that which was little more than brute self-defense becomes exalted into the virtue of patriotism. When centered on an individual it is arbitrary in its choice and indiscriminate in its application. The images of faith and confidence and love gather strongest round the chief when he represents both himself and a locality, and the hereditary principle is soon invented as the most convenient method of the continuation and transmission of the authority. Among the more imaginative peoples a divine origin of rulers is the ordinary basis of belief, and the language connected with this notion survives long after the belief is superseded. In the Oriental monarchies of Asia, and in the semi-Oriental empire of Russia, that "East without sun," the patriotic imagination still survives for all the purposes of absolutism, even when brought into immediate contact with Western civilization and subjected to the criticism of history. And when, by the transcendent energies of such men as Luther and King Henry VIII., the mighty image of spiritual authority that overshadowed the mind and heart of central Europe and England was shaken to its foundations, the popular imagination, eager for submission, intensified the authority of the divine right of kings. And now, in our day, in the very center of European culture and political thought, the persistent regard for the legitimacy of a royal race on one side, and the legend of a military conqueror on the other, are still enervating the natural unity and delaying the establishment of permanent government. The reasonable loyalty of a limited monarchy would itself fare ill without some imaginative associations, which the extension of education and political interest show no tendency to diminish.

To deprive patriotism of prejudice, and to substitute a sound judicial estimate of the real

merits and advantage each citizen enjoys for the collective enthusiasm that attaches to the image of country, would probably result, not in an extension of sympathy for a common humanity, but in a condition of moral indifference that would imply a national decadence as well as an indirect injury to mankind. But there is nothing in the progress of society to indicate any considerable advance in this direction. The existence of individual minds of such a temper may affect the course of speculation, and even of moral philosophy, but in the face of an aroused and angry imagination they will retire to the study and lament the limitations of the human intelligence.

Powerful as seem the operations of this faculty in the organization of society, they are weak in comparison with its effect in peopling the globe and dispersing the human race. The great migrations may have been from the less fertile soils and less pleasant climates to more productive and agreeable regions, but these benefits could scarcely have been tested before the multitudes set forth to cross mountains, traverse deserts, and fight their way against all comers toward the images of acquisition of land and gratification of appetite, and perhaps of ultimate rest. To us, who live in the fullness of time, these things are mostly matters of history; but we have under our eyes, and within the scope of our own immediate political relations, a vast empire sparsely peopled, with immense interests, demanding for their development capital and peace, with inhabitants for the most part gentle, frugal, industrious, and religious, unable to restrain a vague desire of increase, a greed of new dominion, to the loss of wealth which it can ill afford and life it can not replace, with no such excuse of wild curiosity as drove Attila to the walls of Rome, or of savage ferocity as impelled the hordes of Genghis Khan. What would have been the present material prosperity of Russia if, during the sixty-six years that have elapsed since her magnificent repulse of the French invasion, she had husbanded her resources and limited her ambition to the cultivation of her soil, the growth of her manufactures, the extension of her commerce, and the development of those peculiar institutions which combine a community of interests with reverence for authority?

By the side of this, so to say, waste of the imagination, we may place the advantageous part it has played in the progress of modern colonization. Stern necessity, such as we experienced a few years ago in the Irish famine, has had its share in the motives for emigration, just as there have been refugees from political discord, and exile from religious persecution. But these causes

would not have sufficed for a continuous exodus from prosperous and contented nations to distant and unknown shores. The countries familiar with the sea—Spain, Holland, and England—have naturally supplied the greater portion of the adventurers, but, with all facilities of transit, if the other realities of the change of life had stood out clear before them, by how few, comparatively, would they have been confronted! Even the lesser trials of a commodious age, the separation from friends and associations, the enforced loneliness, the break in habits, the confusion of orders of society, would have disheartened thousands, who with the image of a new world which they were to help to found, and other Englands they were destined to create, have merged the disappointments and disillusiones of individuals in the aggregate success, and realized the poet's dream.

Among the imaginative influences that affect, to some extent, the well-being of modern societies, there are none more worthy of consideration than those schemes and speculations for the improvement of the condition of the mass of mankind which are generally classed under the name of Socialism. They are for the most part benevolently designed, and even at the worst aim at an immense ultimate good, through certain intermediate sacrifices and sufferings. They represent the revolt of the imagination against evils which it refuses to regard as inevitable, and against the slow processes of improvement which it stigmatizes as base and cowardly. The literary shapes of political and social Utopias are endless, from Plato's Republic to Karl Marx's "Capital," and they are more necessarily connected with pillage and assassination than the Epistles of St. Paul with the Spanish *auto-da-fé*. The horrible follies and destructive stupidities of the Commune at Paris had far more to do with the physical effects of the long siege, which pathologists have specially designated as "*fièvre obsessionnelle*," and with the corruption of the forced idleness it induced, than with any theory of government by large or small communities, or even social envy, or division of classes. After the French Revolution of 1848 the amiable philanthropists of the time produced each his panacea for the evils and shortcomings of society—some of whom fairly tried their experiment in distant countries, and failed, as they no doubt believed, by the injustice of fortune. Others were put down by the strong hand of the law, others went on in chronic rebellion against the existing order of things under such chiefs as Delescluze, who was seen in the last hour of the Commune standing with his arms folded on a barricade, appealing against gods and men till the destined bullet felled him; others, like Louis Blanc, still brood-

ing over their theories and hoping against hope, not without the sympathy and kind regard of their fellow men. We here in England, who, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, have given to every man not only his *droit de travail*, but even his right to live without working, can afford to treat socialistic views with indulgence, while we absolutely deny their efficacy to reorganize mankind on better principles than have developed themselves under the process of constitutional liberty. We hold by the great standards of political economy, not as arbitrary rulers of right and wrong, but as the eternal laws of nature to which men submit, just as we do to the laws of gravity that pervade the material creation. At the same time, and from our very practical experience and understanding of these things, we doubt the wisdom of dealing with these extravagances by means of legal control and personal severity. For these notions live in the images that accumulate in the intelligence of leaders and masses of men—hopes unreasonable and infinite—combinations benevolent and impossible—theories indicative of virtue, but at the same time flattering to the vices of the human heart—all born of the lasting transformative hallucination which will not recognize the real and the inevitable, and will substitute its own impression for that of the surrounding universe. Against such an impalpable power legislation is impotent: it aggravates the very evil it attempts to remove, and it will fail in a persecution which, by the very constitution of modern society, it can not carry out to such a completion as of old trampled down religious liberty in Spain and Italy, and which engages against itself the sympathies and aspirations of generous minds.

For the hostile relations of mankind the imaginative force acts with eminent vivacity. Civilization has so far subdued the combativeness of human nature that personal conflict, so long the test of worth and the seal of honor, has fallen in some countries into entire disuse, and in others is only endured as a necessity for the protection of good manners. With us death in duel is murder, whatever be the provocation, and prize-fighting is assumed without any authority of statute to be a breach of the peace. The zest of cruelty which has had its open recognition and acknowledgment in the national sports of every people, and which lies so deep in the secrets of history, is now not only unavowed and unsatisfied, but is pursued by opinion and even by legislation in directions and with a zeal that would have been regarded by our ancestors as an infringement on personal liberty. And yet, let a state of war be once proclaimed, and all these scruples and humanities are cast to the winds. The moral and sentimental conditions are reversed, and a peace society which

tries to sustain them in their old positions clamors in the desert. It is not that any contradiction is admitted—it is that the collective imagination is directed in another channel. For the immediate agents the taking of life becomes a duty—the application of science to every form of destruction the best exercise of intelligence. Every noble nature, every unselfish instinct, is marshaled in the cause, and the good soldier becomes the ideal of humanity. His fortunes acquire an interest they would never have obtained in civil life, and his death confers a certain dignity on all who belong to him, which mitigates the sorrow of his loss. For the spectator on either side there is a totally different canon of sympathy than before existed. Even the miseries which fall so especially and so undeservedly on the non-combatants are, as it were, lost in the contemplation of victory or defeat. Within the last few months we have ourselves witnessed the indifference with which the multiplied horrors and abominations of the late war in Turkey have been regarded, in comparison with the compassionate indignation aroused by one occasion of barbaric violence that occurred in a time of peace, and on which the popular imagination had been arbitrarily fixed by an accidental political conjuncture.

For one more illustration of my subject, I will observe that the mere exchange of simplest articles of subsistence in the earliest social state implies a considerable mental act, and that the transition from barter to an arbitrary standard of value is an effort of the imagination more wonderful than any symbol that human ingenuity has since adopted, from the African cowry to the promissory note. The adoption of a metallic standard is easily intelligible from the uniformity and durability of the material, but the universal attraction of gold is hardly to be deduced from the pleasure excited by its brightness and color. The human imagination, however, seems to have fixed upon it with an especial energy, and its usefulness has been confirmed by the experience of ages. It had much to do with the intercourse of Oriental peoples, including those with which we are familiar in Scripture. It had a prominent influence in the irresistible fascination that led to the discovery of the other hemisphere, and in our own days it has brought the Anglo-American nation to the golden gate of the Pacific Ocean, and transformed uncultivated wastes into the granary of the world. Upon our own colonies the effect has not been as great, and certainly not as beneficial; indeed, if the labor expended on the gold-mines of the antipodes had been employed on almost any other object, it would have been productive of more wealth and happiness. Nevertheless, it has been a powerful agent in the immediate development of Australian prosperity.

However conventional the metallic standard of value may be, it is limited in production, and has a reality about it. Not so its paper representative, which is a purely arbitrary production, and can mean nothing except as the convenient counterpart of the coin into which it can be converted at the will of its possessor. And yet so forcibly has this symbol of wealth worked on the imagination of mankind, that every civilized country has been the scene of countless delusions on the subject of currency. We have all of us not only read the writings but heard the words of men otherwise intelligent, practical, and self-commanding, absorbed by the notion that an inconvertible paper is the remedy for all financial embarrassments and fluctuations, that a nation was only poor because it chose to be so, by limiting to a fixed sum its available wealth. At this moment, opinion on this subject is the main division of parties in the United States. Little wonder, perhaps, that the believer in so simple an expedient for the diminution of human suffering should be maddened at the stupidity of his fellow men who will not recognize it. And, indeed, if their force of imagination was equal to his own, it would go far, not, indeed, to justify an impossible theory, but to authorize its temporary application. For in times of violent excitement, such as a revolution or a civil war, paper money is all-sufficient for the daily wants of society, and the day when the assignat or the greenback becomes worthless may be so long deferred that the system seems to break down at last under external pressure, and not from its essential unsoundness. The fabric of national credit is at once the creature and the promoter of this aspect of wealth; and the column of your newspaper which is most under the dominion of imagination is not the record of fashionable folly, or the occasional fiction, but the sober money-market article and the state of the funds. I remember hearing Sydney Smith say "the greatest fools he had known in life were the three per cents," and any mature man of business would be inclined to agree with him, when the nature of the fears and hopes that affect their fluctuations is duly considered. As an historical application in connection with our national debt, it is impossible to conceive a more complete arithmetical delusion than that of the sinking fund, which, originated by Sir Robert Walpole in 1716, and sanctioned by Mr. Pitt in 1786, was continued by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer till 1824. As long as it meant only not spending a certain portion of a surplus, it was an economical process; but when it was maintained in face of a deficient Exchequer, the difference between the rate of interest at which money was borrowed, and at which purchases were made by

the commissioners, between 1793 and 1814, cost the country more than eleven millions sterling. Yet Mr. Wilberforce spoke of this system as almost a divine revelation, and Mr. Vansittart calculated the exact year in which the national debt would be paid off—I think it was 1830—and speculated on the difficulty the moneyed interest would have in finding investments after the event. It is difficult to explain by mere error of judgment this delusion of men versed in finance, and intrusted with the administration of national wealth.

When we pass to the private transactions of commerce, and the expectations of profits, which should rest on ascertained facts or a rigid calculation of probabilities, how strangely do we find the shrewdest men indulging in the wildest hopes, and communicating their beliefs contagiously to others! The very power of observation and detection is lost. The mine not only of dubious produce, but of dubious locality; the culture of land, not only barren, but inaccessible; the loan to states, not only indebted, but insolvent; the trust in some magical operation of coin and credit that shall create the non-existent; the extraction of dividends, not only from present but from future capital—these are every-day occurrences, beyond the combinations of fancy or the tale of fable. And who, for minds in this condition, for intellect thus dazzled and disturbed, for the moral sense thus damaged and abused, shall draw the thin frontier line between delusion and deception, between ignorance and fraud? Who can fix the moment in which the desperate hope passes into the criminal intent, in which the weakness of a divided responsibility overpowers the sense of individual action, and the man so lately endowed with a clear conscience and the good regard of his fellows becomes the ruin of himself, of those most dear to him, and of all who have confided, not only in his probity, but in his intelligence?

In the reigns of the applied sciences there is only one to which I will allude, on which the imagination seems to intrude to an extent that seriously affects our confidence in its operations, and of which I have never heard an adequate explanation. It might, indeed, be expected that the science which has for its object the mitigation of the evils of nature and the sufferings of mankind must rest exclusively on the observation of compensating forces and remedial phenomena. The medicine-man of savage life may start from some recuperatory instinct which induces him to believe in his own exceptional powers, but, without some rude experience of advantage, it is difficult to conceive the belief of other men in their beneficial efficacy. And when, in the processes of civilization, therapeutics have attained to the rank of a science, the physicist might expect to be able

to follow the track of its discoveries and the steps of its inductions in a distinct order, and without retractions and contradictions. If the disappointment of this expectation is attributed to the immensity and variety of the phenomena of human life, and the consequent incompleteness of the science, there can be nothing more to say. But it is difficult to reconcile this apology with the assumption of certainty in the effect of each system as it comes into common application. It is unnecessary to specify the different modes of the treatment of human infirmities, that have prevailed among the best authorities even during our own lives and in our own country, or to refer to such large mutations of world-wide practice as the use and disuse of phlebotomy, or the use and abuse of alcohol. Now each of those medical systems must have been founded on a certain number of experimental observations, and have had its inception in some physical theory. How, then, are we to explain the temporary predominance of each of these scientific conclusions, and in many cases their entire extinction? Assuredly it might have been assumed that their occasional failure was owing to too large an application to unknown and untested conditions, and not to an absolutely erroneous principle, so that the successor might eliminate the sound experience, and avoid the excess. But, just as the abundant imagination leaves the practitioner to regard the theory of the moment as all-sufficient, so the imagination of the following school strives to obliterate the utility of the past, and to establish itself as the sole authority of the time.

In considering how much abstract science has been affected by imagination, I need not revert to the commonplaces of the connection of alchemy and chemistry, or of astrology and astronomy; Zadkiel's "Almanac" still lives beside Lord Rosse's telescope, and a few years ago the price of bismuth rose extravagantly in the market by the formation of a company organized to convert it into gold. I can appeal to Professor Tyndall's generous lecture to the British Association at Liverpool, and direct your attention to the range of modern science which deals with phenomena which no eye has seen and no mind has conceived, to that composite and creative unity in which reason and imagination are so absolutely blent as to lead us into a world not less real than that of sense, and of which the world of sense is the suggestion and justification. The microscope reveals molecules beyond its power, and the telescope worlds beyond its range, and here observation would be arrested but for the imagination which comes to their aid, and anticipates the conclusions which it constructs and combines. And yet beyond this is a world of symbol and number, a world in which the imagi-

nation works alone, but under the strong and unbroken direction of the inductive reason—the world of pure mathematics.

I do not know that I can find a better turning point than this for the consideration of the method by which the mind frees itself from the tyranny of the images it receives, and asserts its own consciousness and liberty. In the morbid conditions already noticed, it is by painful and fitful efforts that the disorderly impressions are met, while in the normal and healthy nature the images take of themselves a certain form, and ask for organization and control. There is a thought of Immanuel Kant's which I have tried to concentrate in a distich :

Two things I contemplate with ceaseless awe—
The stars of heaven, and man's sense of law.

And in this we may well speculate how much, in all probability, the inward phenomenon owes to the external. The character of the movements of the heavenly bodies, in connection with times and seasons, must have gone far to impress on the susceptible mind of early man the sense of something beyond succession, and of a recurrence beyond accident or even arbitrary will. At any rate, it is by the action of law that the images are contained, arranged, and applied; and it is where and when that influence ceases that danger and disease begin. It is conceivable that the senses themselves may be limitations of perceptions, which without them would be infinite, but no such theory is necessary to explain the value of the subordination of the images we receive through the senses to some comprehensive law, whether it result in moral or social order, or in the knowledge of the phenomena of the universe, which we designate Science, or in the arrangement of form and color which is comprised under the name of Art, or in the combination of images and language which is signified by Poetry. Where the imagination has these legitimate outlets and employments, the peril of its unhealthy uses is largely diminished, and any notion of essential difference between science and art in this aspect arises from an entirely false estimate of both. Science is not the result of calculation alone, but of a synthesis which can not be attained without an act of the imagination as positive as could be the composition of a picture or a poem. It is thus that the appearance of a great mathematician or natural philosopher is as rare as that of a great poet. Art, again, must conform to the laws, among the thousands of currents considered by students of sound, or color, or language—to be anything but a confused and unintelligible fragment; and it is in the application of these laws that it finds its greatest satisfaction. No pleasure in scientific discovery can exceed the

delight and astonishment with which a youth discovers in himself an artistic or poetic capability: it is pathetically amusing to see how he conceives that he is a new phenomenon which the universe is bound to recognize. Thus, too, the scenes which in nature are commonplace become supernatural when he transfers them to paper or canvas, and the thought to which when in prose he would attach no importance becomes something divine when married to the music of more or less harmonious words. The young musical genius swims in an ocean of illimitable sounds, and possibly may have actual nervous sensations of his own, beyond the usual perceptions, just as to those without a musical ear all music itself is unintelligible. If to this contentment of the individual imagination in art may be added the necessity, for the production of any solid or important work, not only in our day but in all historical record, of the combination of genius with those very qualities of industry, accuracy, and perseverance, that are required for success in the ordinary walks of life, it will follow that there are positive as well as negative advantages in the possession and use of artistic powers.

But, because the faculty of clothing the images that invade or possess the mind in beautiful forms, attractive sounds, or delightful words, is not always accompanied by an equally balanced judgment or harmonious life, it is often assumed that the strength or fertility of the imagination is the cause of the deficient conduct of affairs, or the moral error—a conclusion not only unjust, but untrue. As a single example, which from the familiarity of the names may bring my meaning home to you, I would take a group of poets, whose characters are present to all your recollections: Cowper, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron. Now, Cowper, speaking of his inability to put the terrible religious despair that possessed him into words, says: "You may tell me, perhaps, that I have written upon these subjects in verse, and may, therefore, if I please, in prose. But there is a difference. The search after poetical expression, the rhyme, the numbers, are all affairs of some difficulty; they amuse, indeed, but are not to be attained without study, and engross perhaps a larger share of the attention than the subject itself. Verse is my favorite occupation, and what I compose in that way I reserve for my own use hereafter." His poetry was in truth the salvation of his reason. Coleridge said if he had not had two shelves in his mind, on one of which he could put his imagination and the other his daily life, his mind would have gone altogether. Shelley, in whose nature the tenderest and most noble intents were mixed with the most unruly and unhappy practice, was ever rising out of the moral confusion as his art developed, and but for

his untimely death would, to all appearance, have risen to an equality of his spiritual conception and material being. Byron, well styled the "poet of revolt," and lawless even in his verse, was nevertheless elevated by his art into passionate sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, and guided to the heroic end which crowned a self-indulgent life. I could enlarge this argument far further, by the story of the influences of other arts, but I must pass from the individual to the collective life, and ask you to discern how, if the most prosperous periods of nations coincide with their best artistic development, the prosperity is quite as much owing to art as the art to prosperity. The satisfied imagination imparts vigor to the other faculties by allowing other images to act surely and rationally on the public mind. The Homeric poems were the prognostication, as the art of the time of Pericles was the confirmation, of the political and intellectual grandeur of Greece. In Spain, in Holland, and in Venice, painting has seemed to rise and fall with the commercial and social ability of the people. In France, the constant employment of the popular imagination in the chief centers of national life, while often a source of political disturbance, has also sustained the heart of the country in disasters that would have overwhelmed a brooding and torpid community, and has repaired their material and mental life by the ever-fresh supply of present distractions and imaginative hopes.

I once asked a great musical composer whether there was not reason to believe that all the simple combinations of melody which make the most delightful airs had been exhausted, and whether the complicated music of the future was not a necessity in novel productions. He gave me the agreeable answer that there was a possibility of just as many future melodies yet unimagined as of those that had hitherto charmed mankind, and he probably had good grounds for this assertion in the mere arithmetic of combinations. In the plastic arts so happy a supposition is hardly probable. Their present condition seems to oscillate between bald repetition and ingenious distortion. Representation in stone or color, even without nobility of classic or the sweetness of mediæval art, may confer a pleasure of their own by accurate observation and affectionate study of nature, and in the infinite variety of the universe may find scope for an interminable series of effects and impressions. But the very

merit of this imitation excludes the sense of the ideal transformation which has given so deep a satisfaction to mankind. On the other hand, the present caricature in art and literature has not that continuous presence of contrast which gave grace and meaning to the old grotesque: absurdity is not only permitted, but prized for its own sake; and extravagant oddity is commended and admired, while, in truth, the mere confusion of images, whether of nature or of previous representations, is the very opposite of art, and affords no hope of future originality.

It is otherwise in the higher spheres of physical and mental speculation, where there is no fear of any relaxation of the imaginative forces. The formula which supplies so much contentment to present physiologists, the process of natural selection, assumes an instinct of fitness and beauty, not only in every range of animal and vegetable life, but in the apparently insensible elements of the universe. The bird mates for beauty just as a man might do, the insect selects and propagates the brightest flower, and the very crystal in the depths of the earth grows by its sense of form. Art is the very arbiter of nature, and the argument of design is no longer applied to an external power, but to the imagination, which becomes identical with creation itself. So, too, the faith which aims at the ultimate absorption of all philosophies and religions, the positivist doctrine, demands an act of imagination as difficult and abstract as has been required by any previous theology or theory of existence. The conception of humanity as the integer of which every part is consistent and sympathetic with the whole, the apotheosis, not of an individual but of the race, the preference of the immortality of the species to that of self, are imaginative propositions implying as complete an identification of the natural with the supernatural world as ever possessed and actuated primitive man. Thus the demands of our present complicated civilization, the pressing necessities of our crowded lives, the occupation of our manifold contests with the powers and uses of nature, all fail to hold down the human mind to the material wants and demands of the hour, to the exclusion of the infinite and irrepressible interest it takes in the images of the world about it, which sometimes subjugate the reason, but which, by strength of will and command of intellect, it is enabled to regulate, to transform, and to subdue.

HOUGHTON, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

INTOLERANCE AND PERSECUTION.

LET me make it quite clear what I here mean by intolerance; and I will not shrink from giving the word its fullest and most unpopular meaning. I mean by it, at least as I am now using it, potential persecution; and by persecution I mean the use of coercive measures to restrain a man, if not from holding certain religious opinions, at all events from communicating these opinions to others. Now such coercive measures can be applied only when the religion that is ready to persecute is allied to the state, and when in taking these measures the state will either act for or protect it. And therefore, when we say that a religion is intolerant, we mean that it would, if it could, apply the secular arm for the suppression of any intellectual forces that might be dangerous to itself.

And now let us ask what is implied in a man's holding any dogmatic creed at all? He does not hold such a creed simply as a truth. He of course thinks that it is true; but he thinks of it as truth of a special kind. He may, for instance, hold it true that "Childe Harold" has four cantos, or that there is no atmosphere in the moon. But though he holds each of these beliefs as firmly as he holds (let us say) that Christ died for him, their relation to himself is something very different. He might think men wrong for denying them, but he would gain nothing by restraining such a denial, beyond the possible gratification of his own personal temper. But it is quite otherwise with the truths of his religion. These, he holds, are not truths only, but truths on the recognition of which our whole well-being depends. They are, as it were, not mere facts of astronomy, but facts of astronomy bearing on the practical art of navigation. A creed he considers as the soul's nautical almanac, and his own creed he considers to be the only correct edition. And he may look on his creed in this light for two reasons. He may consider that there is something salutary in the mere assent to its articles; and he may consider this assent as of value also in its results upon practical conduct. We shall have to treat these two reasons separately by and by; but it is enough for the present that, for one or other, or for both of them, a creed is regarded by its adherents in the way I have just described.

This being the case, let us suppose for a moment that an entire nation is unanimous in its assent to a single creed, and that on this creed the whole value of their lives depends for them. Considering it to be certainly true, they

consider it necessarily to be the one legitimate conclusion of their moral and intellectual faculties; and any denial of it can therefore arise only from either moral obliquity or from intellectual imbecility. Suppose, then, that in such a nation a man arises who does deny this creed, and who can not be convinced that he is wrong in doing so. If he be not an immoral man, nor an advocate of immorality, the nation will regard him but in one light—that of a man suffering from a kind of mental ophthalmia: *as such*, he will be nothing but an object of pity, and if his case be evidently incurable, he will simply be left alone. But, if it should appear that his disease not only afflicted him, but was in a high degree contagious, it is evident that the only possible course will be to prevent any further intercourse between him and his fellows. He must be placed in a kind of perpetual quarantine. A writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette" has very recently made some excellent remarks on cases of this kind. "It is easy," he says, "to say that opinion can not be coerced. But this, in the first place, is true only of the small minority of mankind who are in the habit of thinking for themselves; and secondly, if it were true, it would only show that in some cases persecution is too late to be effectual. Not cure but prevention is the main object. A disease may be incurable as to the individual it has once fastened on, and yet the infection may be cut off by sanitary police."

Now here are intolerance and persecution exemplified in their simplest form; and, if we consider them in this form, their true character will readily become apparent. No matter what the creed be of the nation we are considering, be it Catholicism, Mohammedanism, or dogmatic atheism, let the nation be but convinced of the truth and the importance of it, and they will persecute for heresy, as surely as they will prosecute for theft. An officer is liable to punishment who wrecks the ship he is intrusted with. A quack would be equally liable to punishment who forces on the ship of the soul a falsified nautical almanac. In the eye of a nation which believes that a man's spiritual welfare is at any rate of equal importance with his material welfare, and that the conditions of both are equally certain, persecution is not a thing apart. It stands on the same basis as the ordinary state regulations, and is to be classed either with the enforcement of ordinary sanitary restrictions, or with the awarding of ordinary criminal punishments. With the first of these it is certainly

right to class it. The question is, Is it ever right to class it with the second as well? The heretic in the first case is treated as an involuntary leper. He is not punished for that; he is secluded only. If he tries to break from his seclusion and spread his leprosy, are we to treat the attempt as a voluntary criminal act, or merely as a symptom of the disease? The answer to this question is practically of no importance, as the measures taken in either case will be the same; but to glance at it in passing may help to give clearness to our view of the matter. There is another classification, however, of the aspects under which persecution may be looked at, which is something more to the purpose. We may look at it as curative, we may look at it as preventive, we may look at it as retributive. We may look at it as any or as all of these three. Its object, that is, may be to cure a disease, to remove a source of infection, or to punish a criminal. Now, that persecution can be a curative, we may regard as an untenable proposition; that it ought to be retributive we may regard as a doubtful proposition; but that whenever possible it must be used as a preventive, we may regard as a necessary proposition. It is, therefore, as a preventive only that it is really necessary to consider it.

Plato says that the nature of justice may be examined better in the state than in the individual; and we have just been examining intolerance and persecution in the same way. We have seen, as regards intolerance, that it is neither the vice nor the virtue of any one creed in particular, but that it is the common necessity of all creeds that are sufficiently definite to be capable of contradiction, and sufficiently important to be worth it. Thus if the Church of Rome is the only intolerant religion we have to deal with, this does but mean that she is the only religion convinced of its own authority. We have seen further, as regards persecution, that when there is a practical probability of its fulfilling its proper end, there is also a moral necessity for it. The one great point to remember is that this end is prevention, and that persecution, if it does not attain this end, will defeat it. The whole question resolves itself into one of practical judgment. If a whole nation be orthodox, and there be but one heretic, the success of persecution will be certain. The same may be said if the heretics be but two, or three, or four. But let the numbers increase, and the answer gradually ceases to be certain one way, and by and by it becomes certain the other.

Intolerance and persecution, therefore, though they are nearly related, and though the latter in certain cases may be the necessary result of the former, stand upon two quite different footings.

The one is a thing of necessity; the other of expediency. The one is a necessary judgment and a necessary solicitude; the other is an expression of these in action that is only sometimes possible. But this last, let us remember also, is, when possible, not possible only, but obligatory. I may give as an instance of my meaning, though this is only one that could be given out of many, the case of the Church of Rome in England. Suppose that Church in another fifty years were to gain a complete ascendancy in this country, and the deliberate conviction and the most valued hopes of the great mass of our countrymen were to be embodied in her, in the interest alike of intellect, of morals, and humanity, she would put a forcible check on all the arguments that could be used against her.

Doubtless this sounds sinister and illiberal enough; but it will cease to seem so if we examine it more closely. Such language as that I have just used is misunderstood generally for two reasons. It is forgotten, in the first place, how large the conditions are that must be fulfilled to justify persecution; it is forgotten, in the second place, what essentially persecution is. It is forgotten that to persecute with success, and therefore with justice, the religion that persecutes must embody the entire force, moral and intellectual, of the nation. Its ascendancy must represent the fact that a national decision has been come to; and that the national thought, whose freedom was for a long time anarchy, has at last arrived at more perfect freedom, which is order. It is forgotten, further, that persecution is not essentially a cruel or barbarous thing. It has been peculiar hitherto to barbarous ages; and it was conducted, naturally, in a barbarous manner. But this is only an accident of it; it is not the essence. How distorted the conception of it is in the popular mind, may be seen in the fact that a common synonym for it is *the stake*. But if persecution is really discredited by the barbarities that formerly attended on it, the administration of civil justice must be discredited in the like way. Torture was not peculiar to ecclesiastical trials, nor was the stake peculiar to ecclesiastical executions. It is not so long ago that men were hanged in England for stealing sheep. This was barbarous enough; but we do not therefore think that sheep-stealing should not be prevented. Nor, because it was a barbarous thing to burn a heretic, is it necessarily a barbarous thing to prevent the spread of heresy. If ever persecution were again revived in the world, we may be sure that its aspect would be as much changed and softened as has been that of secular justice.

The only general objection, then, that can be urged from without against intolerance is that on

religious matters there is no certainty attainable; and intolerance is only decried in the present day because it is a protest against this opinion. Macaulay said that the Puritans disliked bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the men. In the same way, modern thought sets its face against intolerance, not because intolerance denies certainty to others, but because it claims certainty for itself.

There are, however, other objections from within that it will be also well to deal with—objections that will be more cogent with those who have some basis for intolerance than with those who disclaim any. The simplest of these is the respect that is due to the conscience. Let there be but one man a heretic in a nation, and let all the rest be orthodox, it may still be felt by the orthodox that if the man be in good conscience he should be allowed to practice his religion and, so far as in him lies, to promulgate it. Mr. St. George Mivart, among modern English Catholics, has lately urged a liberal view like this. But if the persecuted minority in question be really in good conscience, the answer to this position is not difficult. When it is a duty for the majority to persecute, it is a privilege for the minority to be persecuted; and if they are not enough in earnest to accept the pain as a privilege, they very certainly deserve it as a punishment.

Further, the dogmatist, in times like ours, may be perplexed possibly by the following question: "How can he reasonably advocate intolerance, when it is only through the tolerance of others that this advocacy is rendered possible?" The answer to this is that he lives in unfortunate times, and tolerance is at present, on all sides, a provisional and unfortunate necessity. When the fever of opinion has got to a certain pass, it must be allowed to run its course. Any check would be fatal. In days like ours, if we regard the world as a whole, there is no body of believers that could possibly persecute with advantage—that is, that could apply persecution to its one legitimate purpose. Persecution is, as it were, a pair of bellows, the one use of which is to blow out the fire of heresy. But at present it would blow it up instead of blowing it out. When, therefore, it is said, as it so often is said, that the Catholics of to-day would persecute with the same vigor as ever if they only had the chance, these words, if they mean anything true at all, can only mean this—not that Cardinal Manning, for instance, would imprison or burn Dr. Tyndall to-morrow, if the law would only allow him, and if he could do so without obloquy; but that, were the whole condition of things changed, and were Dr. Tyndall's views regarded by the vast majority as nothing but the embodiment of an

ignorance that was just plausible enough to be mischievous—that then, in a state of things like this, the majority would take what steps it could to prevent this mischief from spreading.

The great point to remember is, that intolerance is but one facet of all certain beliefs that have any practical import; and thus it can only be condemned on one or both of the two following grounds—that religious beliefs are either essentially uncertain, or that they are essentially unimportant. Intolerance, then, is but the necessary temper of dogmatism when confronted with other opinions. Or we may say that it is the name of every dogmatism, as translated into any other language than its own. But the question of persecution is not one of principle at all. It is a question of expediency only, and of practical politics. The general thesis that it is right or that it is wrong to persecute has no more meaning by itself than that it is right or that it is wrong to administer castor oil. It is a matter that depends entirely on the circumstance of the moment. That supposed error can, under certain circumstances, be checked or extinguished by persecution, must be admitted on all hands; and also that, if it be worth extinguishing, it ought to be extinguished. And we by no means admit that medicine is not an excellent thing on occasions, because there are conditions of sickness when it would do more harm than good.

A Catholic, then, can maintain quite consistently that toleration is theoretically an evil, even though the prospects of his own creed may for the present largely depend upon it. For toleration can have no existence except where there are many opinions to be tolerated; and when there are many opinions in the world about one important subject, the larger part of the world is necessarily in disastrous error. Toleration, therefore, may fairly be called an evil (and the same applies to persecution equally well), inasmuch as it is but the name for a way of bearing evil; just as patience under a calamity, or a painful struggle against it, are really names for that calamity as falling on a patient or a resolute man.

But though on due occasion the Catholic Church would be doubtless as ready in the future as it has been in the past to express its spirit of intolerance in the practice of persecution, it is to be observed that a very important change has grown into that spirit, which would be sure to influence the character of the practice. Catholicism, it is observed commonly, is essentially opposed to progress: it stands apart from and unsoftened by the progress of mankind outside it. Nothing, however, can be more untrue than this. The moral sense of the Church is a thing for ever capable, not indeed of change, but of development; and the Church's way of regarding

heresy and atheism is a noticeable instance of this. In former times she invariably regarded these as crimes; now she is growing to regard them as, at least in most cases, misfortunes. Her intolerance is, therefore, gradually losing its old vindictive character. And this change seems to have come about from the recognition of two facts; of which, while they both make misbelievers seem less deserving of consideration, the second makes misbelief seem even more so.

The first of these facts is the general intellectual confusion in which the world is at present, and the evident desire for light in many who proclaim most loudly that for the human eye, when open, the only possible spectacle must be always but darkness visible. In other words, the existence of invincible ignorance is becoming more and more clearly recognized.

The second fact is, though less obvious, perhaps even more important. It is, that erroneous opinions must not be judged by their immediate fruits. They may take a long time before they become practically operative, and thus, though their present exponents may themselves be excellent men, the results of the system they advocate may be by and by practically execrable. The history of Protestantism, though it is not an *example* of this, is an excellent *illustration*. The original reformers did not deny the validity of dogmatic teaching themselves; on the contrary, they strenuously supported it; and for a long while their position, thus far, seemed a secure one. But, as time has gone on, the real meaning of their position has become slowly apparent. It is seen that their principles have an application far wider than they ever dreamed they could have; and this application is now being made daily with a more and more pitiless logic. Protestantism is dividing itself into sects more and more numerous, and these naturally regard each other with an increasing tolerance. They have nothing to hold them together; they have no common standards to appeal to; and thus, each for a time having claimed exclusive truth for itself, the conviction is now dawning that it can rationally be claimed for none. But it has taken three centuries to make this quite evident—to deduce the theological conclusions of Dean Stanley from the theological premises of Luther. In the same way the present advocates of atheism or agnosticism may themselves be moral men, just as Luther was a dogmatic man; but their morality, in the course of years, will meet with the same fate as Luther's theology. This view of the matter will at once justify the largest charity toward atheists, combined with the most absolute condemnation of atheism. It will enable us, without the least confusion of either thought

or feeling, to love the former while we hate the latter.

This absolute dependence of morality upon religion, or rather the interdependence of the two, is of course denied by many. But I am speaking now from the standpoint of those who admit it; and these include many who are opposed, theoretically, alike to dogmatism and intolerance. Sir James Stephen himself, than whom no one on religious points could be less dogmatic, has said that, to see the moral value of a belief in God, we must wait to see a generation grow up on whom this belief has not had the slightest influence; and then he says, "the light thrown on the subject may prove possibly to be a very lurid one."

All this I have just said as to intolerance and persecution is, I am well aware, not new. My arguments, as it were, lie upon every man's table; but, to judge from the language heard and the ideas held so commonly, they lie in general in a state of litter and confusion, which renders them worse than useless for any practical purpose. In a former paper I described my aim in writing as that of an intellectual chimney-sweeper. I may compare it, in the present one, to that of an intellectual housemaid. I have been trying to arrange the litter which every man has at his elbow—to sort and dust his thoughts for him, and show him what they really come to.

There are one or two things further that still remain to be said. The matter in question may be rendered clearer, if we look a little more narrowly into our own daily practice, and see how much of intolerance, and of persecution also, of necessity enters into them. Let us consider the law of our own country first. That law is largely based upon certain definite views as to morality, and is to a certain extent enforced by reason of them. There is a certain censorship of the press and of the theatre; and there are certain offenses which, simply from their supposed immorality, are treated and punished as crimes of the gravest kind. Now all these are offenses which, from the principles of modern agnosticism, may not only be logically defended, but can not be logically blamed. When the law, therefore, punishes them, it acts strictly as a religious persecutor. It is the expression of the intolerance of a moral dogmatism. The man who gives a sentence of penal servitude for a revolting moral offense, and the licenser who prohibits a play because of its violation of decency, are respectively in the exact logical position of an ecclesiastical persecutor. If, then, there is any degree of immorality which the law will be justified in prohibiting, any speculative opinions which will lead to such immorality must surely fall equally within the law's cognizance. The most tolerant

of men would probably not wish to tolerate the opening in Piccadilly of a public temple to Priapus, nor even the delivery of lectures in which men were urged to his practical worship, let the speculative ground of this teaching seem never so sound and rational. Or let us take the theory of medicine. A quack is at perfect liberty to theorize about such matters as much as he pleases, and to publish his theories. But if the publication of such theories could be proved to infallibly result in the sale of poisonous drugs, the law would very soon step in, and the publication would be prohibited. We may come nearer home than this. What is the education of any child but a system grounded on intolerance and carried out through persecution? If a Protestant mother keeps a Jesuit out of her house, that, in its own degree, is a religious persecution. If a father burns a licentious book, lest his boy shall read and be corrupted by it, in burning that book he, so far as is practicable, burns the author of it. Law-suits often arise, in these days, between parents of different religions as to which shall have the religious care of the children. What is it that, on either side, each parent claims? It is the right to a religious persecution on the child's behalf.

Finally, if persecution should still seem such a barbarous thing to contemplate, and such a sinister thing to anticipate, let us again remember what is its only possible end and its only legitimate condition. Regarded in its usual and more extended sense, it can fulfill its own end only when it represents the conviction of the vast majority; and if ever it be again had recourse to in the future, let us consider what that conviction it represents will be. It will be the deliberate and the solemn conviction of every one worth considering in the world; it will be a conviction led up to or sustained by every branch of human study, every exercise of the human intellect, and the need of every human emotion that humanity agrees to reverence. In other words, a religion, to persecute in the future, will need to represent and embody the entire intellect, morals, and force—in other words, the whole higher humanity—of the nation that arms it for this purpose. Until some religion does that, persecution is a thing we need none of us fear; when it does that, it is a thing that we shall all of us welcome.

W. H. MALLOCK, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

VERIFY YOUR COMPASS.

OF the many ethical errors to which humanity is prone is one which is curiously common, and yet against which, as curiously, we are little on our guard. It is difficult to correct, because it is not easy to recognize. It is not that we are habitually given to follow our impulses—that error is too universal to be astonished at, or written about. It is that we are so apt to be proud of our failings, to worship our weaknesses, to canonize our defects, to mistake the beacon which should warn us off the rocks for the lighthouse which was designed to direct us into port—to enthrone in our blindness the very qualities and fancies and predilections which we ought sedulously to watch, and severely to imprison—to dress them up as idols and then worship them as gods—to glorify them with a hallowed name, and then to obey them with a devoted loyalty which is almost touching, and which would be admirable were it not so easy, so mischievous, and so tenacious. We take, as our guide in life, some Will-of-the-wisp which is the mere miasma of our fancies and our passions, and follow it

as if it were the Pillar of Fire which was sent to point our course amid the pathless desert and the forest gloom. We do this in all sincerity—often indeed almost unconsciously; nay, it may even be that those who fancy themselves virtuous, and who pass as virtuous in others' estimation, are specially liable thus to swerve from the true line; and then when we have gone far astray and have done much wrong, some of us pause amazed and aghast, and a few—very few indeed—perceive their error and repent.

Probably of all qualities which have done most business in this way one of the most notable and most rarely recognized is that which goes by the name of Conscientiousness. In noting the curious amount of mischief this has wrought in the world, as well as the smiling self-approval and inflated complacency of the perpetrators, we are provoked to inquire whether this may not be the most active of the faults which contrive to get themselves canonized as virtues, or at least knighted or coroneted as such, by an inconsiderate and hasty public.

We have most of us the misfortune to be connected, or at least acquainted, with a man who is a "slave to his conscience," and who prides himself on being so. The Italians have a special word for this particular sort of pride; they call it *pavoneggiarsi*—to peacock one's self. Probably we shall agree that of all our circle of associates such a man is often the most provoking, unmanageable, incalculable, and occasionally the most cantankerous. He does not reason on ordinary principles; he does not act on commonly received doctrines; he is not guided by the axioms or habits which govern the conduct of the mass of men. You never know where he may turn up; and when he has turned up anywhere, you can scarcely ever move him. "He must," he tells you, "act uprightly—*fiat justitia ruat calum*. He must do whatever his conscience directs"—and sometimes his conscience whispers very odd commands. Sometimes, also—which is more to our present purpose—other voices usurp the functions of conscience, forge its exact signature, speak in its name, and imitate its very tones.

Often what a man takes for the dictate of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse, a caprice, a crotchet, which an undisciplined mind can not distinguish from the deliberate decision of a competent intelligence; and the more impetuous the impulse, the more sudden and vehement the caprice, the more it is likely to represent itself to his imagination as a sacred command of the monitor within. There are some persons who can no more discriminate between a desire and a duty than others who have a mere smattering of arithmetic can cast up a long addition sum right. Yet these are precisely the characters most prone to be dogged and persistent in their noxious blunder, and to dress it, both to themselves and to the world, in the gaudiest guise. How frequently do we meet with men, incapable of injustice or cruelty themselves, who will defend the most scandalous instances of both if perpetrated by women whom they love, and maintain that "chivalry" forbids them to do otherwise; or who, if they themselves had wronged a fellow creature, would be prompt with the amplest apology, but who would repudiate as pusillanimous the suggestion of enforcing similar atonement when a wife is the offender!

In most instances of this sort mental confusion or defect must bear the blame, because it really is the origin of the faults which are laid at the door of conscientiousness, and unrighteously suffered to pass under its name. But in five cases out of six mere conceit is the *fons et origo mali*; and in such the deceitful veil should be rudely torn away—not the less rudely because

the deceit is often self-deception, and genuine self-deception too. We are all of us probably familiar with men—usually young men or narrow-minded men, often mere prigs and puppies—who affect a course of action, or a standard of right and wrong, at variance not only with that of the general world (which might often be permissible enough and even praiseworthy), but with that of those whom they are bound to defer to, and can not but respect, whom in their secret hearts perhaps they do respect—not only fathers and mothers whose character they can not fail to reverence, whose experience they must recognize as at least affording a *prima facie* probability of wisdom, and whose views they know to be the very reverse of inconsiderate or low—moralists by profession, whose tone and thoughtful depth only the most presumptuous could dare to question. They venture to condemn where their teachers would acquit, and to admire where these teachers would reprobate or deplore; to become enthusiasts in a cause which older and wiser men regret, and which in riper manhood themselves are certain to abandon. They are "conscientiously" resolute in acting up to their own convictions, fancying all the while that they are more deep and far-sighted than others, when in truth it is only that they are more inexperienced, and pluming themselves on the simplicity and purity of their vision, while their shallowness and narrowness are leading them astray. Life abounds in specimens of this class, and the character is a favorite one with novelists.* They are often cured, but usually too late. They sometimes repent of their errors, frequently outgrow them, but not till they have done endless mischief, and inflicted incalculable pain, and perhaps embittered and embarrassed their whole after-life. Meanwhile the plea of conscience, and the supposed obligation of obeying the orders it issues as those of a despot by divine right, enable them to escape alike condemnation and contrition.†

* "Literary and Social Judgments," p. 135.

† Mrs. Gaskell's beautiful novel "Ruth" affords an excellent instance. Ruth, innocent and beautiful, left an orphan and without connections, is turned out of doors at sixteen by a rash and hasty mistress, in whose establishment she had been placed to learn dress-making; and, not knowing whither to turn in her despair, is persuaded by a gentleman, who had already half engaged her youthful fancy, to accept shelter and assistance from him. She goes astray, scarcely if at all conscious that she is doing wrong, but from a gentleness of nature that never dreams of resisting the influence of those she loves. . . . The process by which her character is purified and elevated, and her fault redeemed through the influence of Mrs. Benson and her passionate attachment to her child, is described with a fidelity to the deeper secrets of our nature as beautiful as it is unique. Among the members of Mr. Benson's congre-

Often, again, what is called conscientiousness is simply the egotism of a willful and intolerant nature. We are passionate advocates of our wrong opinion because it is ours; we insist upon following our mistaken or mischievous course for the same reason, and because our unchastened temper is impatient of contradiction or control; we make a virtue out of one of the most dangerous and offensive of our vices. We sail under false colors, and go through life a sort of moral pirates, carrying a lying flag at our masthead. Occasionally the case is even worse, and it is pure love of power which uses the plea to throw dust into the eyes of an unpenetrating and indulgent world. A position of command—about the weightiest burden of responsibility which can be laid upon a scrupulous nature—is too constantly exercised merely as the privilege of an imperious volition; and the pressure of obligation which might be in danger of paralyzing action in a truly conscientious man is scarcely even felt by one who only credits himself with being such, and fancies he is discharging his duty when he is, in fact, only obeying his propensities.

Probably, however, the most notorious and flagrant instance of conscientious crime is religious persecution. It is also the most widely spread and the most enduring. It has been the curse and the obloquy of mankind for the last eighteen centuries. It did not exactly come in with Christianity, because specimens of it, or what looks like it, are traceable in classic times, and the temper and ideas which are its excuse and inspiration now were partly at least its inspiration among the early Israelites in their treatment of the Canaanitic tribes; but it can scarcely be denied that its prevalence, its systematization, its

gation is a wealthy and influential merchant, Mr. Bradshaw—the very distilled essence of a disagreeable Pharisee; ostentatious, patronizing, self-confident, and self-worshipping; rigidly righteous according to his own notion, but in our eyes a heinous and habitual offender; a harsh and oppressive tyrant in his own family, without perceiving it, or rather without admitting that his harsh oppression is other than a grand virtue; yet driving by it one child into rebellion, and another into hypocrisy and crime, and arousing the bad passions of every one with whom he comes into contact; having no notion of what temptation is, either as a thing to be resisted or succumbed to, for the simple reason that all his temptations—those of pride, selfishness, and temper—are yielded to and defended as virtuous impulses; prone to trample, and ignorant of the very meaning of tenderness and mercy. This man, reeking with the sins Christ most abhorred, turns upon the unhappy Ruth (who, after six years, had become governess in his house), as soon as he learns her history, with a brutal violence and a coarse, unfeeling cruelty which we need not scruple to affirm constituted a far greater sin than poor Ruth would have committed if her lapse from chastity had been persistent and deliberate, instead of being half unconscious, transient, and bitterly and nobly atoned for.

elevation to the rank of a duty and a virtue, is due to those who would monopolize what they abuse—the name of Christians; and Islamism, which commands the extermination of infidels, only follows our example and betters our instruction. It would almost seem as if the habit and the principle of persecution had begun with the first dawn of a true faith, had spread with the spread of monotheism, and had culminated with what the world has agreed to recognize as its purest and loftiest form. Nay, more, it must be admitted, we fear, that the spirit of religious intolerance has been rampant just in proportion as belief has been enthusiastic and dogmatic, and that the periods of most earnest convictions have precisely and invariably been those when persecution has been most active and most barbarous.

Now, while unquestionably this form of misguided conscientiousness is of all the most noxious and desolating, it is probably at the same time the most honest and the most logical. While as wrong-headed as any, it has in it less of semi-conscious self-delusion or self-indulgence than most. It has in it more of principle and less of passion. No doubt that impatience of difference of opinion to which we are all so prone, and that domineering temper which is among the least amiable of our faults, lie at the bottom of much religious intolerance, and are mixed up with nearly all; but the doctrine which really dictates and sustains persecution—without which it could scarcely have survived the growth of our intelligence and the increasing tenderness of our nature—is a legitimate inference from the gospel teaching, a false conclusion and conviction common to nearly every Christian Church, professed by nearly every sect of sincere believers, and warranted, it is vain to dispute, by the Scriptures which nearly all accept. The received creed, which we are only slowly beginning to outgrow or to expurgate, pronounces that men's salvation depends not on what they do, but on what they think; not on righteous conduct and a Christian spirit, but on sound dogma and correct belief; not on being imbued with and governed by "the mind which was in Jesus," but on having accepted right ideas as to who Jesus was and what he taught. Till this fatal notion is exploded, Christianity can neither bear its destined fruits nor deserve its borrowed name. So long as it reigns paramount, religious persecution can neither be denounced as illegitimate nor represented as iniquitous. If my eternal salvation really depends upon the faith I hold, it is impossible to argue that any severity, any barbarism, any oppression which offers the prospect of converting me to the faith that opens the gates of heaven, may not be the most righteous and kindly treatment to pursue toward me—is not, or may

not be, not only a justifiable course, but a sacred and a solemn duty. "The theory of persecution," it has been well said, "would be invulnerable if its major premise were not unsound."

To mention other instances in which "conscience" is quite astray, or rather in which what calls itself conscience must be content with the more appropriate name of prejudice or ignorance, we may refer to two which have cropped up not unfrequently of late. The error in each case maintains itself upon a scanty but undeniable fragment of argument and fact.

The "Peculiar People," as they are termed by those they puzzle, are a small sect of Christians of the most uneducated class, who, if their children fall ill, refuse to have recourse to ordinary use of drugs or doctors, but pray over the invalid and leave the issue of the matter in "the Lord's hands." If the child in the course of nature recover, they thank God. If he die, the British magistrates commit the parents for manslaughter, as having neglected to employ the recognized means of cure. Both the law and the offenders have much to say for themselves; and the parents, *granting the assumed premises common to both*, have undeniably the best of the argument; they are the closer logicians, but the greater fools. They plead: "We are ignorant and simple folk, but we must obey our consciences. Our teachers, Christian lawgivers, Christian magistrates, Christian ministers, all agree in telling us that the New Testament is the best guide for people like us, and indeed they say an infallible guide for all. Now, James, an inspired apostle of Christ, speaking in the Holy Scriptures (James v. 14, 15) saith, 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' We acted as God by the mouth of his prophets ordered us; and 'whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye,' as another apostle, Peter, said." Whereupon the magistrate, if he be an honest man, is considerably puzzled; if he be a skeptic, he replies that such is not the law, and that he must obey the law, and that the peculiar person is very ignorant and simple (which is precisely the groundwork of his argument); if he be an ordinary believer, he mutters something about unlearned folk "wresting Scripture to their own destruction," abuses him for want of sense, and assures him that he is mistaken in his interpretation of the Testament. But both alike send the unfortunate defendant away with his sentence of fine or imprisonment added to the loss of his child, quite unconvinced, greatly shaken in his understanding

by this conflict between law and Scripture, probably fancying himself a martyr and his condemnor a cruel oppressor, and at all events resolved to sin again. But no one regards him as a man who can "afford to keep a conscience" or is entitled to so high a privilege.*

Another set of unqualified devotees of conscience are to be found among more educated circles, and have more to say for themselves. Their error is traceable less to want of knowledge than to partial and incomplete knowledge. We refer to those who refuse to have their children vaccinated, as the law requires, on the plea that the (vaccine) lymph used for the operation has, or may have, become vitiated by long transmission through the human constitution, of which it may have contracted, and does occasionally convey, some of the impurities, and even some of the diseases—one, at least, certainly of the most offensive. The fact on which the plea is advanced is admitted—is undoubtedly valid for requiring the amendment and modification of the law; whether it ought to be recognized as warranting violation of the law may assuredly be questioned. The arguments *pro* and *con* lie in a nutshell, and the premises on which they are founded are not disputed. Small-pox is about the most loathsome disease to which our race is liable, and was for long the most fatal. It was also the most rapidly and inescapably contagious. Nobody could argue that it concerned himself or his family alone. Every small-pox patient was a risk and a probable agent of death to all with whom he came in contact. Vaccination, when pure and well administered, used to be an *almost* absolute preservative. It is so still, even as at present administered, in ninety cases out of every hundred. Still, it is admitted that the lymph employed is not as good as it once was, having been "*humanized*," as we are assured, to the extent of *two and a half* per cent., and even diseased in quality in *very rare cases*.† But vaccine lymph procured direct from the animal has been introduced in Belgium (and now, we understand, in St. Petersburg) with the most complete and

* We must observe, however, that the most decisive argument of the magistrate in favor of enforcing obedience to the common law is that the father is dealing with the case of his children; he is playing, as is believed, with the lives of others, not with his own. He is charged with manslaughter, not with suicide. Now, no man is entitled to be *whimsical* in dealing with the lives of others. Justice as well as law (as far as may be) requires that these shall be governed and determined by the common sense of the world at large. You may not choose to take physic yourself; but you are not entitled to deny it, any more than food, to those whom you are bound to support.

† See Sir Thomas Watson, "Nineteenth Century," June, 1878.

unexceptional success, and without the slightest liability to the objection which has to some slight extent given countenance to the aversion which has arisen here. With this amendment of the system once introduced, it becomes obvious that the law of "compulsory vaccination" is a righteous one, and that the dislike and opposition of any individual to a beneficent arrangement determined by the sense, and appointed for the safety, of ninety-nine of every hundred in the community qualified to form a judgment, ought to be sternly overridden. Conscience is a far more unendurable plea for disobedience in this case than in the last. There disobedience threatened only the life of the offender's child; here it threatens the lives, health, and comeliness of thousands of his fellow citizens.

The practical conclusion to be drawn from all these considerations, stated nakedly and broadly, would strike most persons as somewhat startling. It is this: that conscientiousness in its absolute form—that is, being a slave to your conscience, always doing what it tells you to do—is commendable or defensible only on the preliminary assumption that you have taken every available pains to enlighten and correct it. You can be safe and justified in obeying it implicitly only when you have ascertained, or done all in your power to ascertain, first, that it is qualified to command; and, secondly, that what you take for conscience is not in reality egotism, ignorance, incapacity, intolerance, or conceit under a thin disguise. To make sure of this is no easy business. It requires not only good sense (a much rarer gift than we fancy), but great intelligence, a cultivated mind, modest as well as earnest searching after truth, to entitle a man to give himself over to his conscience. Never must he be allowed to plead it as an excuse for mistake or wrong. In fine, and in plain truth, it is not every man—perhaps we might say it is but few men—that can *afford* to keep a conscience—a conscience of this absolute and imperious sort at least. To direct floundering or blinded souls, just as much as to cure diseased bodies, needs a license and a diploma from some college competent to confer such.

In the navy, and I believe in the merchant service as well, it is the practice as soon as a ship is ready for sea, or ordered on an expedition, to pass her through a preliminary ceremony, known technically as "being swung." It is absolutely indispensable; she is not held to be fit for duty till it has been performed. It consists in *verifying her compasses*—ascertaining by actual and minute comparison with compasses on shore that those instruments by which she is to direct her course throughout her voyage are perfect and accurate, *point aright*, are impeded in their operation by no fault of construction, and liable to no deviation from the influence of disturbing attractions. As a matter of fact the magnetic compasses of few ships are found to be thoroughly exact, or to point truly and precisely to the north—sometimes swerving from that direction as much as ten degrees, and owing this variation most commonly to the position and amount of iron of which the ship is partially constructed. Before the ship is suffered to sail, this variation must be either rectified or, as is more commonly the practice, registered and *allowed for*. It is obvious that, unless this were done, not only would the vessel not know for certain whither she was steering, nor arrive except by accident at her intended port; but that ship, cargo, and the lives of the crew might every day be wrecked on any hidden rock or headland—in fact, that her course and fate would be at the mercy of chance.

In the case of ships setting forth upon voyages across the Atlantic Ocean all this anxious caution is observed lest the guiding instrument to which they trust should be imperfect or misleading. Yet men habitually set out upon the voyage of life—far longer in duration, beset with perils from rocks and hurricanes immeasurably greater, and fraught with issues incontestably more serious—with a compass as their guide which they trust as blindly and obey as implicitly as any mariner who ever sailed the seas, yet which in countless instances they have never been at the pains to test before installing it in a position of command, and which they seldom if ever pause to question, verify, or adjust.

W. R. GREG, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

SOME MODERN ARTISTS.

FORTUNY.

FORTUNY was probably as original a genius as any that the art world has ever known, and no less so in the shortcomings than in the successes of his work. With a power of drawing detail as marvelous in its way as that of Meissonier—nay, really more marvelous, because attained seemingly without effort—he would nevertheless habitually leave at least half of his work hardly begun. With a power and ease of composition which I have never seen equaled among modern painters, he habitually disdained to compose at all, and threw his figures together with an insolence of neglect that can hardly be expressed in words. There would be—as, for instance, in the picture of the Alhambra, in this gallery—a little bit glowing like a jewel in the middle of the picture, finished with the most delicate minuteness, and all round it a bare plastered wall and paved floor, destitute alike of interest and beauty. He would paint, as in a little picture here, a woman's figure with such delicacy of contour and light and shade as hardly to be surpassable, and he would surround it with a mass of coarsely daubed, dull-green paint, representative of absolutely nothing. There was a little picture here of a Bedouin Arab on a horse, against a white wall, man and horse certainly not more than four inches high, in which every detail of horse and man was rendered with a fidelity, and yet a breadth, which, as I have said above, could only be compared to a Meissonier, without the labor. That was the great attractiveness of the man's work, it looked so easy. It was hard to persuade one's self that any one could not produce similar results. Another very peculiar characteristic of it was its almost perfect use of *bright* color. Sense of the real beauty of color (in gradation of tint) Fortuny, I believe, had little or none, but it seems to have been positively impossible for him to use wrong color in combination. He puts the brightest of all bright tints together—azure against emerald, and gold against rose; he heaps them one upon the other in a reckless prodigality of strength; and yet, as far as I have seen, he is invariably justified by the result. To me, these pictures of his (and I happen to have had the opportunity of living in the same house with one for several years, during which time I studied it thoroughly) are stupefying, in their contradiction to all my preconceived notions of art, and I can compare them with no-

thing that existed previously. That the man, despite his genius, was all wrong with himself and his art, I do not think any one would doubt for a moment; but as to referring his work to predecessors and a school, I can not do it. The effect of this work on the mind of the Italian and Spanish artists seems to have been almost immediate—probably followed directly on its recognition in Paris, where the artist's paintings sprang at once into popularity. Always ready for the contradictory and the bizarre, the style of Fortuny was the very one to captivate the French mind, and to this day his reputation is greatest in Paris. But the Italian and Spanish artists saw simply the facility and the beauty of the work, saw the perfect mastery over bright color, attained apparently without effort and with little labor; saw that if color could be so manipulated, the subject matter of the picture was of little importance, and that if they could once master the secret of the work, they might go on producing *ad infinitum*, without the exercise of thought; and so, missing in their narrow interpretation what was undoubtedly the fact, that Fortuny's genius was great, and his pictures wonderful, not *because* of his method, but *in spite* of it, they set themselves deliberately to work to copy his eccentricities, in the hopes of sharing his fame. Such is an exceedingly weak and imperfect, but, I believe, in the main, correct view of the rise of the Fortuny school in painting, that school which at present includes nearly all the artists of Italy and Spain. I do not know how to bring the style of the pictures vividly home to my readers. Try to imagine a world where there is no sunlight or shade, but over everything a ghastly glare (such as the gas companies tell us is the effect of the electric light), and then try to imagine crowds of people, in dresses of the most varied hues, moving rapidly about, intent upon nothing. Banish from their faces every trace of emotion, nobility, and thought; fill in the background with emerald trees, azure sky, and clouds of dust; and then you will have a typical picture of this school.

It is the old story of Cræsus, after all; the artists have gained their wish, the only thing wanting to complete their triumph was the one essential that they never thought of acquiring. They have produced Fortunys by the dozen, by the thousand, but they are Fortunys only in their errors. The method and the trick have been learned more or less successfully, but the light of genius which redeemed them both is for ever wanting.

MILLAIS.

WITH regard to Millais, I am in doubt whether I can make my readers clearly understand, in a few words, the extraordinary merits and defects of his work. Every one knows what his early work was; every one remembers the "Ophelia" and "The Huguenots," and perhaps some have even seen the "Apple Blossoms," the most typical works of this painter in his younger days. Many of my readers are probably also readers of Anthony Trollope's works, and if they will take the trouble to turn to "Framley Parsonage" or "The Small House at Allington," or, best of all, "Orley Farm," they will be in a position to judge of what Millais might have done, as well as what he has done. In those early pre-Raphaelite days (Millais was one of the three original "Brethren") there were three things that Millais did better than they had ever been done before. The first, and the greatest, was the expression of emotion; the second was the power of investing the most simple incidents with a grace and beauty which have only been equaled by one man (Fred Walker), whose work I will speak of directly; the third was the reproduction of animal and inanimate nature faithfully, and yet in perfect combination and subordination to his chief subject. Had he continued as he began, had he lent to the pre-Raphaelite school the influence of his keen sense of beauty, both of emotion and nature, it is impossible to say what the English school might not have been at the present time. I do not judge of any man's motives, and I will not raise the question here, but, from one cause or another, Millais forsook his old ways, gradually turned his attention to portrait and landscape painting, became fashionable, and threw his influence mainly against the school he had once belonged to. When I think of the "Ophelia" and "The Huguenots," and then of the series of pictures called "Yes," "No," and "Yes or No," the change seems to me almost pathetic—that a painter should begin his work with the noblest deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism he can find for subjects, and end by painting a "brown ulster" and a beef-eater's uniform, for those are practically the chief subjects of the two last large figure paintings of this artist! The realism is still there, my readers will perhaps say. Yes; that is just the whole point of the question. That is what I want to lead my readers to see clearly, if I may, in this article—that realism is not noble in itself, if it have no higher object. Realizing an inkstand or an ulster will not give you a picture; what you want to realize is the beauty which dwells in nature, and also the relative degree in which various natural objects possess it; and you can not stop even there—that

will give you beauty, but only that of death. The next step is the all-important one, the one which can only be taken by one man in a thousand, and which he must take, unless he is false to his art and himself. This is simply the connection of material beauty with immaterial thought. I wish I had space to dwell longer upon this. I should like to try and show how all nature really depends for its chief interest on humanity; how dead and cold it becomes the instant all trace of man's thought, interest, and emotion is removed from it. I once tried to show this (in an article devoted to the purpose) to the readers of the "Spectator," and straightway a lot of wiseacres thought I wanted a man in the foreground of every picture, and set to and abused me for so doing. So it is with fear and trembling that I let this sentence stand—that the simple copying of nature, no matter how minute or skillful, will never make a great picture, or a great artist. An artist must not only see more clearly than other people—he must also see *more*; he must, if he is to be an artist in anything but name, see those hidden significances in commonplace things, that poetry of the ordinary which, in another form, is revealed to us by the poet. Like him, too, his work must be

. . . . bravely furnished all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth;
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

THE GREEK ARTISTS OF ENGLAND.

By Greek artists I mean those who follow, either in subject or theory, Greek art. They are five in number—Watts, Leighton, Poynter, Alma-Tadema,* and Albert Moore. Now, of these, the first and perhaps the last are Greek in spirit; the other three only in form. For instance, let us take Leighton's "Music-Lesson"—a mother teaching her child to play some stringed instrument. I am not going to say a word against the beauty of this picture; as a specimen of skillful painting, and as a piece of delicate color, it is a perfect feast for the eye; that the delicacy of the skin and its transparency of tint are too great to be natural is, I conceive, exactly what the artist intended—his reading of the fact that what the Greeks sought in art was beauty. But is this the right interpretation of what the Greeks meant by "beauty"? Do these soft robes of palest sea-green and blue, with their golden embroideries, harmonize with what we know or imagine of the stern simplicity of Greek art? This waxen rose-

* So long domiciled in England and so well known, that I mention him here, though I believe he is French by birth.

leaf complexion and coral lips seem more fitted for an Eastern harem than for rocky Ithaca, and the sentiment involved is essentially modern. That is to say, no Greek would have considered the scene fit subject for art. It may be said, and very likely will be, that this does not profess to be a Greek picture, that you may ascribe it to any country you please; but what I want to insist on is that the artist, in everything he has ever painted, has made the chief object of Greek art his chief object—that is, “beauty”—and that with all his great powers of coloring and draughtsmanship—and in both his powers are exceptionally great—he has mistaken the way to attain his end; and the reason is evident. The Greek knew only of the beauty of perfect form and heroic endurance. Take, for instance, the Venus of Milo, and the Laocöon; into his admiration of that he could throw his whole soul. Suppose he had been doubtful whether perfect form was the most noble thing in the world. Suppose that the mass of the people among whom he lived certainly thought otherwise! Do you think he could have produced the work he did? Nobody will say for a moment that it is likely. Well, if that be the case, what chance is there for a modern artist, who seeks to rival the Greek on his own ground, while he feels—must inevitably feel—that he is pretending all the time? The purely sensuous element of Greek art had, by the circumstances of the national life and religion, various refining elements inextricably mingled with it; perfection of form with the Greeks was a sign almost of godhead. So I come to this, that “beauty,” of the Greek ideal, can not be produced on a modern artist, among a people whose ideas of excellence have a totally different basis from the old classical one; and that all attempts to infuse into modern work the spirit of ancient times must from the very nature of the case be failures. A man must paint with the spirit of the age he lives in if he paints at all; all attempts at retrogression must necessarily be failures; they remind me of George Eliot’s powerful picture of Mr. Casaubon “groping amid the ruins of the past, with a farthing rushlight.” The way in which Leighton errs, though even in error he is greater than nine tenths of his fellows, is this—he has deliberately refused the better part; beauty and truth have come to him as they came to Hercules, in the old fable, and he has rejected truth and chosen beauty, and the consequence is that his pictures are dead and cold, and have become more so year by year, till now they are indeed (in the words emblazoned round the Academy gallery)

Fair-seeming shows,

and nothing else. I must not say more on this

head, though I feel how excessively inadequate my words have been to express correctly the view I hold.

Poynter’s work is always, or nearly always, classical in subject, but he is perceptibly influenced in his treatment by the old Italian masters, especially Michael Angelo. With an almost absolute precision of drawing, he is, as compared with Leighton, as a cart-horse with a racer—rough strength, instead of swiftness and symmetry. If his subject requires delicate or graceful treatment, his work is unsatisfactory; if it needs strength of color and depth of feeling, it distinctly fails; but if the artist take a subject in which mere accuracy of detail and power of composition are wanted, and in which his magnificent drawing of the figure has full and varied expression, he produces work which, though still cold and academic, still producing less pleasure than astonishment, rises to a height of skill which is almost genius. The two pictures which Poynter has in Paris, “The Catapult” and “Israel in Egypt,” are of this latter kind, and in the latter work what I have said is particularly exemplified. I have called this artist Greek in form, and certainly his preference has hitherto been for showing the beauty of form and action rather than that of thought, and his subjects have been chiefly what is called classical; but in the same way that Leighton has failed to catch the spirit of the Greek work, Poynter also has failed; he, too, is groping with his rushlight. Study of the antique, at South Kensington and the Academy; admiration (and perhaps imitation) of Michael Angelo, and continual grappling with difficulties of complicated drawing, of attitude and action—all these, joined to a firm hand, a clear eye, and great industry, will do much; but they will not bring to life again the grace, beauty, and unconsciousness of Greek art; as I said above, they will give us its form, but not its spirit. I should be doing this artist less than justice, were I not to say a word here of the great excellence of his portraiture, especially in water-colors. I know of nothing in modern portraiture, with the one exception of Watts’s best work, which surpasses the four or five women portraits exhibited by Poynter in the Grosvenor Gallery of last year (not last season). There was in them a mingling of refinement and strength, and the coloring, though rather subdued, was as admirable as the drawing and composition. Of Tadema I will not say much; the classical part of his painting is hardly more than the outside, but that outside is so perfect a reproduction of antiquity, that it almost satisfies us—almost, but not quite. To this remark there is one broad exception, difficult to explain shortly, and which will, I fear, sound as a very harsh criticism. It is this—that though

in Tadema's works there is little or nothing of the spirit of Greek art and life, nothing, that is to say, of its unconsciousness, strength, and flawless beauty, there is in them much of the spirit of Roman art, of costly, luxurious degradation. I do not say this without hesitation, but with the firmest conviction of its truth, and I think that I see the reason for it: The inner life of Paris at the present day bears no slight resemblance to the life of Rome in its decadence; the spirit of those degenerate classical times differs little in essentials from one phase of modern life. It is in his unconscious faithfulness to the *nineteenth* century that Tadema has caught the truth of the *second*. I have said that Watts is true to the spirit of Greek art, rather than to its form, and I can well fancy that in this many of my readers will utterly disagree with me. Nor can I convince them. The intensely religious character of the best Greek art is well enough known, but I doubt whether many people have thought of the predominance of this in Watts's painting. Yet it is evident enough, only its religion, as the present time understands religion, seems not to be fixed upon a solid foundation of belief, but only to be desirous to find some point in which all may agree. Such, if I mistake not, was the meaning of the painter's large work, "Dedicated to all the Churches." And to me much of the unconscious beauty of Greek art is reproduced in Watts's work. The picture, for instance, of the dove's flight from the Ark, exhibited some years since at the Royal Academy, had this element, and it appears in nearly all the artist's portraits. Again, two of the most striking elements of Greek art are simplicity, both in aim and the means employed to produce the desired effect, and of both of these elements Watts's works have a large share. Lastly, there is one idea which runs through Greek art, and may be traced most plainly in all their poetry—that is, the inevitableness of Fate, the comparative insignificance and impotence of human passions, when confronted by "Necessity." In many of Watts's pictures is this thought expressed, notably in the two which have been, during the past two seasons, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery—"Love and Death" and "Time and Death." For these and many other reasons which I need not dwell upon here, I have called Watts a painter of the spirit, as opposed to the form of classical art, though I do not seek to conceal from my readers that the underlying sadness of his work has no parallel in that of ancient times. As much as is possible to us, in these later times of change, of the simplicity and earnestness of Grecian work has, I think, been preserved by this painter. Of such kind are the works of those of our great figure-painters who

devote themselves to the representation of classical times, and of the painter who derives his inspiration, though not his subjects, from the same source; and perhaps in this list should be included the work of Albert Moore, which, though not of such assured merit or reputation as these others, has yet many merits peculiar to himself. Never, probably, in England have the folds of clinging drapery been painted as this artist paints them, their subtle intricacy rivaling that of the drapery on the Ionic fragments of statuary in the British Museum.

LESLIE.

LET me now turn to the work of another group of figure-painters, at the head of which stands George Leslie, R. A. A graceful if not a vigorous draughtsman, endowed with a clear perception of the beauty and innocence of girlhood, and with keen sympathy for the brighter aspects of English landscape, there are still in Leslie's work some fatal errors which prevent it from doing much to interest us. After all, it is not England, nor English life, at all events not "the way we live now," that we find in these pictures; these graceful girls casting roses into the stream, these good children gathering round their quondam schoolmate, or singing "Home, Sweet Home," in the old-fashioned schoolroom, are graceful, pure, and idyllic, but—are they natural? Would not all this artistic simplicity rather weary one if it did exist, and have any of us ever seen anything like it? It is a dream of the present, as Leighton's work is a dream of the past, redeemed only by the artist's tenderness of feeling. This narrow rendering of one side of things is more marked among figure-painters of this school than any other. Thus, for instance, Mr. Marks, recently elected an Academician, makes us laugh; Mr. Frank Holl, in like manner, causes us to weep; Messrs. Orchardson and Pettie play on our fancies for the picturesque and dramatic—and so on *ad infinitum*; and the one is ludicrous, and another sentimental, and a third pathetic, to the end of the chapter. But Marks will not leave off his "middle-age grin," and Holl will not paint anything but the hour after death, and Pettie does not think a man worth depicting unless he has got on a buff jerkin or a suit of armor; and the consequence of it all is, that their pictures grow less interesting year by year. It is impossible for artists to deliberately restrict themselves to one phase of feeling, and one archaic kind of subject, without growing year by year more narrow in mind and duller in thought.

HARRY QUILTER, *in the Spectator*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is considered desirable by some persons that the States of the Union should have in the Senate a proportional representation, based on population, and the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to secure this end has been discussed by some of our contemporaries. The New York "Evening Post," while of opinion that any discussion of the question is idle, inasmuch as the necessary consent of three fourths of the States to such an amendment could not now be secured, argues as follows :

It [the fifth section of the Constitution] declares that Congress, or a convention called for the purpose, may propose amendments which shall take effect when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the States, "provided," among other things that are mentioned, "that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Suppose that this section never had been incorporated with the Constitution. Will it be pretended that the instrument never could be amended? Scarcely; for that the power which makes a written law, whether legislative or organic, statutory or constitutional, has the power to abrogate it wholly or to modify it, seems as clear as anything can be. That the nation in its sovereign capacity—whether we call it a confederacy of States or the people of all the States, as the final source of power, acting together—can for ever deprive itself of the right to act again in its sovereign capacity, to reconsider what it has done, and to do something different, is a proposition which can not be entertained for a moment. Even if the fifth section had not been adopted, if no specific provision for amendment had been made, the right to amend would still have existed. The fifth section merely directs how amendment shall be conveniently made. The right to amend applies to all parts of the Constitution; to one section as well as another; to the fifth section as much as any other. The Constitution may be changed in respect to the provision for its own amendment in the same way as in respect to every other provision. The fifth section, if this position is correct, may be amended not only in its substantial declaration of power, but also in its proviso; in its prescription of a method of amendment, and in its exemption of a particular part of the Constitution from amendment.

We do not agree with the "Post" that this question need not be discussed for the reason that there is no likelihood of its becoming a practical issue as the States now stand. It is best to inculcate correct views of the Constitution at times when the

people are not blinded and inflamed by partisan zeal; and, that wrongful issues regarding the Constitution should not be opened, it is necessary that we should all study that instrument, and master both its letter and its spirit. The time may come when the large States shall be numerous enough to attempt a senatorial subordination of the small States, and hence it is timely and wise for us now to consider the validity of such a change in the organic law by which this could be brought about.

The argument which we have quoted from the "Post" is plausible, and in a certain sense sound. It is true that three fourths of the States have the power to amend the Constitution in any way they may determine; there is no legal authority superior to them; there are no practical means of restricting their action. Whether we consider the Constitution an organic law or a treaty, an ordination or a compact, absolute power rests with three fourths of the States to make and enforce any change in the Constitution they may see fit. But such an exercise of power in many instances would be equivalent to conquest; it would be the force by which the strong subdues the weak; it would be a violation of the rights of the minority, and a distinct disregard of the pledges given at the time of the formation of the Constitution. It is well known that the small States would not consent to enter the Union unless some distinct guarantee was given that their integrity and their rights as States should be preserved. The proviso of the fifth section of the Constitution, which declares that no amendment of that instrument shall abridge their equal suffrage in the Senate, was intended as an express limitation upon the power that a majority of three fourths of the States might exercise. It was a pledge to the smaller States made necessary by their attitude at the time, it was a pledge which they accepted as a perpetual guarantee of their equality in the Senate, and this pledge can not now, nor at any time, be disregarded without a flagrant violation of faith.

It is impossible in dealing with the Constitution to escape the fact that, in some particulars at least, it was a compact or treaty. The proviso which we are considering is clearly in evidence of this fact. The power which makes a written law is competent to abrogate or change that written law; but, when several powers unite to make a common law, special considerations come into operation, and this was the case with the adoption of our Constitution. "The

people of all the States acting together," is the picture drawn by the "Post," but no such thing ever occurred, no such thing can occur, under the arrangement which makes us a Union. The several peoples of the several States acted, not together, but each community for itself, and each acted in view of the concessions and declarations made by the rest. The people of Rhode Island did not act with the people of New York; they acted separately, at a later date, and their decision referred solely to the attitude of their own State, although governed by the attitude of the peoples of other States. This special feature gives a special characteristic to the affair. Generalizations in a matter like our Constitution will never do. Being a product of concessions and compromises, broad statements about "sovereign capacity" and the "will of the people" are peculiarly misleading. The complex system by which the States are bound together must be considered in all its fullness. How unsafe it is to rest upon any generalization is well illustrated by the fact that the first sentence of the preamble to the Constitution and the last clause of the document distinctly contradict each other: the first affirming that the people "ordain and establish"; the other, in referring the instrument to the States for ratification, showing that they did no such thing.

There is one other point. Three fourths of the States have such power as numbers confer to amend the Constitution as they may determine, but every amendment should, in justice, and in the spirit of the Constitution, bear upon all parts of the Union alike. There is no way to enforce this principle, but it is a principle nevertheless. An amendment that established proportional representation in the Senate would be an amendment that operated specially upon the smaller States: while nominally applying to all equally, it would really be an amendment discriminating against certain parts of the Union, thus operating specially and not generally. So long as amendments to the Constitution concern all the States equally, no great harm can come of them; but, if a three-fourths majority can inflict disabilities upon a one-fourth minority, the Union becomes a danger and a threat, rather than a protection and a guarantee. A little reflection will show that this theory of an absolute right to make the Constitution that which the majority elect it to be, is fraught with startling possibilities. According to this doctrine, if the people of three fourths of the States become Roman Catholic, the Constitution at their behest can be so amended as to make the Roman Catholic religion compulsory upon the people of all the States. The guarantees in the Constitution

of religious liberty, just like all its other guarantees, must go for nothing if at any time there arises a majority sufficiently large which at its pleasure may overthrow them. It is obvious that the guarantees of the Constitution must be regarded as sacred. Whatever amendments or changes may be necessary to secure its harmonious working are proper things to be brought about; but all amendments or changes that strike at its elementary principles, that do violence to the pledges and assurances that it utters or implies, should be resisted to the last—should be stamped as nothing less than perfidy.

THE NUDE IN ART.

CERTAIN literary and art folk have so prompt and arrogant a fashion of stigmatizing everybody as a Philistine whose opinions differ from theirs that not a few people shrink from controversy with them. Perhaps this dread of being classed among the Philistines arises from a vague and apprehensive idea as to what a Philistine is, and what it is that really constitutes Philistinism. These persons are much like the market-woman in the oft-quoted anecdote, who burst into tears upon being called an hypotenuse. That a Philistine is a person whom artists and poets cover with intense scorn, they readily see; but how to avoid being a Philistine, how to discover the mark by which a Philistine is known, how to escape the damaging epithet, are ceaseless puzzles and perplexities. And yet with all the care in the world few can escape the offensive classification, for what layman can assent to all the notions and wild theories that obtain in the studios and in the Bohemian circles of the beer-gardens? To take a literary view of art—which means, we believe, to judge of a picture by its motive and story rather than by its *technique*—is to be a Philistine; to assume that art and poetry are not the highest things in life is to utter rank Philistinism; to intimate that morality should be a force and a factor in the arts is to show one's self wholly incapable of discerning the high purpose of aesthetics, and as a consequence to merit being cast into the darkness and dreariness of Philistinism for ever. No art topic is so dangerous in this way to laymen as that of the propriety of nudity in art. The dictum of the studios is that not only is it proper to depict the human figure "as God made it," but that he who shrinks from displays of this kind, who questions their righteousness, who believes or fears that they do not exercise a good influence upon the imaginations of impressible people, is not only a Philistine, but a prurient one; he is a person whose

carnal tendencies have not been chastened and purified in the high atmosphere of the Bohemian attic. Some recent controversies on this theme induce us, notwithstanding this lordly attitude, to muster up a little courage and look these utterances in the face.

In a recent paper read before the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, England, Mr. P. H. Rathbone affirmed that "the nude human figure—male or female—is not only a fit subject for art, but is the noblest and most elevating of all subjects that art can treat"; that "to say that the crown and glory of creation is an improper subject for art is to accuse the Creator of obscenity"; that he was prepared to maintain it to be "necessary for the future of English art and of English morality that the right of the nude to a place in our galleries should be boldly asserted." But let us quote from him more fully:

The human form, male and female, is the type and standard of all beauty of form and proportion, and it is necessary to be thoroughly familiar with it in order safely to judge of all beauty which consists of form and proportion. To women it is most necessary that they should become thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of the ideal female form, in order that they should recognize the perfection of it at once, and without effort, and so far as possible avoid deviations from the ideal. Had this been the case in times past we should not have had to deplore the distortions effected by tight lacing, which destroyed the figure and ruined the health of so many of the last generation. Nor should we have had the scandalous dresses alike of society and the stage. The extreme development of the low dresses which obtained some years ago, when the stays crushed up the breasts into suggestive prominence, would surely have been checked had the eye of the public been properly educated by familiarity with the exquisite beauty of line of a well-shaped bust. I might show how thorough acquaintance with the ideal nude foot would probably have much modified the foot-torturing boots and high heels which wring the foot out of all beauty of line, and throw the body forward into an awkward and ungainly attitude. It is argued that the effect of nude representation of women upon young men is unwholesome; but it would not be so if such works were admitted without question into our galleries and became thoroughly familiar to them. On the contrary, it would do much to clear away from healthy-hearted lads one of their sorest trials—that prurient curiosity which is bred of prudish concealment.

Now, we have only to glance at the past of mankind to see that in all ages and in all countries the instinct of every people has been to drape and conceal the person. Even the rudest savages make some slight attempt to cover up their nakedness, while every race as it emerges from savagery indi-

cates its progress by its multiplication of apparel. There is no state of nature in which human beings are wholly unconscious of nakedness, animals alone enjoying this lofty superiority to evil. That which was originally an instinct has been strengthened by custom, until clothes have become almost our second selves. Hawthorne, being much wearied and even disgusted with the excessive nudity in art everywhere in Rome, affirmed that in our developed civilization we are fairly born with our clothes on. It is certain that the human race, civilized or half civilized, is now known only in its habiliments. Everywhere men and women protect and conceal their bodies and limbs, guarding their persons with watchful care as something sacred to themselves. There are and have been some modifications of this principle, but modesty has always essentially been looked upon as one of the first of the virtues. From the earliest infancy this principle is instilled—from childhood every rightly trained person is taught to respect, to hold apart, to veil this "crown and glory of creation." How is it, then, that that which is so reverently covered up in actual life may be so fully revealed in art? How is it that, if

The chariest maiden is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon,

that maiden beauty may be unmasked in painting and sculpture for all the world to look upon with unconsciousness, without a blush, without a suspicion that it is wrong? Of course, it is impossible. Instinct and education unite in declaring that if nudity is inadmissible in fact it must be inadmissible in all forms of imitation. Every modest person looks at first, we are convinced, upon nude art with shrinking and inward questioning; and it is only by a train of artificial reason, by a suppression of instincts and natural impulses, that he teaches himself to think it permissible. Civilization has made a mystery of the person, whether wisely or not, and it is simply impossible for art to uncover this mystery without grave consequences. Art, moreover, is never content with depicting the female figure simply and severely, but idealizes it on the side of voluptuous beauty, enriches it with every fascination of line and tint, carves it with every elaboration of skill, in order that it may appeal distinctly to the senses and the emotions. Realistic nude art would often be disenchanting enough, but what nude art is there that is not purposely made seductive, that is not intended to fascinate and allure? It is asserted that familiarity with the human figure in art would deaden the impressibility to it, but this it is not easy to prove or deny. Art is prolific and free among in-

flammable peoples; but, while some may believe that nude art has not stimulated passion in these communities, it is certain that it has not restrained it.

The attitude of the artist in this matter is necessarily different from that of the layman, and explains his views of the subject. It is affirmed that it is impossible to learn to draw the draped figure accurately without a knowledge of the conformation beneath. If this is true, life-schools are necessary, and it is easy to see how pupils at these schools may draw from models without falling under the influences which nude art exercises in public galleries. The artist here is on common ground with the surgeon or physician in many delicate duties, when an important and special purpose dominates all other ideas. The student is delighted with the admirable lines and curves of the human figure; he is struggling to master the difficulties of form and expression, and hence his attitude is wholly academic. But he is in error when he assumes that this academic relation to art does or can exist generally among laymen. The feelings that a beautiful form excite in the artist are certain to be different from those which spring up in the breast of the ordinary observer, who is sure not to be occupied with questions of execution or artistic scholarship, but with the emotions which take possession of him. The affirmation so often made that nudity in art is to be accepted because "to the pure all things are pure" seems to us very foolish. It is just because we are not in this sense pure that the propriety of nude art is questioned. Sexual passion is implanted in all healthy natures, which it behooves us to keep under subjection, and in order to do this it is only wise to avoid temptation in every form.

NOVEL-READING.

It is one of the settled things to sneer at novel-reading, but it is nevertheless one of the settled things to read novels. There are many persons who seem to fear that their intellectual superiority would be questioned if they failed to express their contempt for novels, for which purpose they have always at hand a number of set phrases; but we suspect that even these lofty persons take occasion once in a while to indulge themselves in a good work of fiction, for if there are any men and women who never read a novel their imaginations must be

... as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.

But even many of those readers who frankly confess that they like novels are apt to look upon novel-

reading as an indulgence that at best is not specially harmful, and that for really intellectual enjoyment they must go to other kinds of literature. That there is a good deal of idle and feeble novel-reading there is no need to say, but there is a fashion of judging novels solely by their weak and foolish examples, whereas other branches of literature are judged by their best. There is a great deal of dull and even foolish history, and a good deal of thin gruel in the essay and the homily. People who sneer at the novel, and many who apologize for it, seem to be ignorant of the breadth and height it has attained in the hands of the masters. In an address written by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, and read before the Church Congress recently held at Cincinnati, we find the following well-put argument:

We must allow that there are all sorts of novels, as there are all sorts of society, and that fiction swarms with vitality akin to that of nature in her range from humming-bird to vulture, spaniel to tiger, and from rose and lily to nightshade and upas-tree. We must choose from fiction as from fact, and both belong to our being and our birthright. We have part in each of the great schools of romance—the revolutionary school, that began the new fiction; the historical school, that sought to counteract its madness; and the realistic school, that now carries the day and tries to unite revolution with history in its telling portrait of things as they are in themselves, and their essential laws and principles. The great stories of our time belong to this realistic school, and they deal with the facts of actual life. Kings and queens, as such; fine gentlemen and fine ladies, and their costume and etiquette, have gone by, and the thing most cared for, even in regard to them, is the real pinch of life, the actual motive or passion, the pain or pleasure that gives color or form to their experience. Everything that occupies or interests men and women now goes into romance, and is treated with the most accurate observation, the most earnest thinking, and the most diligent art. Love, of course, is and is likely to be the main topic; but all other things go with it and are made to be its ministers—all sciences, arts, ambitions, enterprises, crimes, charities, affinities, hatreds, aspirations, all go into fiction, and are often treated with such depth and power that it is no longer proper to call the novel light reading, as a matter of course. In fact, much fiction is in a sense severely scientific, and aims to set forth the personal impulses and social instincts as forces of nature and subject to the same laws of selection and fatalistic destiny as material phenomena.

As many readers may be surprised at finding a clergyman defending novel-reading in these terms, it is only just to add that the reverend gentleman does not fail to enforce the necessity of careful and wise

selection, and of proper self-restraint so that even "the best novels shall make a moderate proportion of our reading." The significance of the extract we have quoted is in the recognition of the novel as an intellectual force, as something more than mere story-telling. Every person of alert and sympathetic intelligence will realize the truth of the assertions that Dr. Osgood makes. It is true that many readers are almost wholly insensible to the deeper purpose and psychological significance of the novels that they read, and find in them little more than a stimulus to emotional excitement, but do readers of this intellectual caliber find any higher significance in other forms of literature? Is biography to them anything more than gossip, or history better than a

record of intrigues at courts or of exciting conflicts on the battle-field? What does any person get from books more than idle entertainment if his reading is not penetrative and searching, if it is not pursued with a studious spirit, if the imagination does not go with the theme into its depths and its reaches? To an attentive reader a novel may be full of earnest thought and high philosophy; it may give insight into character and into periods that is invaluable; while grave books in the hands of cold and inattentive readers will be sure to afford no illumination and awaken no thought. In view of these facts, it is time it came to be generally recognized that "light reading," so called, is always simply that which is lightly read.

Books of the Day.

AMERICAN literature seems to acquire a new dignity in being made the subject of such a work as Professor Tyler's painstaking and elaborate History,* the scope of which is so comprehensive that two goodly-sized volumes are required for the survey of the Colonial Period alone. The work is something more than a literary history in the ordinary sense—that is, a descriptive chronicle of authors and writings with which the public at large is apt to be tolerably familiar. Early American literature is, as the author says, a neglected literature; and it is certain that the great majority of readers will be made aware for the first time, through Professor Tyler's researches, of the variety, the copiousness, and the richness of the materials which await the student of our literary annals. These materials, so far as they belong to the Colonial Period, are reached only with great difficulty. Of many of the most important works but very few copies are extant, and these constitute the jealously guarded treasures of a small number of libraries and private collections. To the greater number of students they are, of course, entirely inaccessible; but by diligence, persistence, good fortune, and by availing himself of that sympathy with his undertaking which would naturally be felt by all who are interested in American letters, Professor Tyler has been enabled to survey them all; and the accumulated results of his long years of laborious gleaning are brought together in his History. This history possesses at least one charm which can never be possessed in quite

equal degree by any similar work. American literature is the only literature which can be traced through all the intermediate stages from its first infantile accents to the multitudinous chorus of contemporary utterance; and these initial volumes, in particular, have that picturesque interest which attaches to the description of all beginnings.

The plan of Professor Tyler's work is quite different from that of the previous works in this field with which it would naturally be compared—the compilations of Kettell, Griswold, and Duyckinck. He has not undertaken, as he explains in his preface, "to give an indiscriminate dictionary of all Americans who ever wrote anything, or a complete bibliographical account of all American books that were ever written": what he has aimed to furnish is a "history of those writings, in the English language, produced by Americans, which have some noteworthy value as literature, and some real significance in the literary unfolding of the American mind." In other words, he has aimed to be, not an annalist or a cataloguer, but an historian; not to produce a mere chronological record of the procession of books and authors, but to discriminate between the significant and the trivial, to fix the relative place of writers and their writings, to trace and explain the influences from without and from within which shaped thought and expression, to establish the point of view from which we are to regard the various works brought to our notice, and to reconstruct for each period and author what Taine calls the *milieu*—the surroundings, conditions, circumstances, and antecedents which must all be taken into account in forming an adequate and true judgment.

Such a work is not only one of great labor and difficulty; it devolves a very grave and solemn responsibility upon the author—so much so that we

* A History of American Literature. Vols. I. and II. The Colonial Period (1607-1765). By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 292, 330.

should be inclined to say that the qualities requisite for the satisfactory performance of it are quite as much moral as intellectual; that conscience is quite as important a factor as industry, insight, or skill in composition. Applying this test, we are glad to be able to say that, after the capacity for patient industry which it exhibits, the quality of all others for which we should praise Professor Tyler's work is its conscientiousness. The author has taken no hackneyed or second-hand opinions, nor passed judgment upon books from casual examination or hearsay testimony. He has consulted the originals for himself, formed his own estimates, and records his own conclusions, for which he is always able to give a good reason and a citation of evidence. Moreover, through his reference in the foot-notes to the sources of his information, and his constant and copious reproduction of illustrative passages, he has rendered it easy to check and test his conclusions at every point, and to decide how far they conform to or diverge from the evidence on which they profess to be based. At the same time, while sparing no pains to make them correspond to the facts, there is no lack of clearness and precision in his verdicts. Readers may either approve or dissent from Professor Tyler's conclusions, but they can not complain of them as being hazy, or indistinct, or incoherent. They are the judgments of a man who has mastered his materials, and who is conscious of having mastered them.

It should be said in qualification of this high praise that the most difficult portion of Professor Tyler's task—the real test of his adequacy to it—is yet to come. So far his work is descriptive and biographical rather than critical, and whether he will be able to weigh and measure and establish the relative place of the authors who have really made American literature remains to be seen. Had he applied very rigidly to these earlier writings the standard which he will have to use during the remainder of his history, he would have left himself no materials to work upon; for it must be confessed that the Colonial Period produced little or nothing that possesses "noteworthy value as literature," and that in dealing with this period on such a scale it has been necessary to accept as literature almost everything that was the product of the pen or the printing-press. For this reason these earlier volumes of Professor Tyler's work are more interesting as a picture of a people, and for their portraiture of personal and local character, than as a history of literature pure and simple; but they reveal enough of the method and quality of the author's criticism to win the confidence of the reader, and to make it certain that whatever Professor Tyler may have to say of our later literary magnates will at least be worthy of attentive and respectful consideration.

As regards arrangement, method of treatment, and style, the work is deserving of high praise. Professor Tyler writes always with vigor, clearness, and simplicity; and, if his style can rise with the occasion to dignity, picturesqueness, and pathos, it can also drop, if need be, into an epigrammatic piquancy of phrase. His History, even in its present incom-

plete state, must be pronounced a highly important and permanently valuable contribution to the literature whose origin and growth it narrates.

THIS is perhaps as favorable an opportunity as we shall have for noticing Mr. Charles F. Richardson's "Primer of American Literature,"* which has lain for some time upon our table, and which anticipated by a month or two the appearance of Professor Tyler's History. It need not detain us long. It is a very slight and perfunctory piece of work; useful, perhaps, as a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the leading American authors and their principal writings, but altogether too incomplete, inadequate, and untrustworthy to serve as a guide to or *résumé* of the literature with which it professes to deal. It would possibly be an exaggeration to say that it requires greater mastery of a subject to write an acceptable primer of it than to prepare an exhaustive treatise upon it; but it certainly requires a more perfect command of the materials, a greater firmness and clearness of conviction, a more easy familiarity with all its details, and a more luminous power of summing up the results of a long train of analysis in an epithet or a sentence. All these qualities, and others of a still rarer and higher kind, are displayed in Mr. Stopford Brooke's incomparable "Primer of English Literature," but Mr. Richardson's work gives no indication of being the overflow of a mind full to the brim with its subject, but seems rather the product of hasty "cram" for a temporary purpose, which was accomplished as soon as the book was ready for the printer's hands. We intend to imply no discredit to the independent researches which Mr. Richardson may have prosecuted, but it is certainly true that a much better chronicle of American literature could be abridged from Griswold's and Duyckinck's compilations; while, for the critical verdicts passed, they are mere echoes of hackneyed opinions when they are not too hazy and indefinite to mean anything at all. More real insight into the subject is shown in the opening sentence of Professor Beers's little volume noticed below than in Mr. Richardson's entire book. "The literature of the American colonies," says Professor Beers, "contains much of historical interest, little of purely artistic worth." Whether true or false, this would be suggestive and provocative of thought, but its truth and sagacity are exemplified in nearly every page of Professor Tyler's more elaborate work. Mr. Richardson rarely ventures upon such generalizations, or in fact upon generalizations of any kind; and when he does they are more apt than not to be either incorrect, or inadequate, or inapplicable.

THE praise given above to one acute observation in Professor Beers's "Century of American Literature."

* A Primer of American Literature. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 18mo, pp. 117.

ture"* can hardly be bestowed in equal measure upon the book as a whole. No doubt many of the defects of the work are attributable to the inadequacy of the space at his command; but then it is no slight part of an author's duty to fit his plan to his space, and Professor Beers must have known quite as well before he had begun as after he had finished that no adequate "illustration of the growth of American literature from 1776 to 1876" could be furnished by such selections from the writings of the American authors of that period as could be put into a small, openly printed volume of four hundred pages. Any other century of American literature might have been fairly well delineated within these limitations, and that such a book could be made both interesting and instructive has been proved by Professor Tyler and also by Mr. T. W. Higginson. But what idea of Irving can be gained from "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Storm-Ship," delightful and characteristic as these are? or of Cooper from a twenty-page extract from his "Deerslayer"? or of Hawthorne from a few paragraphs of "The House of the Seven Gables" and "The Marble Faun"? And what idea of the *growth* of American literature from 1776 to 1876 can be obtained from a collection of such extracts from authors ranging from Philip Freneau to Robert Kelly Weeks—including William Cullen Bryant, because he happens to have died the other day, and omitting Longfellow, and Lowell, and Holmes, and Whittier, and Dana, and Emerson, with dozens of others who have made our literature what it is, because they happen to be still alive?

The principal fault of the book—and it pervades every part of it—is meagerness. The introductory sketch of "The Colonial Period" is excellent as far as it goes, but is too meager to be of material service either to the student of that period or to the reader who wishes to get a tolerably accurate and comprehensive idea of it. The list of authors, and the selections from the several authors, are too meager to accomplish the avowed purpose of the book. And the biographical sketches prefixed to the selections from each author are too meager to place the reader at the proper standpoint for judging of the author himself, of his writings, or of the stage which they mark in the *growth* of the literature of which they form a part. It must be said, too, that even such value as these sketches possess is greatly impaired by careless and incorrect statements. Richard H. Dana certainly did not edit the edition of his brother-in-law Washington Allston's poems published in 1850, as asserted on page 52; and in a short notice of twelve lines concerning Fitz-Greene Halleck Professor Beers has succeeded in making no fewer than three mistakes which might have been avoided had he taken the trouble to consult General Wilson's memoir of the poet published in 1869. Halleck

was not born in 1795, but in 1790; he came to New York in 1811, not in 1813; and "Fanny" was not published in 1821, but two years earlier. In his preface the Professor states that he has "gone behind the returns" in all but a few instances where the original works were not accessible to him, but he has apparently failed to consult even the most easily accessible returns in the foregoing instances, as well as in several similar ones that might be mentioned.

Whatever of positive merit the book possesses lies in this, that to any one not already familiar with its contents it offers as large an amount of entertaining and characteristic reading-matter as could well be compressed into equal space. It is to be feared, however, that most readers who are at all likely to feel any interest in the history or growth of American literature will find by far the greater number of its selections more familiar than twice- or thrice-told tales.

It is a vast subject which Mr. Bayard Taylor chose as the theme of "Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama"—nothing less, in fact, than the development and destiny of the Human Race. "The central design, or—as it might be said—germinal cause of the poem, is to picture forth the struggle of Man (which term always and inevitably includeth Woman) to reach the highest, justest, happiest, hence most perfect condition of Human Life on this planet. . . . Such a struggle, prolonged through a period of more than two thousand years, the Author hath endeavored herein to present, using the device of making Personages stand for Powers and Principles, yet (he earnestly desireth) without losing that distinctness of visage and those quick changes of blood which keep them near to the general heart of Man." The drama opens with the emergence of Christianity as a popular faith, and the consequent decay of the old Classic Mythologies; reminiscences being offered of that primitive period when Prometheus and his brother Titans contended with the Olympian gods in behalf of man. The next act, which is placed a thousand years later, portrays the culmination of the Dark Ages, when the Papal System had consolidated its power, and "essay'd to shape and compel to its service all the forces of life." The Poet (Dante) and the Artist (Michael Angelo) disown allegiance to the ecclesiastical system as typified in Medusa, and prefigure that renaissance of the classic spirit and that new seeking after knowledge as expressed in science which characterize the present age of the world. This age—the present time, in short—is delineated in Act III., in which we witness the decadence of Christianity just as in Act I. we saw the dying out or superseding of the old classic faith. "In the fourth and closing act, the Author adventur'd only far enough into the

* A Century of American Literature. 1776-1876. Edited by Henry A. Beers, Assistant Professor of English Literature in Yale College. Leisure-Hour Series, No. 100. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 407.

* Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 4to, pp. 171.

Future to predict the beginning of an Era, of which no simply loving and believing Creature of God can fail to discover the prophecy within his own nature."

It will be seen from this summary, which is partly in Mr. Taylor's own words, that "Prince Deukalion" is less a drama than an ontological speculation, less a poem than a disquisition. The *machinery* of the drama is perfect. There is a due sequence of scenes and acts, an adequate supply and distribution of *dramatis personæ*, and a certain grandiose impressiveness in the scenic accessories. The verse, too, is facile and pliant; grave and stately in the more serious passages, charmingly and variedly musical in the lyrics. Nevertheless it was a thinker rather than a poet who conceived and constructed the drama, and it is the thought rather than the emotion or the music that gives it whatever interest it possesses. The fact that the personages introduced are the merest abstractions becomes more evident at every successive stage of the story; and at last the only curiosity felt by the reader is as to the gist or outcome of it all—what it is that the author really believes.

There are indications, too, that Mr. Taylor himself regards the book as in some sort a confession of faith; and that he thinks it can be understood and interpreted only by those who approach it in a sympathetic and reverential spirit. "Whosoever turneth to the work," he says, "from mere instigation of curiosity, or in imitation of others whose tastes are of authority, will surely not be edified." It is of intention that the form and manner of its expression have been made "caviare to the general"; and the author seems to consider it as a new esoteric mystery which could only too easily be profaned. Yet we venture to think that, if his creed were written down in the plain terms of prose, it would be found neither very original, nor very novel, nor very startling. Mr. Taylor has merely accepted what may be called the comparative or scientific view of religion, and regards all the historic faiths (and Christianity among them) as so many steps or stages in the progress of human growth, each of them having in turn first aided and then retarded that growth. The common fault of all the creeds—of Protestantism not less than of Roman Catholicism—is that they have fettered man on one side or other of his nature, whereas the only perfect condition of human life is that in which free play is allowed to the whole of his nature—to the promptings and delights of the senses as well as to the intellect and the religious faculty. That joyous era of the swift-coming future when such a condition of things shall have arrived is already visible to the prophetic eye of Mr. Taylor; and he holds further that no simply loving and believing creature of God can fail to discover the prophecy of it in his own nature. The reader will perceive, we think, that there is little of originality or individuality in the creed, and that it is simply one of those phases of poetical nature-worship for whose benefit the expressive term Paganism has lately been revived.

Finally, and in plain terms, we consider "Prince Deukalion" a mistake in so far as it aims at a poetical rendering of what is essentially a metaphysical speculation; and a failure in so far as it attempts to embody in dramatic form what George Eliot has called "the long travail of mankind."

—It may be well to explain that the foregoing was written before the receipt of the unexpected and melancholy announcement of Mr. Taylor's death at Berlin. There is an appearance of ungraciousness, perhaps, in speaking thus candidly of the last work of a recently deceased and honored author; but the book is too prominent a contribution to current literature to remain entirely unnoticed, and our review expresses our sincere opinion of it as a poem, untainted by personal feeling of any kind. This is not the place to discuss in general terms Mr. Taylor's career and work; but, aside from the pain which all must feel at the premature cutting off of a useful and fruitful life, lovers of literature will feel a special regret that he did not live to write that "Life of Goethe" for which he had made such great accumulations of material, and for which, we venture to think, his powers were peculiarly adapted. That this work, had he lived to complete it, would have given him a real and enduring title to fame seems to be indicated by his translation of "Faust"—the one poetical production in which he achieved the highest excellence.

IN all Mr. Black's novels, without an exception that we can now recall, the interest and the sympathies of both author and reader are concentrated upon some charming young woman, who is usually a victim of the insincerity, the unappreciativeness, or the obtuseness of a man. In "MacLeod of Dare,"* this customary relation between the principal characters is exactly reversed, and it is a trusting, faithful, and noble-natured man whose life and happiness are wrecked upon the shoals of misplaced affection. Partly for this reason, and partly because of the overwhelmingly tragical catastrophe of its close, the story will probably be less popular than most of his previous ones; yet it contains some of the author's very best work, whether in the portrayal of character, the artistic adjustment of incident, or the poetical description of scenery. The character of MacLeod is drawn upon comparatively simple lines and is not very novel: he is merely the German lieutenant of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" metamorphosed into a Scottish Highlander. Yet the personality in its new situation has evidently appealed very powerfully to Mr. Black's sympathies, and MacLeod is on the whole the most impressive, natural, and manly type of man that he has yet created. And if MacLeod exemplifies the

* MacLeod of Dare. A Novel. By William Black. Illustrated by J. Pettie, R. A., T. Graham, G. H. Boughton, W. Q. Orchardson, R. A., T. Faed, R. A., J. E. Millais, R. A., and other Celebrated Artists. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 406.

author's art in its strength, simplicity, and dramatic realism, the portrait of Gertrude White, the actress, exhibits that art in its most refined and insinuating phase. During nearly half the story the reader deludes himself with the idea that the author is trying to "gild refined gold" by presenting an idealized type of Lady Sylvia—a type retaining all the graceful and tender womanliness of Lady Sylvia, but embellishing it with a sprightliness and vivacity of intellect, and a variety of social accomplishments, which add the spice of piquancy to the original charm. The touches by which Miss White's real nature is revealed are so delicate and unobtrusive that the most attentive reader will find it difficult to say when or how his disillusion was brought about; and it is a fine tribute to the consistency and reality of the delineation that the reader feels almost as much pain, surprise, and incredulity as Macleod himself, at the successive revelations of her weakness and unworthiness.

Miss White is a type of character which is common enough in real life, but which, so far as we are aware, is new to fiction—certainly new in the precise form in which Mr. Black has depicted it. Beautiful, brilliant, amiable, sympathetic, ardent, and impulsive, she is precisely the kind of woman to catch the hearts of the youthful and the unsophisticated; and in the havoc which in one form or another is sure to ensue she is herself almost as much a victim as any of the other sufferers. For the defect of her character is not that she is consciously insincere or deliberately cruel, but that she is hopelessly shallow and frivolous. The deception which she seems to practice is quite as much a self-deception as a deception of others. What she professes to feel, she really does feel—at the time; the real difficulty is, that her fancies are vagrant as a butterfly's, and her impulses as momentary, if as exhilarating, as the effervescence of champagne. It is a character which is not necessarily either wicked, or mean, or callous—which entitles its possessor to our pity quite as much as to our contempt; yet it is a character upon which more fair promises of happiness have been wrecked than probably upon any other known among men. In many cases the disenchantment follows so close upon the charm that no great harm is done; but when the comedy is played with an intense, passionate, fine-strung nature like Macleod's, the result is likely to be tragic, whether, as would commonly be the case, the victim summons up resolution to brave his fate and silently endure the inevitable, or whether, as in the more soul-piercing catastrophe of Macleod of Dare, his dethroned and distempered reason prepares for both betrayer and victim an oblivion-luring draught of "Death's black wine."

The interest of the story is to a great extent concentrated upon these two leading personages; but the minor characters are very happily grouped and delineated. Old Hamish, the butler, *factotum*, privileged servant and friend of Castle Dare, in whom a proud independence of spirit coexists with the loyal fervor of an ancient Scottish clansman for his chief, and in the special case of Macleod with an almost

parental tenderness of affection, is such a character as Mr. Black draws thoroughly *con amore*. At the opposite end of the scale, Ogilvie, the young man of the period, and the well-intentioned but depressing pedant, Mr. White, are portrayed with scarcely inferior skill; and the Major is a more genially humorous figure than Mr. Black usually conceives. The descriptions of scenery, too, though poetic and full of color as ever, are kept in due subordination to the movement of the story; and we are inclined on the whole to say that Mr. Black's latest is also his most satisfactory novel.

AN ingenious application of the anonymous principle of the "No-Name Series" is to be found in "A Masque of Poets,"* which contains seventy-five poems, supposed to be contributed by the "leading English and American poets," but printed without the authors' names. It is expected, of course, that the reader will derive some amusement from the effort to assign the several poems to their proper authors; and the publishers have so arranged the table of contents as to invite and facilitate this experiment in guessing. We should say, however, that the task will prove in most cases a wellnigh hopeless one. There are perhaps four or five "pieces" so individual and characteristic that names might be attached to them with some feeling of certainty; but of the collection as a whole it must be said that it tends to prove what has often been asserted, namely, that the poets of our day constitute a well-trained choir rather than a group of singers with each a voice and a message of his or her own. Setting aside the four or five poems to which we have referred, the entire collection might easily pass muster as the production of any one of a dozen poets whom we could specify. Mr. Bayard Taylor, for example, has sounded a greater variety of chords than are touched in it; and it is no very extravagant praise to say that he has produced quite as agreeable music.

The publishers accompany our copy of the book with an insinuating list of the poems, and an intimation that they would be pleased to have us guess their authors and return them the table of contents filled out. We shall not imperil any little reputation for critical acumen we may chance to possess by walking into this trap for the unwary, but we will hazard one guess:

QUESTION AND NO ANSWER.

Is it Ethics or Physics? Ah, that is the question:
Is it trouble of Conscience or morbid digestion?
Is the temper that makes all my family quiver
Ill-disciplined mind or disorder of Liver?
Does the Passion, that makes even wise men eccentric,
Proceed from the Heart? and, if so, from which ventricle?
Are duty and courage fine functions of Nerves—
Just as one horse goes steady, and another horse swerves?

* No-Name Series. A Masque of Poets. Including "Guy Vernon," a Novelette in Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 303.

Is the Genius that nature can hardly contain,

A film of gray marrow effused on the brain?

.... Don't believe it, dear lady, or better, don't know it,
But contentedly stick to your Parson and Poet.

If that is not Holmes, then some imitator has caught not merely the trick of his verse, but his mode of thought and vivacity of expression.

JUDGED by its popular circulation, its political and social effects, and the extent to which it has been reproduced in foreign languages, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the most important work in American literature; though to one who reads it now, after the special conditions with which it dealt have passed away, and when the test applied must be a purely artistic one, its enormous success will be somewhat difficult to account for. That it is both powerful and touching as a story the most unsympathetic reader will be compelled to concede; but one who would understand the impression which it made and the influence which it wielded must reconstruct for himself the period when it appeared—must appreciate the significance of the fact that it crystallized and gave forceful expression to what was undoubtedly the deepest and most universal sentiment among a vast multitude twenty-five or thirty years ago. Whatever the causes of its success, however, the work has become historical, and it is none too early, perhaps, for us to have such a record of its genesis and history as we find included in the *édition de luxe* which has just been issued from the Riverside Press.* In a somewhat ecstatic introduction Mrs. Stowe gives an account of the origin of the story, of the circumstances under which it was written, of the method and manner of its composition, of its aim and meaning, and of the profound sensation which it made in both Europe and America. Following this is the most striking feature of the edition—a bibliographical account of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mr. George Bullen, of the British Museum, cataloguing first the various English editions of the work, then the translations, and finally the reviews of it which have appeared in British periodicals. From this bibliography we learn that there are in the Museum library copies of thirty-five distinct editions in English, besides eight abridgments, and nineteen translations in as many different languages. And even this list is not complete. For the rest, the book is very handsomely printed and very poorly illustrated.

For the first work of a new and evidently youthful writer, "The First Violin"† is certainly a very remarkable story. It is not impervious to criti-

* *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or Life among the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work, by George Bullen, F. S. A., British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the Work. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 8vo, pp. lxvii.-529.

† *The First Violin.* A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 18mo, pp. 432.

cism, if one is disposed to criticise: it is awkwardly constructed, with two autobiographies running parallel to and supplementing each other, but with no artistic distribution of the work between them; it is too long; it is so disfigured with German idioms and phrases that the publishers have found it desirable to append a glossary; and the latter portion of the story is distinctly inferior to the rest. But it possesses that nameless quality which redeems and excuses all defects, which animates and vivifies what would ordinarily be simply mechanical commonplaces, which touches the feelings while stimulating the imagination, and which interests and pleases in a way that mere artifice can never achieve. There is an air of genuineness about the story which gives one the impression that it is in the main a transcript of real experiences; and the occasional awkwardness and maladroitness rather deepen the *vraisemblance* than otherwise. The tangled threads of human life seldom reel themselves off quite so smoothly as in the imaginary looms of the novelists, and there is always the danger in constructing and arranging a story that it will lose in realism what it gains in art. The scene of the story is laid in Germany, the hero being leader of the orchestra in a small German city; and the story as a whole gives a lively and probably entirely trustworthy picture of professional musical life in the one country of the world where music ranks in dignity and in the ardor which it arouses in its votaries with any of the other professions and pursuits. The character-drawing is particularly good; the incidents are cleverly managed if now and then involving rather too much of coincidence; and the local color is maintained by very delicate and artistic touches. Altogether, Miss Fothergill's first work conveys such an impression of power and varied resource on the part of the author that much may fairly be expected from her future labors in this field.

ETIQUETTE has been well defined by some cynic as "the art of magnifying trifles," and certainly the achievements of the ordinary compilers of manuals of etiquette put to shame those of the lawyer in "Hudibras" "which could a hair divide betwixt its south and southwest side." From most faults of this kind, and also from the gushing sentiments which usually disfigure the manuals, the little code of "Social Etiquette of New York"* is notably free. It is a plain, practical, and concise digest of the existing customs and usages in New York society, and where there is any deviation from the clear statement of the rule into explanation or commentary, the author's remarks are nearly always sensible, judicious, and to the point. Considering the objects for which society exists, it is somewhat depressing to read of such minute regulations; but since they obtain, it is perhaps well to know what they are, and in point of fact no social customs are quite so rigid in practice as they are apt to appear when formulated into a code.

* *Social Etiquette of New York.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 187.

A TIMELY addition to "Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series" is a brief and popular account of the career, achievements, personality, and character of the Earl of Beaconsfield, by George M. Towle.* No attempt is made in this volume to relate all the details of the political mutations through which an obscure member of a despised race has climbed to his present exalted position; but the decisive incidents of the life and the salient characteristics of the man are brought out and illustrated with picturesque force and no little dramatic skill. Particularly vivid are the personal sketches, which are based on details recorded by many observers, and which bring very clearly before the reader Disraeli's appearance and method and manner as an orator. Mr. Towle's portrait is somewhat more favorable than is usually drawn of the statesman who has lately stirred such bitter antagonisms; but it is no doubt easier to portray a character through sympathy than through antipathy, and Mr. Towle would doubtless feel amiably toward any one whose career would furnish him with so many apt anecdotes.

A PICTORIAL version of the Earl of Beaconsfield's life, almost as complete and intelligible, it may be said, as any that has been written, and certainly much more amusing, is to be found in "The Beaconsfield Cartoons"† reproduced from the pages of "Punch." The cartoons number one hundred and eight, comprise numerous designs by Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel, and illustrate the entire political career of Disraeli from his entrance into Parliament in 1843 down to his recent return from Berlin, bringing "peace with honor." Some of the drawings are wonderfully good merely as pictures, and the series as a whole marks the highest point to which the art of caricature has attained. That this is so is no doubt due in part to the humor, versatility, and skill of the artists, but it is due in at least equal measure to the exceptional ductility of the subject. A better opportunity for caricature was probably never afforded than by the personal appearance, career, and character of Disraeli. Always able by his genius to secure a conspicuous position, and to render himself interesting to the public, there has been from the very beginning of his career just that touch of charlatanism in his public performances which makes caricature seem the proper and natural medium through which to view him. What a "sweet boon" he has been to "Punch" may be seen by comparing the Disraeli cartoons with the Gladstone series. The latter contains some dignified and respectable political satire, but it entirely lacks that touch of *diablerie* which gives piquancy and point to the Beaconsfield series. It would not be satire but gross abuse to picture

Gladstone in a predicament like that in which his great rival finds himself in the really tremendous cartoon entitled "St. George and the Dragon (after the Performance)"; yet as representing Beaconsfield, not even his party associates venture to deny its appropriateness. It should be added that in the foregoing remarks we have had in mind the cartoons as printed from the original "Punch" drawings. In Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's edition they are reproduced by a chemical process which loses nearly all the finer touches of the pictures.

THERE are both the promise and the fragrance of mature fruit in the little volume of "Apple Blossoms," by Elaine and Dora Read Goodale.* It consists of verses by two children, written in the one case between the ages of nine and fifteen, and in the other between the ages of nine and twelve; and the unmistakable charm which they possess lies in the fidelity, the freshness, and the *naïveté* with which they express and depict and interpret childhood. The authors have felt the usual emotions of children and have given them metrical expression; they have looked out upon nature—upon the woods and fields, the mountains, the running streams, the procession of flowers, the march of the seasons—and have written down what they saw; from the phenomena of the external world they have drawn the obvious and inevitable morals, partly no doubt the result of spontaneous perception in its rudimentary stage, more often the reflection of ideas gleaned from reading or the conversation of older people. There is no abnormal precocity of thought, no symptom of a premature development of the emotions or passions: the verses are all healthfully objective, and their artless simplicity is the best and most conclusive evidence of their authenticity. It will be seen from the foregoing that we do not share the "genial" opinions regarding the volume which have been expressed in certain quarters. There is abundance of promise in it; but it would tend to defeat the very hopes which the volume raises to lead its youthful authors to suppose that there is anything more. Facility of versification and the comprehensiveness of the vocabulary are the really striking features of the work; but children who are old enough to make verse are also old enough to be told that mere verses, however skillful, do not constitute poetry. We suspect, moreover, that the ability to rhyme is much more common among children from ten to eighteen than the amount of youthful verse which actually gets into print would seem to suggest. The healthy skepticism of friends, the equally healthy growth of taste on the part of the rhymers, the impracticableness of editors, or the distrust of publishers, usually consigns the verse to another destination than that of the printing-press and the bookseller's shelves.

* Beaconsfield. By George M. Towle. No. 22, Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 163.

† The Beaconsfield Cartoons, from London Punch. One Hundred and Eight Caricatures by Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

* Apple Blossoms. Verses of Two Children. Elaine Goodale and Dora Read Goodale. With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 253.